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THE BIBLIOPHILE

a MAGAZINE and REVIEW
for the COLLECTOR STUDENT
and GENERAL READER
VOLUME THREE

THE BIBLIOPHILE OFFICE
THANET HOUSE STRAND
LONDON W.C.

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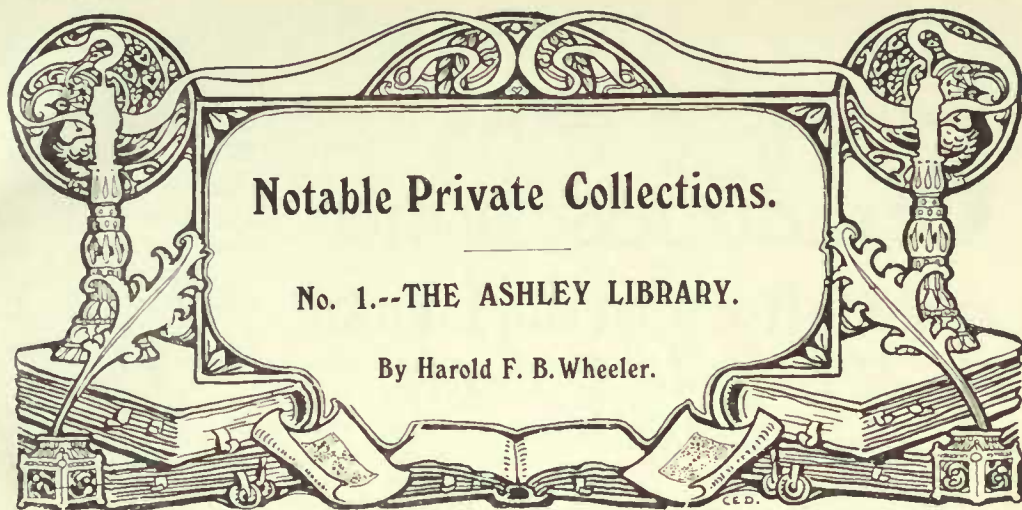
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PORTRAIT OF THOMAS J. WISE, ESQ.



IN the Opinions of Authors which takes the place of the more conventional Preface in Sir Leslie Stephen's fascinating *Hours in a Library*¹ there are two quotations which, intentionally or otherwise, are intensely apposite: "It is our duty to live among books," writes Newman; "What lovely things books are!" remarks Buckle. Literature and religion sometimes make good bed-fellows, always provided that dogma is content to lie on the doormat.

The quotations cited appealed to me with irresistible force when I was examining "the realms of gold" which lie in the Ashley Library, the possession of Mr. Thomas J. Wise, whose reputation as a bibliophile is international. He specialises more particularly in poetic and dramatic literature, and his collection of Elizabethan and Carolean books is almost without a rival. Modern authors, however, are not neglected, and he has manuscripts representing Shelley, Keats, Rossetti, Morris, Ruskin, the Brontës, Stevenson, Swinburne, and Tennyson, to mention only a few.

It is difficult to "take stock" of a library in which both quantity and quality are so evenly balanced. One

of the first books which attracted my notice was a copy of the crudely illustrated edition of *The Lamentable and True Tragedy of Master Arden of Faversham in Kent*, published in 1633, and about which many a wordy war has been waged. It is one of the earliest domestic dramas written in blank verse, and also one of the comparatively few plays of the 17th Century of which the plot and action are founded upon English life and manners. Edward Jacob reprinted the play in 1770, and boldly suggested that the author was none other than Shakespeare. The same view was taken by Tieck, who followed with a translation in 1828, while Gœthe is stated to have supported it. "I cannot," says Mr. Swinburne, "but finally take heart to say, even in the absence of all external or traditional testimony, that it seems to me not pardonable merely or permissible, but simply logical and reasonable, to set down this, a young man's work on the face of it, as the possible work of no man's youthful hand but Shakespeare's." Mr. Bullen does not commit himself quite so far, but believes it is in the highest degree probable that *Arden* was one of the plays which received correction and revision from the hand of the Bard of Stratford.

1.—Smith Elder. A new edition has just been issued.

The first part
Of the true & honorable history, of the Life of
*Sir Iohn Old-castle, the good
Lord Cobham.*

*As it hath bene lately acted by the Right
honorable the Earle of Nottingham
Lord High Admirall of England,
his Seruants.*

Written by William Shakespeare.



*London printed for T.P.
1600.*

One of the seven "spurious" Shakespearian plays.

The leaves measure $6\frac{7}{8}$ x $4\frac{7}{8}$ inches, and its modern binding in dark brown levant morocco, by Riviere, with panelled sides and gilt edges, is entirely worthy of such a treasure.

Scarcely less interesting is the first edition of *Vertumnus sive Annus Recur-*

rens, by Matthew Gwinne, London, 1607. This rare work enters into the early Shakespearian series, as it contains the interlude of *Macbeth* which is conjectured by Farmer and by other critics to have suggested the subject of *Macbeth* to the great dramatist. It is on record that in 1605, during the visit of James I. and his Queen to Oxford, the students of St. John's College acted this play at Magdalen College for the royal benefit. It is asserted that Gwinne's work appealed to His Majesty, but failed to keep him awake!

Mention must also be made of *The First part of the True and Honorable History, of the Life of Sir John Old-castle, the good Lord Cobham*, one of the seven spurious Shakespearian plays and dated 1600. The title-page is a singularly characteristic specimen of typography. Another of the so-called "spuri-

ous" plays is *The London Prodigall*, printed by Thomas Creede for Nathaniel Butler in 1605.

Very different in contents is *Here begynneth the enterlude of Johan the Evangelyst*, the work of John Bale, the erstwhile Carmelite monk and subse-

quently one of the keenest votaries to Protestantism. A large wood-cut figure of the Evangelist adorns the title-page, which is reproduced herewith. Both the latter and the colophon are undated, but it was probably published in or about the year 1557. The only other known example of the *Enterlude* is in the British Museum.

Yet another early *Enterlude*, of which the Museum contains the only other known copy, is *An Enterlude of Welth and Helth, very mery and full of Pastime*. This also was printed in 1557.

Here is a remarkably fine copy of *The Prince, or Maxims of State*, written by Sir Walter Ravyly, and presented to Prince Henry. London, Printed, MDCXLII. This rare book of 24pp. quarto contains a sharp and brilliant portrait representing the author, and includes, besides the maxims, *A Method, how to make use of the Booke before, in the reading of Story*, which is a discussion as to "Whether David did well in marrying a Maide [Abishag]; and whether it bee lawfull for an old decayed and impotent man to marry a young woman."

A far more important book founded upon the Biblical history of David is *The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe, With the Tragedie of Absalon*, written by George Peele, and printed in 1599. This is the only Elizabethan

THE LONDON Prodigall.

As it was plaide by the Kings Maie-
sties seruants.

By William Shakespeare,



LONDON.

Printed by T. C. for Nathaniel Butter, and
are to be sold neere S. Austins gate,
at the signe of the pyde Bull.

1605.

Another of the so-called "spurious" Shakespearian Plays,
printed by Thomas Creede, 1605.

play extant which deals with a strictly religious subject.

Of universal interest is a copy of the first edition of Gray's *Elegy*, the title page reading "Wrote in a Country Church Yard" instead of "Written in

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a Country Church Yard," as in current versions. The title-page is quaintly decorated with skulls, cross-bones, gravediggers' implements, and other insignia of death. It was published in 1751.

A less widely known but far scarcer poem by Gray is *The Candidate*, printed in quarto in 1764. Inserted at the commencement of the volume containing this pamphlet is a letter from Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has himself writ-

Here begynneth the enterlude of Johan the Euangelyst.



Title-page of John Bale's book, published circa 1557.

The only copies known are in the Ashley Library and the British Museum.

Then in the light's last glimmer Tristram show'd

And swung the ruby carcanet. She cried,

'The collar of some order, which our King

Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,

For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers.'

more space
'Not so, my Queen,' he said, 'but the red fruit

Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven;

And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize,

And hither brought by Tristram for his last

Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee.'

there,
He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her neck,
& cried "Thine O my Queen!"
Claspt it, *but while he had it himse*
But while he had it to kiss the Jeweled Throat,
Wavered in the hollow of her throat,

Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,

Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—

'Mark's way,' said Mark, and clove him thro' the

brain.

A page of the "trial book" of *The Last Tournament*, showing Tennyson's corrections.

x.

Ay an' thy mother says thou wants ta marry the
lass,

Comes of a gentleman burn: an' we boath on us
thinks tha an ass.

Woä then, property, wiltha!—an ass as near as
may's nowt—

Woä then, wiltha, dangtha—tha ~~ass~~ ² *bees* is as fell as
owl.

xi

Break me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäð, lad, out o'
the fence!

Gentleman burn! what's gentleman burn? is it shillin's
an' pence?

Property, property's ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, Im
blest

If it isn't the saime ~~as~~ ^{as} yonder, fur them as 'as it's
the best.

A page of a unique Tennyson "trial book," printed in 1864.

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THE BIRTH OF ARTHUR.

25

'Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may thy Queen be one with thee,
And all this Order of thy Table Round
Fulfil the boundless purpose of their king.'

And Arthur and his knighthood for a space
Were all one will and thro' his knights the king
Drew in the petty principedoms under him,
Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame
The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reign'd.

*Then Arthur had Sir Lancelot, whom he loved
'And Lancelot met, rode forth & bring the Queen.
She stood beside the gateway watching him.
And Lancelot past away among the flowers.
In it was latter April - & returned*

Among the flowers, in May, with Guinevere

A folio of one of the most interesting, and probably one of the most valuable, of the Tennyson "trial books."

ten a *Life of Gray*, from which the following is an extract :¹

" . . . I warmly congratulate you on securing one of the most interesting, and certainly the rarest, of all 18th century poetical curiosities. It has a great literary interest: it is the type and best instance of the pure *squib*—a term often very inaccurately used. 'The Candidate' is the very finest example of what is, or should be, meant by a 'squib.'

"It was known to exist, for Mitford had seen it. But when I edited the Works of Gray in 1884 no copy of the original was any longer forthcoming. A few years afterwards, the copy which it is supposed that Mitford used was

accidentally discovered uncatalogued among the Webb Papers in the Cambridge University Library. No second copy has ever, so far as I know, been described, so you have a treasure beyond price.

"The thing was printed in May 1764, with the object of prejudicing the electors against John, Earl of Sandwich, who presented himself for the office of Seneschal to the University of Cambridge. He was not elected, young Lord Hardwicke being chosen by a very small majority. Lord Sandwich is believed to have referred to the damning effect of 'The Candidate' when he said 'I have my private reasons for knowing Mr. Gray's absolute inveteracy.'

"I am more delighted than I can say to think that this 'Curiosity of Literature' will adorn your splendid collection. That is exactly as it should be.

"Always sincerely yrs,
"Edmund Gosse."

As the Ashley Library contains many hundreds of similar choice specimens of literature the impossibility of referring to them even in the briefest way is obvious. Suffice to say that Mr. Wise has spent several years in preparing a catalogue of them and after much labour and research has succeeded in passing the second volume for press.¹

1. I am indebted to this work and to a *Bibliography of Tennyson* by Mr. Thomas J. Wise for many interesting particulars. Both books are printed for private circulation only.

1.—Hitherto unpublished.

George Meredith
Box H.N.
Dorking

Lardy Spring

Now the Northwind ceases,
The warm South-west awakes;
Swift fly the fleecies,
Thick the blossom-flakes.

Now hill to hill has made the stride.
And distances waver like without end;
Now in the breast a door flings wide
Our farthest smiles, our next in friend.
And song of England's rush of flowers
Is this full breeze with mellow stages,
That shins the lark for shins, for sheaves;
He binds his hurried flight, & troops.

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In Tennysonianism the collection is unique. For instance, *Property* (1864) particularly rich, and many of the "trial books" and privately-printed copies of the Laureate's poems are is a rarity which is practically unobtainable. The poem was originally designed to form one of the pieces

Aunty ' I had hoped this when had had
 And signed with all ^{my} tone of Justice
 When will he take that Chancellor in his arms
 That by my love I swear soon he has
~~and yet~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~
 This reconciliation is impossible
 For see — but who are these?
 From our great Emperor (I doubt not) ^{They are} ^{Heaven}
~~They have found you from the~~ ^{to go}
 Still give me leave to wonder that my Prince
 Ludolph and the swift Arab are the same
~~And that is not the case~~
~~and still he is my friend~~
 Still to rejoice that I was a German and
 Death giving down in a turbulent messenger
 The Emperor must not know it I signed
 I pray thee why? what happier ^{hour} of time ^{there}
 Could my pleased Starpoint set down upon for
 With silver under, bidding thee make peace
 Still it must not be known good signed
 The ~~planet~~ Star may have obliged
 & if thou knew
 His son to be that unknown Napoleon
 After whose spinning heels he sent one forth
 With one of his well pleased olympian oaths
 The chambers of Mars greatness at this hour
 He ~~and the~~ He would be wathing ^{round} the Castle
 And like an anxious warder stand his sight
 For the first glimpse of thee such a son returned
 Ludolph that blow of the Hungarian
 That Jovian meteor of the fight

THE ASHLEY LIBRARY

included in *Idylls of the Hearth*, and was evidently put into print with the object of placing it in that volume, probably in succession to its companion poem *Northern Farmer*—old style. For some

reason the intention to include *Property* with the other *Idylls* was abandoned, and the poet contented himself with having a few copies—probably his usual half-dozen—struck off in pamphlet

Then they with astonishment shewn
To the place from which they came
And the word that she will speak
In hot rushes on their cheeks

Every woman in the land
Will point at them as they stand
They will hardly dare to greet
Those acquaintances in the street

And the fitful, true warriors
Who have braved danger in wars—
Will turn to those who wait before
Ashamed of such base company

And that slough, to the Nation
Shall stum up like briars and
Siegfried, vacular,
A rotund head afar

And these words shall the beam
Like oppressive thunder down
Piercing the each heart of man

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form. The only example now known to exist was given by its author to Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson. When, in 1904-5, the Rowfant Library was dispersed, this copy passed into the possession of Mr. Thomas J. Wise. It was issued, apparently, stitched and without wrappers.

The Birth of Arthur, The Holy Grail, Sir Pelleas, and The Death of Arthur is certainly one of the most interesting, and probably one of the most valuable of the Tennyson "trial books." In addition to the numerous textual variations exhibited by its pages, no less than three out of the four Idylls of

QUEEN MAE.

I.

~~As like the moonbeams when they fall~~
~~Through some cathedral window, but the taints~~
~~As such as may not find~~
~~Clamp down the~~
 Floating on waves of music & of light
~~Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen, the Diamond of the~~
~~Descends in silent cones~~
~~Its shape reflects within, as light as some stone~~
~~That catches but the palest tinge of day~~
~~And then, when the sun is down, it glows~~
~~Like a token every eye doth sight~~
~~Bright as that glorious world when stars within~~
~~Or hansom robe~~
 Your shapeliness shadows bright & beautiful
 Draw that shadow of glory: reins of light
 Check their unequalled speed, though
 Their wings of beaded air.
 The Damsel leaning from the ethereal car
~~When they float through the wildered brain,~~
~~When they float through the wild and grand~~
~~Astonishes, enchants, exhilarates,~~
~~When they float through the wild and grand~~
~~The wanders and the beauty of~~
~~So bright, so fair, so beautiful~~
 Gazed on the shimmering mail.
 As human eye hath ne'er beheld
 As shape so wild so bright so beautiful
 As that, which in the maidens charmed sleep
 War in a stony wand

LAMIA,

ISABELLA,

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY JOHN KEATS,

AUTHOR OF ENDYMION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY,
FLEET-STREET.

1820.

Presentation copy to Charles Lamb.

THE

NECESSITY

OF

A T H E I S M.

Quod clarâ et perspicuâ demonstratione careat
pro vero habere mens omnino nequit humana.

BACON de Augment. Sciënt

WORTHING:

PRINTED BY C. & W. PHILLIPS,
SOLD IN LONDON AND OXFORD.

The only perfect copy of *The Necessity of Atheism*.

THE BIBLIOPHILE

which it consists appear here under titles peculiar to it alone ; titles which occur in no other volume bearing the poet's name ; titles which, until the fortunate recognition of the true status of the copy by Mr. Wise, were entirely unrecorded in Tennyson Bibliography.

QUEEN MAB;

A

PHILOSOPHICAL POEM:

WITH NOTES.

BY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

ECRASEZ L'INFAME!

Correspondance de Voltaire.

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fonteis;
Atque haurire: juvatque novos decerpere flores.

Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.
Primum quod magnis docen de rebus; et arctis
Religionum animos nodis exsolvere pergo.

Lucret. lib. iv.

Δος με γινῶ, καὶ κοσμοῦ κινῆσω.

Archimedes.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY P. B. SHELLEY.

43, Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square.

1813.

This book was printed privately, and the printer for fear of prosecution declined to put his imprint on it, hence Shelley's name as printer. The book was not placed on sale, but was distributed by the author, and from practically every copy given away Shelley removed the title-page, dedication and imprint.

The book was printed solely for the author's personal use, in order to afford him such facility for correction and alteration as was necessary to bring the four *Idylls* to their final shape, and to render them sufficiently faultless to satisfy the poet's exacting criticism. In addition to the very numerous

additions and corrections which appear upon the pages in Tennyson's hand, the book contains a series of inserted slips on blue paper. These slips consist mainly of the MSS. of additional passages introduced into the text, some of which afford alternative readings. Others, however, are the original drafts of passages already published. The Ashley Library also contains the MS. of the earlier portion of *The Birth of Arthur*. It is written upon four leaves of blue paper, small quarto size.

Another "trial edition" is that of *Gareth and Lineth*, which is the sole issue of the *Idyll* under this title, and the only copy known to have been preserved. The text varies considerably from that of the published edition, and has fully three hundred corrections in the author's hand-writing. There was no "dashing off" with Tennyson.

A third "trial book" is *The Last Tournament*, privately printed in 1868. This, like *Gareth and Lineth*, is enriched by many corrections in the poet's handwriting.

The career of Shelley, like that of his friend Byron, must ever exercise a fascination over the minds of men and women, and here I find the only perfect copy extant of his ill-fated pamphlet, *The Necessity of Atheism*, issued in 1811. It consists of but sixteen pages, and yet what a storm of criticism and trouble it brought upon its poor luckless author! Oxford condemned it and Shelley was "sent down." It was the beginning of the many misfortunes which ended only when the waves of the Gulf of Spezzia closed over him.

The Bodleian now treasures the only other copy of *The Necessity of Atheism*. It has no half-title, and is bound up with three other Shelley pamphlets, all with "cut" edges. It was presented to the Bodleian by the late Lady Jane Shelley, the poet's daughter-in-law. What Oxford threw away as

*The Author consigns this Copy to the Severn
with all his Heart.*

Poems,

BY

JOHN KEATS.

"What more felicity can fall to creature,
"Than to enjoy delight with liberty."

Fate of the Butterfly.—SPENSER.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

C. & J. OLLIER, 3, WELBECK STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1817

Presentation copy to Joseph Severn, showing Keats' inscription

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ORIGINAL POETRY;

BY

VICTOR AND CAZIRE.

CALL IT NOT VAIN:—THEY DO NOT ERR,
WHO SAY, THAT, WHEN THE POET DIES,
MUTE NATURE MOURNS HER WORSHIPPER.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

WORTHING

PRINTED BY C. AND W. PHILLIPS.
FOR THE AUTHORS,
AND SOLD BY J. J. STOCKDALE, 41, PALL-MALL,
AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1810.

*Given to me at Eton by the Author
Pear, Byron Shelley my friend
and school-fellow 1810*

WW

When Shelley was a lad he wrote this book. It was on record that such a volume was printed, but had been suppressed by its author immediately before its publication, and until 1897 it was a lost book when it was found.

THE ASHLEY LIBRARY



THE ASHLEY LIBRARY

dross has come back refined gold. Mr. Wise's copy was given by the author to Mr. John Rose, of Oxford, from whose granddaughter it was purchased by its present owner.

When Shelley was a lad he wrote a book entitled *Original Poetry; by Victor and Cazire*. It was on record that such a volume was published but had been suppressed by its author, and until 1897 it was a lost work. It now finds an honoured place on Mr. Wise's bookshelves. In 1813 Shelley also privately issued *Queen Mab*, and for fear of prosecution the printer declined to put his imprint on it. The book was not placed on sale, being distributed by the author, and from practically every copy given away he removed the title-page, dedication and imprint, the latter bearing his own name. The Ashley Library contains *Queen Mab* in its complete form, as well as a second copy with many of the poet's autograph cor-

rections. These books are accompanied by examples of *A Refutation of Deism, Alastor, and Œdipus Tyrannus, or Swellfoot the Tyrant*, all of which were gift copies from their author.

I have already printed too much for the space at my command and too little to do justice to this truly magnificent collection. Brief mention must therefore suffice for two little volumes by Keats which together cost £400. The first is a copy of his *Poems* presented to his friend Joseph Severn, which accounts for the witticism at the head of the title-page in the poet's handwriting: "The Author consigns this Copy to the Severn with all his heart." The other is *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems*, a presentation copy "To Charles Lamb, Esqre., with the author's respectful Compts."

Which reminds me of Lamb's own remark: "What a place to be in is an old library!"

“D. 143.”

The Bookworm's Ode, or “*Confessio Amantis*”: written in the Reading Room at the British Museum, and inspired by the Statuette of an unknown Lady, labelled — “D. 143.” To be seen in the Terra-Cotta Collection upstairs.

i.

IF you suppose I read,
Consuming this dull page
Of poets run to seed,
With caterpillar rage
And giglot appetite;
You little know how I,
Freeing my lyric sprite,
Psyche or butterfly,
Leave dust and mount the sky.

ii.

Seeming to read, — my hairs
Dishevelled in the gloom, —
I really go upstairs
To a delightful room:
There in her case she stands
Controlling destiny
With her consummate hands
Whose only name is “D.
One-hundred-and-forty-three.”

ii.

No more her blue and red
Upon her chiton glow:
The gold has left her head
Yet is she sweeter so:
I should have been afraid
Of her in all her hues,
And this huge folio rear'd
To hide all but her shoes
From my abaséd views.

iv.

Now I can bear to look
Upon her paler face,
Nor blush behind my book
Recalling with what grace
Her hand (for which once yearned
The palm imperial)
Most womanly up-turned
Draws on her faded shawl
(Himation, some it call).

v.

See seems about to go
To her Calabrian land,
And I would too, I know
At one beck of her hand:
There blooms the hyacinth
Undying, — But alas,
She cannot leave her plinth;
And I, fast bound in brass
And calf, I cannot pass.

vi.

Yet let them doubt who will,
With their librarious eyes:
I, that do read, am still
Upstairs in Paradise:
There on the plinth she stands
Controlling time and me
With her eternal hands,
Whose only name is “D.
One-hundred-and-forty-three.”

ERNEST RHYS.





SIMON MARION VEDDER
BRITISH MUSEUM

"D. 143."

Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

By
H. D. WOOSTER.

ENGLAND belongs in common with northern Europe to the Gothic, and not unnaturally therefore glittering and perfect lyrics flow out of sudden revelations of golden unexpected days—jewels that are set amid sombre fogs and changing atmospheres, wherein natural things readily assume distorted appearances. Yet it is remarkable that the Gothic has not produced a more lasting impression, for it was not until the nineteenth century that a true disciple of the school arose, and he, Thomas Lovell Beddoes, chiefly of his own fault is almost unknown.

Beddoes was born on the 20th July, 1803 at Rodney Place, Clifton. His father was a famous physician in his day, and his mother was a sister of Maria Edgeworth, the novelist. On Dr. Beddoes' death, his son, then six years old was sent to Bath Grammar School and, eight years later, to Charterhouse. At the latter school he developed his taste for English literature, taking a particular interest in Elizabethan drama. In 1820 he went to Pembroke College, Oxford.

The following year appeared his first volume of verse, "The Improvisatore," and in 1822, when only nineteen years old, was published "The Brides' Tragedy." These were the only works published during his life-

time. In 1825 he took his Bachelor's degree at Oxford, and it was about this time that his finest work, "Death's Jest Book; or The Fool's Tragedy," is first mentioned. A few days later he is in Germany, where he lived a vagrant and wayward life. His literary endeavours were very desultory, and it was not until 1829 that he sent "Death's Jest Book" to Kelsall, his friend and biographer. His time was spent studying medicine and in 1832 he took his M.D. degree. A little later he is expelled from Bavaria for interesting himself in Polish exiles. He goes to Zurich and for some years practises as a Doctor. He seemed on the whole to be happy, but in 1839 or 1840 a political riot resulted in his flight. Henceforward he is heard of at a great number of places, including Berlin, England, Baden en Suisse and at last at Frankfurt. When in England his friends are surprised by the seriousness and sadness of his look. At Frankfurt he formed a friendship with a young baker named Degen, whom he taught English, and persuaded to become an actor, actually renting the theatre for a night in order that Degen might act the part of Hotspur. This incongruous friendship seems for a while to have dispelled the gloom which was settling on Beddoes, but going to Basel and being separated

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from Degen produce a fit of despondency, in which mood he tried to commit suicide by gashing his leg with a razor. Later he made a further attempt by removing the bandages, and as a consequence the leg had to be amputated. For a while he recovered his spirits and even talked of a visit to Italy. On the 26th January, 1849 he was able to go out, and he seized this opportunity to obtain a deadly poison. The same evening he was found unconscious, and died at 10 o'clock. He was buried beneath a cypress in the Hospital cemetery.

Such briefly is Beddoes' life and its gloomy picture in many respects typical of his literary work.

In the first half of the nineteenth century when the world, startled by scientific development and conscious of a certain definite movement, had grown intensely materialistic, Beddoes spoke in tones touched with glamour and freshness, albeit sadly, for he has that sheer delight which is the keynote of the Elizabethans, a delight manifest alike in the happy and the unhappy. To the Elizabethans all things were beautiful.

He has the Elizabethan freshness. He has, too, the peculiarly adroit manipulation of metaphor which belonged to that period—a manipulation greatly facilitated by the unsettled grammar of the age. Beddoes living in stricter times has produced an imagery as splendid and as original. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and that late Elizabethan, Sir Thomas Browne, were past masters in the use of imagery. Beddoes within a more restricted scope has produced work that is, artistically speaking, as great. This control of imagery is as evident in his earlier as in his later work, when it becomes stamped with a distinctive style:

"Whispers, bubbles of the soul,"

and

"Time's iron old voice,"

are from the two early volumes, in which the imagery has not acquired the individuality which it assumes in "Death's Jest Book." The latter effort is pervaded by a grotesque scorn which literally drips with bitterness, but in the previous works the prevailing tone is pastoral.

"The wind, their boisterous shepherd, whistling drives them

From the clear wilderness of night to drink
Antipodean noon."

is written of evening clouds; and

"While to wild melody fantastic dreams

Dance their gay morrice in the midmost air"

is lightly fantastic; although

"I'll give that fellow's blab-tongue to the
worms

And fasten down his memory with a dagger"

has much of the latter-day ghastliness.

In the earlier works there is more simile and less metaphor; the pictures are more drawn out, and, generally, the thought is less concise. The conception, too, is at times imitative of Shakespeare. But in "Death's Jest Book" a new, triumphant poet is apparent. The attention is rivetted by the very first speech of the play:

"Am I a man of gingerbread that you should mould me to your liking? To have my way in spite of your tongue and reason's teeth tastes better than Hungary wine; and my heart beats in a honey pot now that I reject you and all sober sense; so tell my master, the Doctor, he must seek another zany for his booth, a new wise merry Andrew. My jests are cracked, my coxcomb fallen, my bauble confiscated and my cap decapitated. Toll the bell; for Oh! for Oh! Jack Pudding is no more."

The work is however uneven; from the severely ironic it dips into the pastoral style of "The Brides' Tragedy." But directly Isbrand, Ziba, and the

Duke, when the gloom of his sin settles upon him, appear, the distorted and the grotesque re-assert themselves. Gargoyles from Gothic Cathedrals, graveyard ghosts, wizards, magicians, old gods, haunted glooms, marshalled beneath the insistent finger of the black-winged fetish of Death, roll by, like roughened waters through a broken sluice.

This picturing of the ghastly and the haunted rises highest in the third scene of Act III. The conspirators meet in a scene that is described thus :

"A churchyard with the ruins of a spacious Gothic Cathedral. On the cloister walls the Dance of Death is painted. On one side the sepulchre of the Dukes, with massive carved folding doors." So run the stage instructions ; and then, like a match struck in a great dark room, the single word, "Moonlight," wakes a bald description into a real but ghostly place. Isbrand is in his element. Grim humour, flashes of ghostly description, unexpected comparisons and startling images fall continually from his tongue.

"That wolf-howled, witch prayed, owl
swung fool,
Fat mother moon, has brought the cats
their light
A whole thief's hour."

is an instance, and "that creeping darkness—ivy" and the "stingy star-shine" maintain the gloom.

With peculiar persistence the grotesque spirit bursts forth repeatedly. There is something very weird about the old Roman, Mario, speaking of Carthage and Cæsar in a gothic churchyard, and even more incongruous, because the introduction of the subject is so natural, are the men, gothic as Notre Dame, who praise wine and the sun-washed classic gods in the shadow of an ivy bound cathedral. Verging always on the terrible, the scene reaches its climax when Ziba raises

first Mandrake and then Wolfram from the grave. And in this again is shewn Beddoes' consummate knowledge of the dramatic art. The stroke of genius was great which raised "Homunculus Mandrake, zany to a mountebank" from the vault before the tragic resurrection of Wolfram :

"If," says the unwelcome Mandrake, "you want to speak to another ghost, of longer standing, look into the old lumber room of a vault again ; some one seems to be putting himself together there." Disappointment giving place to expectation produces tragedy.

Beddoes' only other completed work of any length, "The Brides' Tragedy," has not the originality of "Death's Jest Book." There are, however, moments of intense drama, and some passages present a delicate and beautifully tinted pastoral.

"Here's the blue violet like Pandora's eye
When first it darkened with immortal life."

"Fie on those taper fingers !
Have they been brushing the long grass aside
To drag the daisy from its hiding place,
Where it shuns light, the Danaë of flowers,
With gold uphoarded in its virgin lap ?"

The finest scene of the play is that in which occurs the murder of Floribel. The wood, the growing storm, its fury, the two huntsmen watching the supposed miser burying his hoarded gold, constitute perfect drama. The scene has a horror as fully suggestive of despair as a play of Maeterlinck :

"What hero of thy dreams art calling, girl ?
Look in my face—is't mortal ? Dost thou think
The mouth that calls thee is not a mouth
Long choaked with dust ?"

Beddoes' great weakness lies in characterisation. The fool, the morbidly imaginative mind, and the necromantic disposition are alone made to live. Hesperus is but a younger Isbrand, and the Duke in "Death's Jest Book" has traits that are common to Isbrand and to the inoffensive Wolf-

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ram. Wolfram himself is indicated as a chivalrous worthy man—"this is one who would be constant in friendship, and the pole wanders." He suffers for being noble minded, but the reader feels that Beddoes did not believe in his own conception. His women, too, are unreal. They suffer, and some parade of pity is made for them. But they admit of no grotesque treatment, and consequently the poet, while admitting that they have passions and emotions, makes no attempt at portraying them.

In all this Beddoes appears as the artist, yet, like other poets, he had his message to deliver. It is vain to expect of all men a doctrine of hope, let alone optimism. Essentially Beddoes is no optimist. "Death," writ large, is always before his eyes. For him, nothing transcends the deity of Death. Birth is a glamour, momentarily obscuring the cloud of death ; Love plays into Death's hands ; Gods like men succumb :

Isbrand. The old gods
Were only men and wine.
Siegfried. Here's to their memory.
They're dead, poor sinners, all of them but
Death,
Who has laughed down Jove's broad ambrosian brow,
Furrowed with Earthquake frowns; and not
a ghost
Haunts the gods' town upon Olympus' peak."

Scorn, bitter sneers, satire and banter tip his language when he treats of death. Ever he makes a jest of Death, and ever, knowing Death's inevitable return, he squares up to repeat the attack. He assaults him with the wrath of despair, and flaunts him with the wit of indifference. Since, says he, Death must at the last prevail, let us baulk him of half of the sweets of his victory, by showing our indifference to his power :

“ I will yield Death the crown of folly. He hath no hair, and in this

weather might catch cold and die . . . let him wear the cap, let him toll the bells: . . . and when the world is old and dead, the thin wit shall find the angels' record of man's works and deeds, and write with a lipless grin on the innocent first page for a title— 'Here begins Death's Jest Book.' "

The personality of Death, so insisted on by the classic poets, is rarely met with in English poetry. The Anglo-Saxon imagination, capable as it is of great creativeness, has rarely forgotten that Death is but a natural finality ; but to Beddoes it appears as a very real being indeed. Death stalks about, a zany of the grimmest nonsense ; rendering the noblest emotions vain, and making broken reeds of the stoutest intentions. He dangles his legs over the bridal bed, and withholds his hand from the aged, until their wizened visages yearn almost passionately for his touch. Death is everywhere :—

“ They have quaffed
Life to the dregs, and found Death at the bottom,
The sugar of the draught.”

Death as the mystery of life has been the theme of numberless poets, but no English poet has made Death so strutting a personality as Beddoes ; and it is in this that his real greatness lies. He took Death by the hand, drew him from the sick room and the graveyard, to show that he was not an occasional, but an everpresent deity. This Death, so inscrutable and so all-conquering, Beddoes pictures as an ignoble and grovelling force ; and as such, pillories him for the world's scorn ; but—Death remains as inscrutable and all-conquering, as Beddoes himself realises :

“ There are no ghosts to raise
Out of Death lead no ways,
Vain is the call.”

This intimate conception of death, then, is Beddoes chief theme, and it marks also the limitations which are

his. For in the end all the scorn he pours on Death but intensifies our consciousness of Death's power, so perfect, so prevalent, so triumphant. The continual contemplation of it made his life a prolonged agony. Influenced perhaps by his profession as a doctor, and poisoned by a too close scrutiny of the results of death, he was unable to find in completed work that consolation which the great poets have found. The infinite variety of life proved no antidote against Death. Beddoes would not wait contentedly to "feel the fog in the throat."

Beddoes, as has been shown, has the Elizabethan instinct for drama, and he has, too, another quality which in all its freshness belonged to that period. He wrote masterly lyrics.

A true lyric is a sun-gilt, fugitive idea, cradled in a cloud of wanton elfin fancies. The subject is the shadow of an emotion, the suggestion of a thought; starting nowhere to end nowhere. Be its theme gladsome or sad, the treatment is light as a summer breeze.

The lyrics of Beddoes have this lightness. The thought hesitates a moment between evasion and suggestion, and then ends, leaving a gentle odour of sad delight.

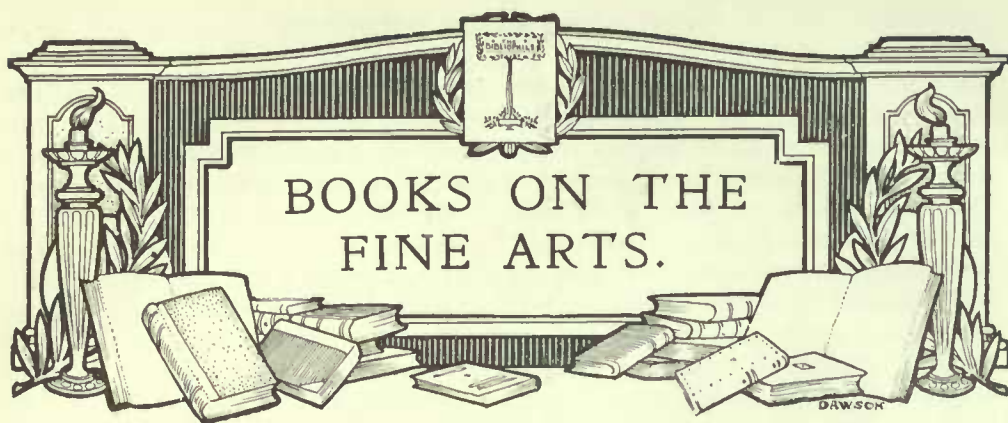
"The swallow leaves her nest,
The soul my weary breast;
But therefore let the rain
 On my grave
Fall pure; but why complain?
Since both will come again
 O'er the wave.

"The wind dead leaves and snow
Doth hurry to and fro;
And, once, a day shall break
 O'er the wave,
When a storm of ghosts shall shake
The dead, until they wake
 In the grave."

In these poems the grotesque gives place to gentleness and sadness. He

is not capable of such passion as is to be found in "To Anthea," or of such joyousness as in "Come unto these yellow sands," "Where the bee sucks," or "Pack clouds away," but he has the transient sweetness of the jasmine, and the eternal sadness of a child's flower strewn grave. His songs are set in the midst of rough-hewn, turbulent tongued blank verse and are as welcome as a cooling wind moving across a hot day. The soul drinks thirstily, dimly conscious of enjoying the faint acidity in the sadness of the theme. So subtle is this influence on the reader's mind, strung to vibrate to the surrounding stringent notes, that before proceeding further he is impelled to read these songs again.

Perfect beauty belongs only to completed work, and no matter what appeal a fragment makes, the true consummation is only to be found in a full realization. There is, it is true, a kind of beauty which stirs the emotions but offends the judgment, either by reason of incompleteness or of decay; but such beauty lies not so much in the object itself as in its power of suggestion, and since at heart man is a creature of desire and gratification, of hope and attainment, work that fails to satisfy this standard must preclude its creator from the highest recognition. Beddoes has not this beauty. From the evidence of his friend Kelsall, it is known that he had the artist's conception of it, but he is wanting in that sense of completion which is so great an attribute of genius. With all his rich imagery, his lyric ease, his control of atmosphere, he remains but a failure, the very ghost of a promise. His work, fragmentary and casually composed, has all the sadness of premature decay, so that wealth that is fit to decorate the gates of heaven lums the roadways of the literary world.



BY MRS. ARTHUR BELL.

AMONGST the later Art publications of 1908 high rank must certainly be given to the "Scottish Painting Past and Present,"¹ of Mr. James Caw, who as Director of the National Galleries of Scotland has enjoyed exceptional facilities for the close study of his subject. The book, that is enriched with a large number of excellent renderings of good photographs taken direct from the pictures, some of which have never before been reproduced, is the outcome of many years of work. It bears witness on every page to the æsthetic acumen and scholarly culture of its author, who, whilst duly acknowledging the debt he owes to his predecessors in the same field so far as historical data are concerned, has made a point of criticizing nothing that he has not seen, and, though some may differ from his conclusions, all must admit that it is this determination to consider no second-hand evidence that gives to his book its distinctive excellence.

After a brief account of the so-called Precursors, several of whom were foreigners, Mr. Caw begins his review of Scottish painting in the eighteenth century with a consideration of the claims of William Aikman, Allan Ramsay and other early masters, laying special stress on the historical

compositions of Alexander Runciman that marked a new departure north of the Tweed, and the pictures of contemporary life of David Allan, that paved the way for much that is characteristically Scotch in modern art. Considerable space is of course devoted to the great portrait painter Raeburn and the landscapist Nasmyth, and after noting the great influence both exercised over their contemporaries and successors, the conscientious historian, with unwearying zeal and a tempered enthusiasm that lends charm to the driest technical details, traces the gradual evolution of the Scottish styles, prefacing each section of his work with a summary of the political and social conditions, facilities for art training, &c., of the successive periods under notice. Perhaps the most generally interesting portion of a truly notable publication is that relating to living artists and those who have recently passed away, in the writing of which no little tact was required, but it is in the concluding Essay on the subjective and emotional characteristics of Scottish painting as a whole, that Mr. Caw best displays his skill in defining the causes of the results he knows so well how to describe.

To give within the limits of a single volume anything like a true idea of the beautiful and delicate art of water-colour painting that has during the last

1.—"Scottish Painting Past and Present," by James L. Caw. Edinburgh and London, 21s. net.

BOOKS ON THE FINE ARTS

half century achieved such remarkable triumphs, would but a few years ago have been looked upon as a hopelessly impossible task. That it has however

been successfully achieved by Mr. Cundall, who has long been recognised as one of the chief living authorities on the subject, in his History of "British



HUGH CAMERON, R.S.A.
A LONELY LIFE

Trustees of A. Rose, Esq.

FROM SCOTTISH PAINTING
BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. T. C. & E. C. JACK

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Water-Colour Painting,¹ will however be admitted by all into whose hands it falls, so excellent are many of the reproductions in colour it contains of typical drawings amongst which those of Turner's "Lake of Thun," Collier's "Arundel Park," and Whistler's Beach

supplemented by several appendices including a Biographical Index of Painters and chronological lists of the members of the chief English water-colour societies, but unfortunately limitations of space have prevented the author from attempting, except in a



Young and Watson, P.

ROBERT M'GREGOR, R.S.A.

A SON OF THE SOIL.

FROM SCOTTISH PAINTING

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. E. C. & T. C. JACK

are specially noteworthy, so well do they bring out the distinctive qualities of the originals. Moreover the text embodies a vast amount of carefully collected and accurate information that will be of great use to future art historians, the actual narrative being

few cases, any of the critical analysis that gives so much distinction to his earlier publications.

Although the fullest recognition has long been accorded in England to the Great Dutch Masters, the chief of whom are admirably represented in the National Gallery, and several important monographs on individual

1.—"A History of British Water-Colour Painting," by H. M. Cundall, I.S.O. F.S.A. With fifty-eight Coloured Illustrations. London: John Murray, 21s. net.

BOOKS ON THE FINE ARTS

artists have recently appeared, the complete history of painting in Holland, that can only be fully studied in the land in which it was produced, still remains to be written. "The Art of the Netherland Galleries"¹ of David

1.—"The Art of the Netherland Galleries," by David C. Preyer. London: George Bell & Sons. 6s. net.

C. Preyer, with its numerous illustrations is, however, a valuable contribution to that history, its author displaying a very just appreciation alike of the general characteristics differentiating Dutch art from that of any other country and of the psychological and technical qualities of the work of its



"MARY AT THE DOOR OF SIMON," FROM THE DRAWINGS OF ROSSETTI
BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. NEWNES
PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MR. F. HOLLYER

THE BIBLIOPHILE

skilled exponents. True, his definitions have about them a certain foreign ring, as when he says "the intent of Dutch art is not so much for beauty of form as honesty of purpose, for a dramatization of the common-place, with shades of beauty in its simplicity, but the very

ably maintaining in the present day the best traditions of the past.

Laying no claim to originality of criticism, or even to the discovery of new facts in connection with the masters considered, Mr. Downman in his "Great English Painters,"¹ has yet

managed to treat a very hackneyed subject in an impressive and attractive manner. The painters selected as specially typical of their native land are Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Morland, Lawrence, Turner, and Constable, and in each case their new biographer has certainly realized his modest ambition, which he explains is not to state how their masterpieces were painted but what manner of men the artists were. He has also been at no little pains to realize the environment in which they lived and moved and had their being, for to give but one instance, he begins his account of Hogarth by quoting the cries at St. Bartholomew's Fair which were amongst the first sounds to greet the ears of the future master of caricature, and dwells on the influence that popu-



HAMLET AND OPHELIA FROM "ROSSETTI"
BY FRANK RUTTER (GRANT RICHARDS)

quaintness of his expressions adds to their force, and some of his remarks, such as that "in Rembrandt, realism and idealism were in complete harmony," are peculiarly happy. Intended primarily as a guide to the galleries of Holland the book well fulfils its purpose, bringing out incidentally the remarkable continuity of Dutch painting, many modern artists, especially the brothers Maris, Mauve and Israels,

lar gathering had on his art, declaring that it reflected a good deal of its letter as well as nearly all its spirit, its best or worst days according to the point of view having synchronised with his boyhood."

That French 18th Century line-engravings and colour-prints, in spite of their undoubtedly clever technique,

1.—"Great English Painters," by Francis Downman. London: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.

BOOKS ON THE FINE ARTS

and the vivid way in which they reflect the characteristics of an exceptionally interesting period, have hitherto found little acceptance in England, is probably merely the result of essential differences of taste. There have, however, recently been marked signs of a reaction in their favour, examples of the long condemned *estampe galante*, so popular in France, which exhale the very spirit of the *ancien régime*, being now eagerly sought after by collectors

who will find a most useful guide in the "French Prints of the Eighteenth Century,"¹ by the scholarly connoisseur, Ralph Nevill, that contains fifty facsimile reproductions of good examples, including several from the famous series known as the "*Monument du Costume*."

The book will also forcibly appeal to students of sociology and politics, for, in addition to an exhaustive *Catalogue Raisonné* of the chief extant 18th Century French Engravings, with notes on their various states, it gives most fascinating biographies of the men who practised their art under conditions so exceptional and varied, noting the remarkable changes that came over their work after the Revolution, that compelled them to turn their attention to subjects totally different from those that had so long inspired them.

In the appreciative essay accompanying the fine reproductions of a series of representative drawings by D. G. Rossetti,² Mr. Martin Wood aptly defines the psychological peculi-

arities of the artist to whom he says "life came over-crowded, over-coloured, the very richness of his nature embarrassing his output. His gifts gave him so many ways of self-expression . . . the phases through which he passed, the result of an inherited and rare temperament made the science of painting prosaic for him" with the result that apart from



HEAD OF THE BLESSED DAMOZEL FROM "ROSSETTI"
BY FRANK RUTTER (GRANT RICHARDS)

their beauty of colouring there is always in his pictures a certain suggestion of an ineffectual struggle with technical difficulties. Self-conscious to an almost painful degree, yet morbidly sensitive to the opinions of others, Rossetti lived in a dream-world of his own, and those who would understand his art must accustom themselves to begin with to the peculiar atmosphere in which it was produced, for to bring it into the glaring light of every day is to destroy its meaning. Romantic emotionalism, with an under-current of

1.—"French Prints of the Eighteenth Century," by Ralph Nevill. London: Macmillan & Co. 15s. net.

2.—"The Drawings of D. G. Rossetti," by T. Martin Wood. London: George Newnes & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

THE BIBLIOPHILE

tragic suggestion, are the most salient characteristics of his paintings, and the charm of his drawings consists, not so much in skill of draughtsmanship in which many of them are deficient, as in their force of expression and in



ROMAN STUCCO-DURO
FROM "THE ART OF THE PLASTERER"
BY PERMISSION OF MR. R. T. BATSFORD

the vivacity of imagination, they display. Each one is indeed a drama in itself, telling its story with convincing force. The "Death of Lady Macbeth," "The Gate of Memory," and the "Mary at the Door of Simon," the last a true poem of yearning and remorseful love, are especially fine, every detail being subordinated to the central idea.

The charmingly written and well illustrated little volume on Rossetti as a Painter and a Man of Letters,¹ by Frank Rutter, gives a very complete picture of the poet—craftsman as he appeared to his intimate friends and will help to dispel certain misconceptions that have long been current. Though he deprecates his own gifts as a critic, quoting large from such well-accredited judges of art and literature as D. S. Maccoll, Watts-Dunton, Benson, and Swinburne, the writer makes many shrewd remarks of his own, noting for instance, the impulse towards ascetic mysticism which led Rossetti to introduce Archaisms into his early work and his account of the relations between the artist and Ruskin is especially interesting, bringing out the noble generosity of the latter, who in a letter to the painter giving his reasons for buying his pictures adds "I forgot to say also that I really do *covet* your drawings as much as I covet Turner's, only it is useless self-indulgence to buy Turner's, and useful self-indulgence to buy yours, *apropos* of which Mr. Rutter remarks—"Is not this postscript delightful? And is it not typical of the great child heart of the man?" This naive after-thought reminds me of some simple-minded lover, who, after he has set forth numerous . . . reasons why the young woman should marry him casually adds at the finish "I forgot to say that I really do *love* you."

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the work of Rossetti and of Watteau, for the former vividly reflects the melancholy introspective character of a man who saw everything from the personal and subjective point of view, whilst the latter is essentially the outcome of the period at which it was produced, giving a most faithful picture

1.—"Dante Gabriel Rossetti: Painter and Man of Letters," by Frank Rutter. London: Grant Richards. 2s. net.

BOOKS ON THE FINE ARTS

of the light-hearted, pleasure loving French society of the 18th century. "Watteau," says M. Uzanne in the masterly Essay¹ accompanying a carefully selected series of typical drawings by that master, "was the ideal and representative painter of his epoch and in a superlative manner he expressed the amours and frivolous grace, the aimable paganism, the passionate and lively comedy, the effeminate languor of his age." In justice to him however it must be added that his early training, in his native land, for he was a Fleming by birth, stood him in good stead and though he caught the very spirit of his Parisian environment he resisted from first to last the temptations by which he was surrounded. Content to be a spectator only of the *fêtes galantes* he knew so well how to represent, he remained true to his own high ideals even under the Regency when the license of French manners reached its climax. A consummate draughtsman, he delighted in jotting down from day to day what he aptly called his thoughts, such as suggestions for future pictures, studies for heads, draperies, &c., many of which are reproduced in M. Uzanne's book, leaving behind him a vast accumulation of drawings in which what the French aptly call his *brío*, his grace, his vivacity, and his acute powers of observation are as clearly revealed as in his completed compositions.

The last of Shakespeare's Comedies, supposed to have been written soon after "Much Ado about Nothing," and just before the first of the great series of tragedies, "Twelfth Night," in spite of its light-hearted merriment, strikes a prophetic note of pathos. As is well said by Mr. Quiller-Couch in his rendering of its story prelude the fine illustrated edition lately published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton,² it is

"a farewell to mirth, divinely poetical but ghostly," yet for all that "a play that is all of a piece, holding you throughout to its mood and defying you to take it more seriously than it chooses." To be able truly to interpret the ethereal actors in the fascinating drama of life and love, who emerge into transient distinctness only to fade away again as



NINTH CENTURY IVORY
FROM THE "ORNAMENTS OF THE MINISTERS"
BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. MOWBRAY

in a dream, would require genius little short of that of Shakespeare himself, but it must be admitted that Mr. Heath Robinson has shown himself to be in true touch with the atmosphere of the play, displaying great originality in his treatment of the subjects selected for illustration. Specially felicitous are the moonlight scenes, "I do remem-

1. "The Drawings of Watteau," by Octave Uzanne. London: George Newnes & Co., 7s. 6d. net.

2. "Shakespeare's Comedy of Twelfth Night, or What you Will," with illustrations by W. Heath Robinson. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 15s. net.

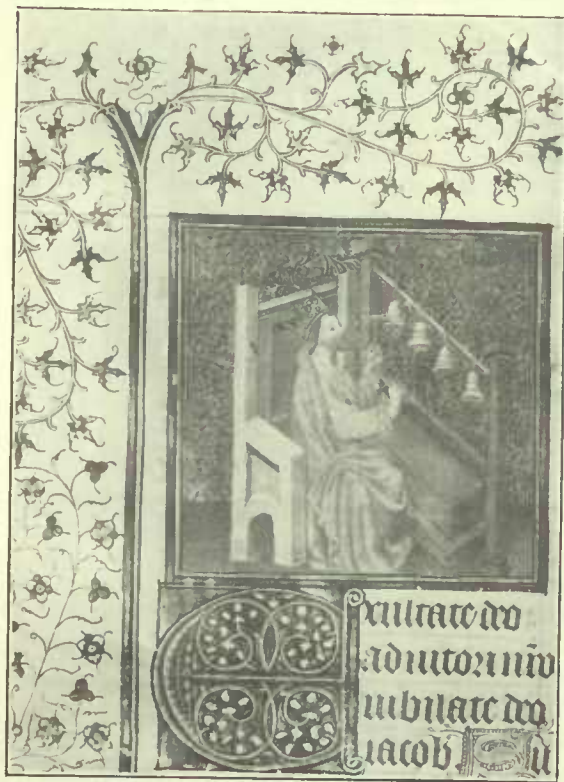
ber," "Sayst thou this House is dark," "They have here propertied me," and "With Toss-pots still had drunken heads," but the "When I came, alas to wife," and "When that I was a little tiny boy," with their beautiful twilight effects, and the "Now will I not deliver this letter," and "No Sir,

are ever on the increase, who know how to value the privilege of personal inspection of the priceless heirlooms of the nation, as well as to those who for one reason or another are debarred from it, must forcibly appeal the beautiful series of reproductions in colour of carefully selected masterpieces now

being issued under the able Editorship of P. G. Konody, M. W. Brockwell and F. W. Lippmann,¹ who in the accompanying text give, with a history of the Gallery, itself a masterly summary of that of painting, clearly defining the characteristics of each school and noting the affinities of one group of artists with another. When complete the publication will certainly take rank as the best and most finely illustrated work on its subject that has hitherto appeared.

It has long been a source of regret that the beautiful and unique art of the plasterer should have fallen into such complete decadence and that it should not hitherto have shared in the general revival of æsthetic decorative design that has recently taken place. Once a living craft, practised by men of genius who knew how to turn its humble but most ductile material to the best account,

it was associated in a peculiar manner with the life of the people, serving as it did for the ornamentation of cottages as well as mansions, yet during the last century it has been neglected by architects, builders and their patrons. As pointed out by Mr. Bankart in his deeply interesting "Art



KING DAVID PLAYING ON HAND-BELLS
FROM "CHURCH BELLS"
BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. MOWBRAY

I live by the church," are also very charming and characteristic.

Whether considered from the æsthetic or the educational point of view the collection of masterpieces in the National Gallery is of exceptional importance, enabling the student to trace the evolution of painting from Classic to modern times and to examine in chronological sequence representative examples of the work of its greatest exponents. To all, and their numbers

1.—"The National Gallery," 100 plates in colour to be complete in 17 parts. Joint editors, Paul G. Konody, Maurice W. Brockwell and F. W. Lippman. Edinburgh and London: T. C. & E. C. Jack. 1s. per part net.

of the Plasterer,"¹ that will probably bring about a much needed reform, many causes have contributed to this unfortunate result, the chief being the fact that whatever his talent, the plasterer is now entirely cut off from self-expression, being a mere instrument in the hands of a master whose designs, produced without technical knowledge or art feeling, he is compelled to copy mechanically. Before there can be any real change for the better an entirely new spirit must enter into the trade, that must once more be raised to the dignity of a profession. Employers and employed must study the best work of the past, and whilst avoiding slavish copying, endeavour as did their predecessors to vitalize their own productions by giving full scope to their own individuality and imagination. Fortunately there still remain *in situ* or in Museums a very great number of masterpieces of decorative design, and though they are widely scattered and in many cases inaccessible to any but those of leisure and means, a most representative and extensive series has been reproduced by Mr. Bankart, the illustrations, that number nearly 500, in his most valuable book including specimens of antique and Italian Renaissance Stucco-duro on a scale large enough for their details to be closely examined, that pave the way for due comprehension of English work, the history of which is traced from the early 16th century to the present day, numerous specimens being given of complete buildings, façades, ceilings, friezes, rib enrichments, panels, &c., even the quaintly picturesque Wattle and Dab and Parge-work, now alas, practically extinct, receiving careful consideration. The important schools of Scotch and Irish plastering are also dealt with at considerable length, whilst the concluding

chapters are devoted to the melancholy story of the rapid degeneration that took place in the 18th century, every sentence betraying the hand of a competent critic and master-craftsman who knows well how to practise what he preaches.

In his "Nature and Ornament,"² that is soon to be succeeded by a companion and supplementary volume on "Ornament, the Product of Nature," Mr. Lewis Day considers natural vegetable growth as the raw material of decorative design. The aim of his text and of the numerous illustrations he has had specially prepared for it, is he explains fourfold, namely, to indicate the fulness and variety of suggestion everywhere in nature, to show the nature study which is most helpful towards design, to call attention to fresh sources of inspiration and to point the way to new and personal forms of ornament. Ambitious as is this programme it has been more than fulfilled, Mr. Day, who is himself an experienced designer of wall-decorations, textile fabrics, glass, &c., displaying a masterly grip of his subject. He points out the fallacy of Ruskin's theory that the forms most frequent in nature are the most beautiful, and dares even to call in question the dictum of Morris that ornament should tell a story or call up memories, declaring that the work of the poet-craftsman is a striking manifestation of the falseness of his theory. Ornament for its own sake, apart from sentiment or symbolism, is Mr. Day's own ideal, and one that, in his opinion, has really been the inspiration of much of the best decorative design of the past and present.

In spite of the number of excellent books on old lace already in circulation it must be admitted that the scholarly

1.—"The Art of the Plasterer," by George P. Bankart. London: B. T. Batsford, 25s. net.

2.—"Nature and Ornament," by Lewis F. Day, with over 350 illustrations after drawings by Miss Foord. London: B. T. Batsford, 5s. net.

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text and numerous beautiful illustrations¹ of M. Jourdain's new volume fully justify its publication. It has the distinction of giving special attention to the influence of contemporary art and design, whether native or foreign, on needlework, and its author, who collaborated a few years ago in bringing up-to-date Mrs. Palliser's standard work, has known how to make the most intricate technical details clear to her readers, whilst the chronological arrangement of the examples given renders it easy even for the inexperienced to trace the evolution of the various styles described.

Perhaps the most fascinating of the new and useful Arts of the Church series, edited by the Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A., is that on Bells,² by H. B. Walters, telling the story of the progress in England of the arts of bell-casting and bell-ringing, from early mediæval to modern times. The author, who is an enthusiast on his

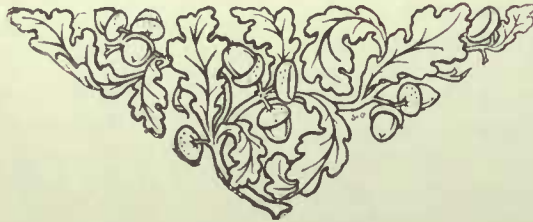
subject, cites numerous quaint inscriptions on notable bells, pictures of many of which are given the illustrations, also including reproductions from illuminated MSS. such as a page from a Psalter in which King David is represented playing on a set of hand-bells, stained-glass windows, such as that known as the Bell-Founders in York Minster,³ Bell Towers, &c. Full of information, too, and equally well illustrated is the "Ornaments of the Ministers," by the Editor, who eloquently describes the origin and meaning of the various vestments worn and symbols carried by the great dignitaries, minor clergy, vergers, choristers, &c., of the English Church, but the "Architectural History of the Christian Church"⁴ of Mr. Hill is necessarily too condensed to do anything like justice to its vast and complex subject, though it may perhaps serve as an introduction to its study.

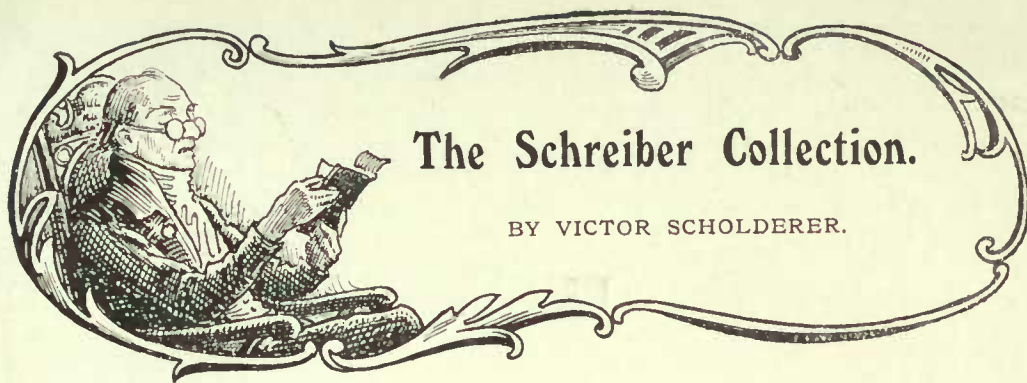
1.—"Old Lace," by M. Jourdain. London: B. T. Batsford, 10s. 6d. net.

2.—"Church Bells," by H. B. Walters, M.A. F.S.A. London and Oxford: A. R. Mowbray. 1s. 6d. net.

3.—"The Ornaments of the Ministers," by the Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A. London and Oxford: A. R. Mowbray & Co.

4.—"The Architectural History of the Christian Church," by Arthur George Hill, MA. F.S.A., London and Oxford. 1s. 6d. net.





ON the 3rd and 4th March there will be sold by auction, at Vienna, the collection of early wood-cuts and engravings formed by Professor W. L. Schreiber, the well-known authority on early prints and author of the *Manuel de l' Amateur de la gravure sur bois du XVme siècle*. The importance of this collection could in some measure be gauged by the references to it which Prof. Schreiber himself gave in his *Manuel*, and by Dr. W. Molsdorf's two recent books on the 15th century xylographica and a Dutch Passion contained in it; but the complete catalogue issued by Joseph Baer & Co., of Frankfort, with 31 plates and other illustrations, now reveals its full extent.

The collection contains 614 numbers, divided into 5 sections. The first section, the 15th century wood-cuts, comprises Nos. 1-77; the second, that of the block-books, only 2 numbers, an *Apocalypse* and a *Biblia Pauperum*, but both very important; the third section, Nos. 80-457, is devoted to the 16th century wood-cuts; the fourth, Nos. 458-590, to the *clair-obscures*, while the remainder are 15th century copper engravings. In a comparatively very large number of cases, especially in the first and last sections, Prof. Schreiber's copy is either unique or has at most one or two extant companions. A selection of a number of the rarest and most interesting pieces was to be seen at Messrs. Colnaghi's at the beginning of this month.

The first section contains, besides wood-cuts of the ordinary kind, examples of the *criblé* manner and of "*Reiberdrucke*," where the print is produced by using a burnisher or some similar instrument on the back of the paper, instead of a press. A very peculiar instance of this is a large representation of the Christ Face (No. 12 in the catalogue), only the outline of which is printed, the features having been added in pen and ink. Another example is Italian, S. Bernard of Clairvaux receiving Christ in his arms from the Cross, a dignified piece of draughtsmanship, dated 'ca. 1440' by the catalogue (No. 32, see plate 1). '*Teigdruck*' is another peculiar process represented by several specimens. The usual explanation of it is that a glutinous paste, with or without colouring matter, was forced into the lines of a rather deeply carved wood block and then turned over on a sheet of paper; the block having been previously heated, the paste easily left it and adhered to the paper reversed, the design appearing in ridges. For one of Dr. Schreiber's sheets the block appears to have been cut in high relief, and the design is traceable in intaglio on the paste. What the object of the process was is not known, and the results are certainly far more curious than artistic. On the other hand, there is an excellent example of *criblé* work, a large sheet representing the *Agony in the Garden*, with an elabo-





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rately detailed background (No. 43: see plate 2); Dr. Schreiber assigns it to Baden or Wurttemberg, and dates it about the year 1460. Another elaborate German 'Schrotblatt,' Christ crowned with thorns, is in a rather different style and somewhat later in date (No. 56). Among

lance in his right hand and a book in his left, described as S. Matthew; it appears to be the oldest specimen in the collection, having been produced, according to Molsdorf, in Southern Germany between 1440 and 1450 (No. 31). Analogous interest attaches to a somewhat crude representation of S.



Plate 3.—Passion wood-cut ca. 1480.

the wood-cuts of the ordinary kind there are a number of interesting pieces. A unique copy of a print of S. Nicholas of Tolentino (No. 32) is noted as having been produced about 1470 in Central Italy, and is a very artistic piece of work, as well in composition as in execution. In a more primitive style is the figure of a saint with a

Anthony of Padua, carrying a book and crucifix and a flower, with the arms of Castile to his right; it is probably of Spanish origin and is partly printed in colours, the remainder of the colouring being applied by hand with the assistance of a stencil plate; as it dates from the end of the 15th century, it is claimed to be among the

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oldest, if not actually the oldest colour-printed wood-cut known to exist (No. 26). Another cut of the Crucifixion (No. 60) is among the earliest German work of its kind, and was printed from 4 colour-blocks, red, blue, yellow and green—Dr. Schreiber's is the only copy in existence so printed; the

selves, and both of some interest. The first (No. 37) is a mystical exposition of the Eucharist, *figura exprimens visibiliter mysterium eukaristie et qualiter Christus in sacramento continetur*; a diagram with wood-cut text, flanked by figures of SS. Gregory, Bernard, Jerome and Augustine, oc-



Plate 3.—Passion wood-cut ca. 1480.

colour-blocks were probably discarded owing to their being out of register and hand-colouring resorted to for the remainder of the edition. A little group of eleven wood-cuts are taken from various incunabula, mostly of Augsburg and other South German towns; two others are fifteenth-century sheets complete in them-

cupies the upper part of the leaf, 29 lines of printed text the lower. The type shows it to be the work of Hans Schaur at Augsburg, ca. 1495, and the whole is a very close reprint of a similar sheet, also printed at Augsburg, perhaps by Günther Zainer himself, at any rate in his type. The second example is the Latin poem written by



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Sebastian Brant on a meteoric stone which fell near Ensisheim in Alsace, printed by Michael Greyff at Reutlingen in 1492; to the right of the Latin text is a German translation and below as an addendum an exhortation in the same language to the Emperor Maximilian to defend 'dein ere und gutten nam' (No. 39). Of both these sheets only a very few copies are known.

1890. Originally it had been designed for insertion in a manuscript book of prayers, which was still complete at the Delbecq sale but was afterwards broken up, so that nothing now remains of it except the cuts. Like the original book, they were doubtless produced in the Netherlands, and the approximate date of 1480 is assigned to them by Dr. Molsdorf. Both in design



Plate 5. — Wood-cut. The Welspoken Nobody. ca. 1534. Anonymous.

The most important item of this section, however, and one of the *clous* of the whole collection, is a Passion consisting of a series of twenty small cuts, each measuring 88x66 mm. (No. 65, see plate 3). It is known as the Passion Delbecq-Schreiber, having first been known to belong to the Belgian print-enthusiast Delbecq, after whose death in 1845 it passed through the hands of various dealers, finally becoming Dr. Schreiber's property in

and in the colouring, which is done by hand, they are on an appreciably higher level than most of the not very prepossessing contemporary treatments of the same subject; and as they are in very good condition and constitute the only copy known, they ought to form a much coveted item of the sale.

The second section of the catalogue, as already mentioned, consists of two blockbooks. The first (No. 78, see plate 4) is an Apocalypse in "Reiber-

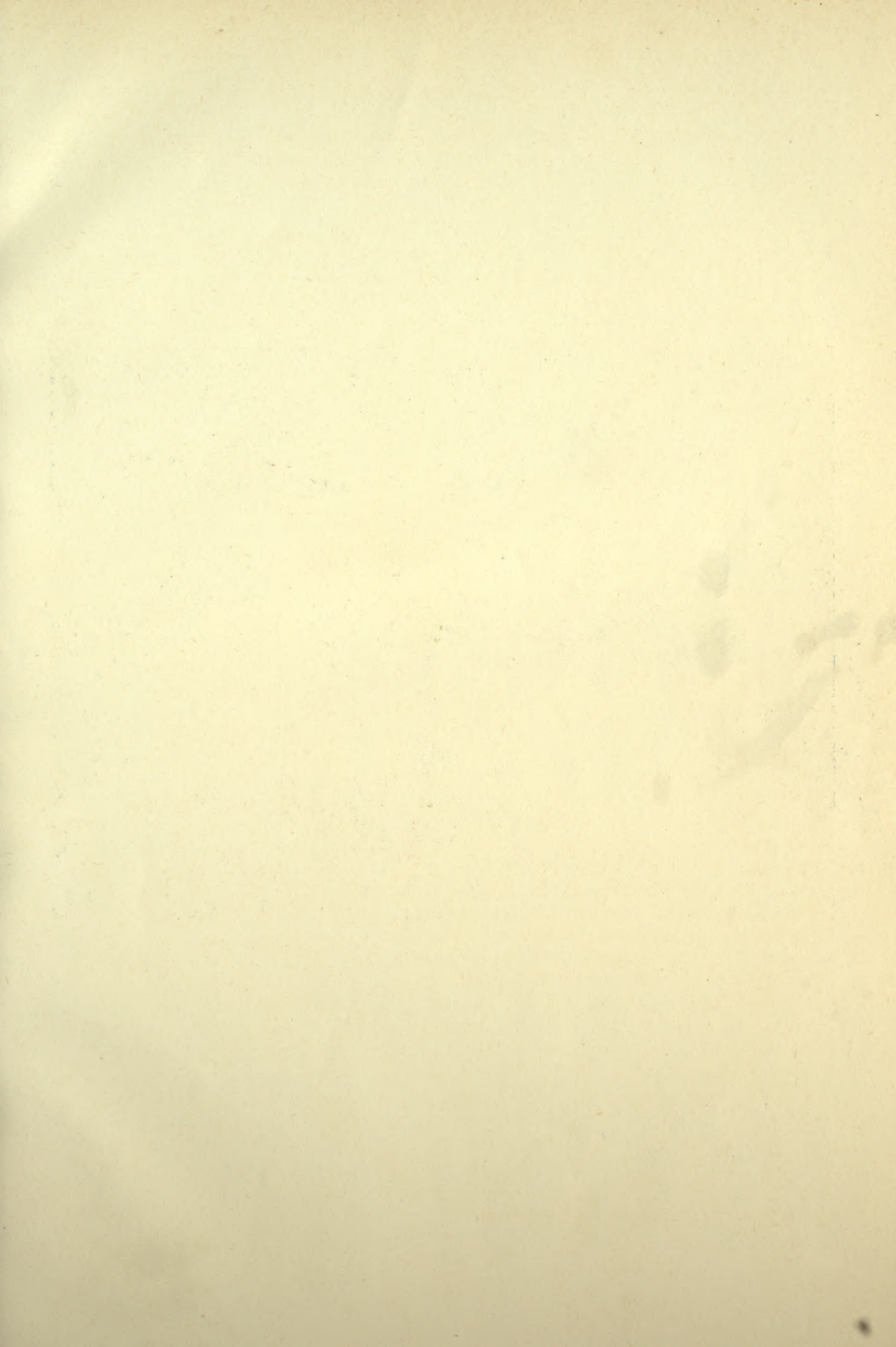
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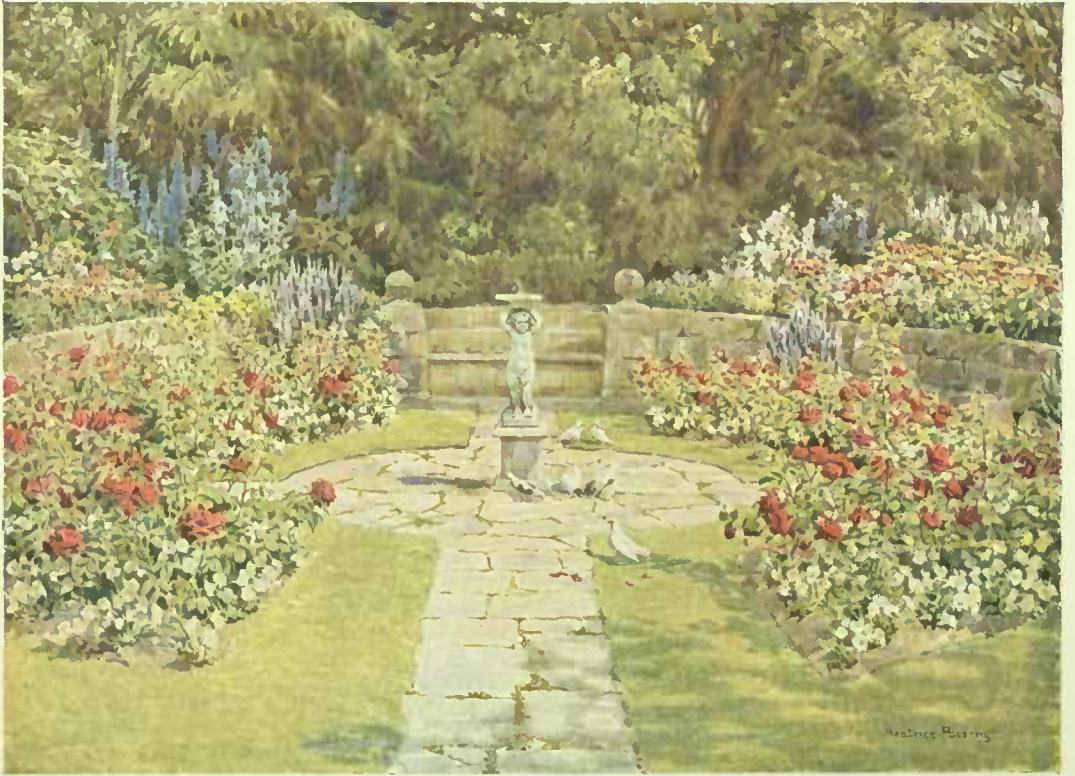
druck," consisting of 41 leaves printed on one side of the paper only, with Latin text and with signatures to each pair of pictures; it is not quite complete as the full number of leaves is 50, but is in other respects remarkable. The style shows traces of being modelled on a French illustrated manuscript, the whole treatment having more analogy with French or English work than with German or Low Country representations of the same subject. Bouchot is therefore probably right in supposing this Apocalypse to be of French workmanship, even though, as the catalogue admits, he antedated it by at least 50 years in assigning it to ca. 1400. At the same time, it certainly seems to count among the earliest group of extant blockbooks and in spite of the 9 missing leaves must be considered quite a satisfactory copy. Its chief drawback is the rather poor colouring, a number of the pictures presenting a very garish effect or being so heavily painted over as to hide the outlines of the woodcut. The other blockbook (No. 79), also a 'Reiberdruck,' is a Dutch *Biblia Pauperum*, the only other extant copy of which is in the Hofbibliothek at Vienna. Some authorities, including at one time Prof. Schreiber himself, have held this to be the earliest of all editions of the *Biblia Pauperum*, but this cannot be certainly maintained. Although the pages were cut on a large block two at a time, the cumbrous method of rubbing by which the prints were produced made it impossible to take them both off together, so that while one part was being completed a frame or cover was put over the other to prevent its smudging; the accidental shifting of this cover and consequent intrusion of pieces of the text on the margins of several of the leaves supplies the clue to this method of procedure. Ten leaves out of 40 are

wanting in this copy, but judging by recent block-book prices its value will be considerable in spite of these shortcomings.

The third section, the 16th century woodcuts, contains a number of leaves by Altdorfer, Baldung Grün, Burgkmair, Lukas Cranach the elder, Dürer (Nos. 238-386), Flötner, Lukas von Leyden, Schöffelein, to mention only a few names; it is especially rich in German work but some Italian masters are also represented. Of special interest to English readers is an imperfect copy of "The Welsoken Nobody" (No. 102; see plate 5), a single sheet with type-printed text. This poem in its original form was written by one Georg Schan, a barber of Strassburg, as an invective against careless and crockery-breaking servants who, then as now, put the blame for their own misdeeds on 'Niemand'; later on, in 1533, Schan again took up the figure as 'der wohlredendt Niemand' delivering himself of a polemic against Catholicism and the Papacy, the original wood-cut doing duty for this second sheet also. The English "Nobody" is a translation or adaptation of this poem with the original application of the woodcut retained and bearing the motto: Nobody is my name that beyreth every bodyes blame; Shakespeare, in the *Tempest* iii. 2, makes Trinculo speak of 'the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.' Only one other copy of the sheet is known. It is, however, pretty certainly later than Wynkyn de Worde, to whom, with the date 'about 1534,' the catalogue assigns it.

The collection ends up with a number of clair obscures and some very charming niellos, the broad surfaces of which have a quite peculiar and very modern effect.





THE SUNDIAL, BROOK HOUSE,
SUSSEX. From "In My Lady's
Garden." By permission of Mr. T.
Fisher Unwin.



IN MY LADY'S GARDEN.

FONTS AND FONT COVERS.

THE first gleams of glad sunlight are calling us out into the gardens, and what time we are in doors we are planning schemes for garden colour through the year. The rock garden shall be shifted, the pergolas rearranged and the rosary improved. And so we turn to the beautiful books which are being issued month by month by those shrewd gentlemen the publishers, and seek to know what is in the minds of other gardeners.

The late Garden editor of the "Queen," Mrs. Richmond has told of her garden loves in a big beautiful book with a beautiful title, "In my lady's garden."

It is the diary of the year and is "as fresh as is the month of May," every page telling of the enthusiasm of the garden-lover and the skill of the practised gardener. The utilities of shrub and tree are made much of in the winter months, and the gauntness of the flowerless months avoided by knowing artifice and wise provision. The possibilities of the little water garden, the heath and rock garden during those months of the year when the herbaceous border has less than its full charms, are all treated on with fulness of knowledge.

The pictures, too, are quite delightful, many being finely-disposed studies of blossom and leaf. Why do not more of our thousands of amateur photographers take up the delightful hobby of flower photography. One plate shows the authoress seated out-o'-doors with little garden birds around her and on her knees a quite paradisaical picture.

I have said that the book is practical. So it is, but it is practical in the best sense inasmuch as it is not the mere rule of thumb tradition that is its inspiration but the wide culture of the accomplished scholar gardener.

This garden lore is prominently a subject in which women excel, and this latest garden book is one which should take its place as a classic.

S. G. ROBINSON.

LET it be said at once that this is a good book and one that should be found on the bookshelves of every archæologist. It deals entirely with the past and the title could, perhaps, have made this clearer had it been preceded by the word ancient. That however is a small matter and the book itself is not the least of Mr. Bond's productions. I think it is no exaggeration to say that no one of the present day can make his readers enthuse over mediæval work as Mr. Bond does, and the secret lies in the fact that Mr. Bond himself is genuinely enthusiastic. To find a parallel to that enthusiasm one has to remember what we have heard with our ears and our fathers have told us of the enthusiasm of the writers and exponents of the Gothic revival of a past generation.

The book is divided into four parts, the first dealing with the origin of Christian baptism and the evolution of the mounted font from the baptistery tank, the second with the classification of fonts, the third part with fonts according to various periods, and the fourth with font covers, a subject hitherto untouched.

In the first part Mr. Bond, with his usual thoroughness, goes into the origin of Christian baptism, and his remarks must, I think, convince all unbiassed minds that affusion and not submersion was the original method of administration. Although the author carries conviction he might have strengthened his case even more by reference to ancient customs and practical difficulties. The ceremonial cleansings of the East consisted in pouring water over the hands, &c., and as baptism is a spiritual cleansing it follows, one may think, that the outward part of the sacrament would follow the ancient customs. As to practical difficulties one has to think of the officiant standing in water to baptize hundreds and thousands. What man could stand it especially in chilly weather? It may be urged that he stood above the water in which case one may fairly ask whose back could stand the strain of bending, to say nothing of being pulled off by candidates who lost their foothold in the running water. Again how could delicate people

"In my Lady's Garden,"—Mrs. Richmond. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

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have stood the shock of immersion, and would the unbelievers be edified by watching people, not used to immersion, catching their breath? Nothing in the early churches implies that submersion was thought of and practised.

In chapter VI. the author throws light upon the development of what may be called dual fonts, *i.e.* fonts with divisions in the bowl, and the provision of stoups. Anciently the consecrated water was allowed to stand in the font and the water taken out for use at baptism was not allowed to return, hence the dual arrangement. Interesting also are the notes on the use of oil and salt, as well as water, in the ceremony.

Used as we are to stone, it will surprise some to see the various materials used in font construction—bronze, pewter, brick, wood, lead, &c. Of the last no less than 29 remain, 8 being in Gloucestershire. It is strange to note that Derbyshire with its lead supply possesses only one. It is a pity that the font at Toller Fratrum (page 97 and 139) is not illustrated as also the 8th century well head now in the keeping of the Minister of Agriculture at Rome. The alleged similarity could then have been studied and possibly the early date of the Dorset font emphasized.

The fact that so few Saxon fonts remain would appear to be due to the fact that they were made of wood, and although not referred to by Mr. Bond the point seems brought out in the early stone fonts. Morewenstow (page 126) and others have a cable ornament running round them, and this may be a survival in stone of the twisted things which held the wooden staves of the Saxon fonts together. On page 153 Mr. Bond merely refers to the interlacing ornament on early fonts, and is apparently not to be drawn on the question of the Comacine headquarters of Free masonry and the similarity of ornament in all the civilized countries of Western Europe.

On the font of St. Nicholas, Brighton, (page 165) Mr. Bond defines the nimbus surrounding Christ's head as "cruciferous." One would like to ask whether this is correct? Is it not rather triradial, in other words is it not the ancient Tau inverted—one of the oldest symbols of the Deity. In the case of the Second Person of the Trinity, one might think that cruciferous would be correct but on page 171, we are referred to the font at East Meon, where God creates Adam and Eve and is shown with a similar nimbus. Surely "cruciferous" is misplaced in such a case and Tau more correct—the Tau and Nimbus together being symbolical of the Trinity in Unity and the Eternity of the Godhead.

On page 179 the author states that St. George is usually mounted on horseback to distinguish

him from St. Michael. Again one would like to know whether it would not be more correct to say that St. Michael, being an archangel, is shown with wings while St. George, a man of flesh and blood, is shewn without them as a matter of course?

Not the least interesting of the many points in this book is the one which shows us that our forefathers had in them the grain of commercialism. At Purbeck in the thirteenth century existed a factory for the supply of ready made fonts, and the plainness of these fonts was apparently due to the fact that delicate ornament would have run the risk of becoming damaged in transit! It rather spoils one's poetical impressions of the past and one can only hope that it will not stir the purveyors of ready-made ecclesiastical designs of the present day to further efforts.

It will come as a revelation to many, on reading this book, to find what a wealth of mediæval work still remains to us, and it should stir one and all not only to take an interest in the things of the past but to protect them from the hands of the "restorer." With a book so good as this one hesitates to sound a jarring note but the publisher has not, in my mind, done the author justice. The book appears as if it had been rushed or received too little attention. Some of the illustrations are very poor and, although the author generously tries to shield his publisher, the excuses made will not hold good. Mr. Bond's previous books have been better illustrated. Again Chapter V. should have been headed Part II. but this is omitted, while Part III. is called Part II. On page 261 Matrimony and Ordination have their titles reversed and one can only regret that such a grand standard work should have been marred by what is apparently either slovenliness or haste. A second edition is sure to be called for and one hopes that the Oxford University Press will acquit itself according to the reputation it possesses.

In conclusion let me add that one sentence in the book promises to become classic, "People preferred to accept convention: then as now it was easier to be like other people than to be oneself."

GEO. H. WIDDOWS.

"Fonts and Font Covers. By Frances Bond M.A., 364 pp. and illustrated by 426 photographs and measured drawings. 8vo., cloth, 1908. Published by Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press. Price 12s. net.

* *

THE ORIGIN OF THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

AT the congress of Art teachers held in London in the summer of last year one of the main subjects of discussion was the delimiting and classifying of art-terms.

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It was high time. Every new art-book published adds to the confusion, and when the jargon of psychology is mixed with the slang of art then indeed is the reign of Chaos and old night. "The origin of the sense of beauty," which is a serious book, significant and to a considerable degree laudable, deals with the psychology of art, and like the dish of sheep's head praised by the Scotchman, affords a deal of fine confused feeding.

Much of Mr. Clay's book is derived from the striking writings of Prof. Santeyana and the works of Gros Féré Loeb and Wundt, but the service that the book renders is in its up-to-date presentment of scientific opinion which latter, differing and opposing in its variousness is so reflected in this book.

Mr. Clay's main propositions are thus expressed: "As we examine the various elements of consciousness, we find that whenever it is possible for the understanding to objectify a pleasure that it perceives as a quality of the object with which it is connected we have beauty" (Santeyana "Sense of Beauty.")

"The study of beauty must start from the assumption that it is an object of human longing and desire, determined as to its actual essence by the qualities of human nature . . ."

"Beauty, as we know and feel it, is due only to the particular arrangements and functions of our sense organs, evolved in and developed to such a particular environment."

"Our appreciation of the beautiful can be and must be, traced to facilities that were at some time or other directly useful in the struggle for existence."

In proving these Mr. Clay several times contradicts himself.

For instance, on page 157, in discriminating between art and skill he says that the word *artistic* may certainly be used of the work upon an object by anyone to whom that object makes an appeal by pleasing his eye as well as or apart from *any* pleasure in it as a purely useful thing.

Further on we read that Art is not the satisfaction of an aimless desire for some form of purposeless activity but the attempt to provide by actually creating or rather by making or molding matter into a new form, an object pleasing to the senses; and again, "In the process of evolution . . . utility . . . would in time drop out of account as not only to be forgotten, and the reason for it impossible to conjecture to even to be *denied* altogether the pleasures *alone* being looked upon as the cause of the particular action" which is followed later by "There is no doubt that the semi-conscious or the sub-conscious knowledge of

the utility of a thing has *much* to do with the feeling of pleasure in it."

Mr. Clay is at the outset concerned with the explanation of how primitive utilities, life preserving and life-continuing activities, came to be arts that is practised for their own sake and says that man continued these activities in the hope that they might please the gods.

The reason why primitive man did this is because such activities pleased him. But that "being pleased" is begging the whole question. It is where pleasure steps in as apart from necessitarian utility that the argument commences.

On page 54 is a slip on the statement of a simply mathematical formula.

Fechner is quoted as stating that "a retangle isolated in space will appear beautiful if the ratio of its sides is so arranged that the greater is to be the less as the greater to the sum of the two" which should be . . . "is to the less as the sum of the two is to the greater."

On p. 140 Mr. Clay refers to the now exploded idea that the Greeks were only able to perceive a few colours, and states that they may only have been affected by certain colours strongly enough to invent names for them.

Miss Irene Weir's monograph on Greek Art proved conclusively that the Greek sense of colour was at least as well developed as our own.

The Spencerian theory of the origin of art on the sexual emotions further emphasised by Nordau, is not admitted by Mr. Clay, who also dismisses Professor Marshall's similar reasoning. The derivation from the "play instinct," as also Mr. Berenson's suggestion of pleasure enhancement by reiteration and recognition are touched upon, and the theory of M. Hern that art is the transcending of speech sympathetically so.

It is perfectly safe to say that hardly a single reader will be found to agree throughout with Mr. Clay's provoking work, and it is equally safe to say that none will read it without receiving benefit from its provocations. The last chapter is full of most valuable suggestions.

The ridiculous aloofness of art schools from the current of national life in which they should float and which they should tinge, an aloofness which has popularised the fallacy that drawing and painting are art—as distinguished from the thousand arts of life,—is forcibly condemned.

If art, as Mr. Clay asserts, has its springs in the needs of life, then art alone correlates man

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and his surroundings, and in Herbert Spencer's words, "Perfect correspondence of organism to environment would be perfect life."

E. W. LANDOR.

"The origin of the sense of beauty," by Felix Clay, B.A., Architect. Smith Elder. 6s. net.

* *

NIGHTS WITH THE GODS.

"THE man who . . . announced lectures on Plato" and whom so many ladies "deserted . . . in indignation" seeks his revenge in paper and ink between the covers of "Nights with the God's."

Tragically failing in his attempts to understand the land or people of England, Dr. Reich succeeds to the full in exhibiting his ignorance, an ignorance which is at times outrageously funny at times outrageous and not at all funny.

Still it is the sort of thing which Englishmen are accustomed to put up with, and they may at any rate console themselves with the fact that the satisfaction they feel with their country is corroborated by lecturers of alien name, who however much they malign the country of their adoption find it much too agreeable to wish to return to their fatherland. The fatal fault of the Aliens' Acts is that they refer to steerage passengers only.

"Nights with the Gods" is the sort of book which Walter Savage Landor might have written had he written indifferent English, had an even worse temper than he is credited with, lacked all sense of humour, and tried to be funny.

The English woman seems to be the special object of Dr. Reich's detestation, but Science, George Bernard Shaw, The House of Commons, he hates too, and with a wild hatred. Puritanism is to him what holy water is to the devil, yet the most Puritan thing in Puritan England — Punch — moral cowardice forbids him to attack, and apparently he respects the policeman.

The notion of dialogues between the famous thinkers and the deities of Greece and Rome, and having for subject the fads and follies of our time and race has, if not new or uncommon, at least considerable possibilities if treated adequately. Dr. Reich fails not because he is ignorant of the classics, (he labours not altogether unsuccessfully to shew how laboriously learned he is therein,) but because he lacks knowledge of the people he wishes to satirise and because he has neither the wit nor the indignation necessary to a satirist.

English satire has many manners of expression which differ so far as the fierce intolerance

of Swift and the icy acidity of Butler; whether it has yet its Aristophanes may be questioned but it has no room for a mawkish querulousness which is some times obscene and generally stupid.

J. W. MAKARNESS.

"Nights with the Gods," by Dr. Emil Reich, T. Werner Laurie, 6s. net.

* *

WELSH MEDIEVAL LAW.

STUDENTS of History will be grateful to Mr. Wade-Evans for this excellently-edited text. A review in a bibliographical magazine may fittingly notice at the outset the completeness with which the editor has done his work.

The volume contains an introduction which because first of its exceptional treatment of a dubious period of English History, is as important to the general reader as to the specialist, and of which more anon; secondly, the carefully compiled Welsh text, which is the result of the collection of all the best existing MSS.; thirdly, the clear English rendering of the original; fourthly, a full glossary; fifthly, a complete word index of the whole text, and lastly a clear and serviceable map.

The ninth century was a wonderful time for Europe.

From Charlemagne to Howell it was a century of wonder, and the consecration of the great organising power of the Western world is if less significant, hardly less interesting than the careful elaboration of this code of laws which was to be a pillar of the civilization of the outer celts.

It is to be remembered, too, that Alfred of England was contemporaneous with Howell, and it is quite possible that it was from Alfred's court which continued the traditions which Egbert had brought from the court of Charles at Aix that Howell derived at least some of his inspiration.

There is not space to do more than refer to the code which is the essential part of the book before us, but about its importance there can be no two opinions.

It was referred to through the centuries with the same fond and confident reverence as the good laws of Edward by the conquered English and suffered far less change.

To quote is impossible, for the whole code is sufficiently interesting to print, but a word or two must be said in reference to the excellent introduction.

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Mr. Wade-Evans gives an outline sketch of Welsh History down to the ninth century, and among other important matters, points out that the Britannia of the fifth century was not Britain but Wales only, and that Vortigern was a petty chieftan living east of the Usk. His invitation to the Saxons has been "magnified" out of all reason by the misconception of later times, which transfigured Vortigern under a King of Britain who received continental supplies in the island of Thanet in order to withstand enemies who were threatening his country at the Wall of Hadrian.

R. SANDYS.

"Welsh Medieval Law: being a text of the Laws of Howell the good," by A. W. Wade-Evans. Clarendon Press, 8s. 6d. net.

* *

Douris and the Painters of Greek Vases.

IT is not without good reason that we review the minor and secular doings of a person in trying to come by his true self.

That is the reason of and excuse for so natural and therefore right a thing as the gossip society journal.

The little black curl on Disraeli's front was at least as interesting as his greatest speech. William the Norman's favourite swear "*par splendeur Dieu*," is as significant as Domesday, and the sacred historian selected the favourite dishes of John for an epigrammatic description of the Baptist.

That is the reason for the importance of M. Pottier's essay on "Douris and the painters of Greek Vases."

An unfriendly critic would call the essay thin, gossip and imaginative and it would perhaps be difficult to prove him at fault. But he would have to acknowledge that M. Pottier has selected a product of old Greece, common, beautiful, and important and has correlated it with what we know else of the life and time, has substantially corrected our estimate of that life and time and has written a most interesting book.

It has been said that to estimate Greek culture by the evidence of Greek vases is as unfair as it would be to estimate British culture by Bass's Beer bottles. A comparison more wide of the mark could easily have been made, for as M. Pottier clearly shews, the vase had a purely utilitarian purpose and was in no sense an *objet d'art* or knickknack. "It existed only by virtue of a want: offerings to the gods, consecrations after victories, household utensils, votive offerings at the altar and the tomb. It follows that industrial art was still more intimately connected with practical needs.

The amphora, which appears as a speciality of Athens in ceramic industry, contained the famous oil gathered in the plain—to-day still famous for its olive groves—or wine from Parnes." Thus these beautifully shaped vessels—a purely commercial product—quite common, and in no sense extravagant connote for us Greek life as the masterpieces of Apelles or Praxiteles would fail in doing.

"Douris and the painters of Greek Vases," Edmund Pottier. John Murray, 7s. 6d. net.

* *

Passing English of the Victorian Era.

THIS book is one to which a reviewer could very easily be unfair.

It is full of faults—its sins of omission are only equalled by its sins of commission, and its failings are the more notable because it belongs to a series which has hitherto maintained an extraordinarily high standard.

So many are the faults that even when the immediateness of the title is taken full account of one marvels that greater attention has not been given to the final revision, and friendly criticism obtained, before going to press.

Good points are not lacking. Wide reading is evident throughout; a wonderful collection of phrases has been got together; and the book has real and considerable value.

A work of this kind, however, should be, to an almost miraculous degree accurate, indeed infallible, and should be absolutely comprehensive.

Yet there are mistakes here which a person of the most common-place experience and knowledge would blush to make.

"'Beweepe' is a new form of weep brought in by the Tzar of Russia, 20th May, 1898. . . . It took the fashion at once."

Indeed! Has Mr. Redding Ware never read that most wonderful of Shakspeare's sonnets, beginning—

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I alone beweepe my outcast state."

"Ichabod" is put down as a Nonconformist expression, and loosely described as "from Biblical source." Eli's lament, "The glory is departed from Israel" is not more the property of a Muggletonian than the highest and driest country rector.

"Axe to grind" is dubiously attributed to Franklin as not in Poor Richard.

But every school boys knows Franklin's story and it should have been possible for Mr. Redding Ware to find it.

A good point of the book is that it is really up-to-date. "Stolypin's necktie," "Meddle and

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Muddle," are well-known politician allusions. Mr. Balfour's historic phrase "We shall muddle through"—as characteristic a phrase as has ever been used of English government methods—is lacking.

"Spotted dog" is rightly described as currant pudding. "Sore leg" treacle roly-poly is omitted.

"Enthuse" is described as American and not yet English. We wish it weren't and that Mr. Redding Ware were more correct.

* *

Le Guide du Gourmet à Table.

LE Guide du Gourmet à Table" is just the right sort of book for the Englishman who is not satisfied—as every other Englishman is—to know nothing of the intrinsic meaning of the interesting names which affront him every day on the menu.

The style of the book is simplicity itself, and the Englishman who speaks not French but Anglais-continental will find no difficulty in understanding it.

Now and again he will get a little shaking, as for instance, when he is informed that he can get frogs in England but only in "*les restaurants fréquentés par les Français, qui sont, à notre avis, les seuls vrais amateurs.*" This last phrase is most comforting to our insular barbarism which *will* prefer steak and porter.

* *

Harpers' Library of Living Thought.

A REALLY new series, something different, is a thing as rare as its announcement is common, but Messrs. Harper seems to have achieved it in their "Library of Living Thought."

The root idea of the series is small, significant books, books in which a thinker can at once while he is possessed by an idea express it without submitting his conceptions to the indignity of the average magazine and without being compelled to attain to the expensive dignity of the scientific treatise.

The two books of the series which have come to us are as important as if they were published at four times their price. "Three plays of Shakspeare" is dogmatic and arbitrary as only Mr. Swinburne can or has a right to be.

So Professor Flinders Petrie's "Personal Religion in Egypt before Christianity" is a really important book, and it is to be hoped will be bought more and not less because it is priced half-a-crown instead of half-a-guinea.

Dutch Painting.

MR. Moring's publications need no warning vision to inform the reader that they are neither common nor unclean.

They hit the happy mean between the commonplace popular and the specialised classic, they are desirable and distinguished.

Dutch painting is the subject of a fine Moring book.

From Cats to Toorop is an enormous gap for even a hundred years to bridge and to define and describe the influences which have in their interplay produced Ary Scheffer and Bosboom; Josef Israëls and the brothers Maris; Mesdag and Van Gogh, which is the task essayed by G. Hermine Marius in "Dutch painting in the 19th Century" is a labour almost to be termed Herculean.

To essay such a task demands that the writer should be broad enough in his sympathies to appraise at its full worth the technique of each artist, to recognise its affinities its debt and its effect, above all to comprehend the artist's intent howsoever unrealised, and in all judgments to view the artist and his work in the perspective of the time in which he lived, inspired by its ideals, possessed by its possibilities, and restricted by its limitations.

It is this fine catholicity which is manifested by the writer of this book, and so while as critic he takes care to let the reader see that the oleographic sentimentalities of Ary Scheffer are *anathema maranatha* to him, as historian and connoisseur he rightly places the master of sentiment and gives him full meed of honour.

It is with the same justice that he details the accomplishments to which he is sometimes not entirely sympathetic of younger men like Toorop. Of course he has his heroes—but even here he admires without affectation, and the brothers Maris, Josef Israëls and Mesdag—are quite safe *laves* for an artistic critic's sanctum.

A word should be said in praise of the translation, which is so good as never for a moment to suggest that it is one, and another for the fine series of 130 plates which so usefully adorn this excellent book.

* *

Old London.

THE fifty reproductions of Old London, compiled by Walter M'Hay, make a book that should be of general use and interest.

London takes such place in all our literature of affairs and history, and is so changed from the London of the past, that a book such as this

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which pictures the metropolis at various periods long gone by, is bound to be of service to both student and general reader.

For grangerising in a modest way this book will, too, be welcome.

Among the plates are Hollar's "Old St. Pauls, 1860," Maures's "South-east prospect of London and Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1746," but most of the engravings date from the end of the 18th century just before the city began to take on its modern-day aspect.

* *

Little Dinners with the Sphinx.

MR. LE GALLIENNE has been writing again on the subject of which he never tires, a subject which some people evidently never tire of too. He is no Jean Jacques, but, like him, insists on making the whole world his father conjuror. Many people like this. There is the sense of confidence – an insinuating leaning confidence which it seems rude to repel.

But Mr. le Gallienne does repel. Women we know read him affectionately, he is such a dear, but men who don't like dears don't like Mr. le Gallienne.

These huggings and caressings of himself bring the blush to modest bronzed faces. A chapter of M. le Gallienne is like a match struck in the

tunnel in the old days when railway carriages weren't lighted. He really isn't decent, and though M. le Gallienne is unutterably fond of himself he really should try to moderate the transports of his affection, or express himself in a cypher known only to himself and his admirers. That "Little Dinners with the Sphinx" will delight those admirers one cannot doubt. The roses are moon-white, the table-linen is lustral and "Sorrows are the opals of the soul." Need we wonder that "the Sphinx stretched her opalled hand across the table and patted mine and said 'You dear' just as in the old days."

Bunthorne is not dead yet, and as has been remarked more than once before, "For those who like this sort of thing this is just the sort of thing they like."

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"Passing English of the Victorian Era," J. Redding Ware. The Standard Reference Library. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

"Le Guide du Gourmet à Table," by a practical Guide for Diners and Epicures. Simpkin Marshall. 5s. net.

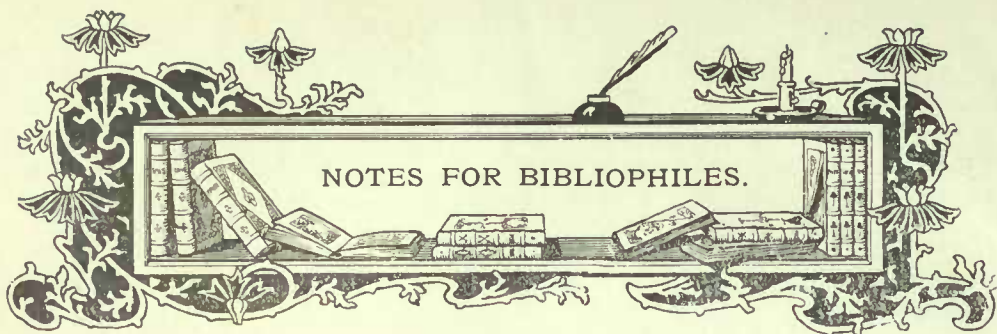
"Harpers Library of Living Thought" 2s. 6d. cloth, 3s. 6d. leather.

"Dutch Art in the Nineteenth Century," by G. Hermine Marins, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Alexander Moring. 18s. net.

"Old London," Walter M'Hay, The de la More Press. 2s. 6d. net.

"Little Dinners with the Sphinx," by Richard le Gallienne. John Lane. 6s.





TWO events have occurred in the Library and Museum World. On the 15th of January the British Museum reached its 150th anniversary. At about the same time Wales at last acquired a National Library, and the beginnings of the collection were enormously increased in importance by the munificent gift of Sir John Williams' unrivalled library of books and manuscripts in Welsh or relating to Wales. The addition, announced a few days later, of Canon Greenwood's celebrated collection of prehistoric bronze implements to the British Museum will make the collection there, already rich, the most important in Europe. This addition is the gift of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and shews us that his activity as a purchaser of fine collections is not always to our detriment. And let us hope that the example of these two generous gifts may stir up others to do likewise.

* *

It is not long since a monumental work on the history of papermaking was produced by M. Bricquet, himself engaged in the art; and now another equally monumental book will throw sidelights on places still dark to bibliographers. This is M. Ch. Enchedé's *Fonderies de Caractères et leur matériel dans les Pays-Bas du xve au xixe siècle*. The author, like M. Bricquet, writes from personal knowledge, for he is a member of a well-known firm of type founders. The origins of type-founding outside printing-offices are very obscure, and any light on this will be welcomed by students of early printed books. M. Enchedé's book is itself very finely printed, and is to be had of Mr. Quaritch at a ransom of £5 by the few who care for such things.

* *

On a very much smaller scale is the new handbook by Mr. R. A. Rye to the Libraries of London. Mr. Rye is Goldsmith's Librarian in the University of London, and the book is published by the University, at the nominal price of 6d. Some such book, to supersede Sims, was much wanted, and Mr. Rye has done his work very well and lucidly. The arrangement is in three

divisions, General and Special Libraries, the latter in the alphabetical order of their specialities, and School and College Libraries. This handbook would have been far more useful had the existence of printed catalogues been noted; Mr. Rye has taken more trouble over statistics than he need have, and we can find a few other faults. For example the Libraries of Schools and of Clubs are not open to the public and are not worth including in a book of this kind. Again, the Library of the Bibliographical Society is not Economical because it is housed at Clare Market by the London School of Economics. (It must be admitted that it has a cross reference). In describing the Public Libraries of Hammersmith, Mr. Rye does not mention the specimens from the Kelmscott Press exhibited at Ravenscourt Park. But, as an example of his thoroughness, we have an account of the Royal Library of Nineveh, founded by Sargon and continued by Sennacherib, most of which is preserved, on tablets of clay, in the British Museum!

* *

A new translation of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, the often-translated, by Mr. Edward Wilberforce, is announced by Messrs. Macmillan.

* *

Etching, the finest art of its class, has never really been neglected since it was preached in, and out of, the *Portfolio* by its prophet, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, and to his posthumous influence we owe the interest taken in the work of contemporary etchers—and perhaps also that work itself. There have been recent monographs on Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. Short, and Mr. Brangwyn; now—and why last, one wonders—we have a short introductory essay by Mr. Frank Rinder on the work of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, the Glasgow artist, and 60 etchings to illustrate it. This is published north of the Tweed too, by Messrs. Otto Schulze, of Edinburgh.

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Those who have read Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie" in Professor Arber's reprint will

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not remember it as an exciting work, however amusing its Renaissance pedantry may be; it is, however, a valuable commentary on the literary fashions of the century. Everything Elizabethan is now apt to be viewed principally in its relation to Shakespeare, and Puttenham's book (it is only inferentially attributed to him) with more justice than many others. Mr. W. L. Rushton has now gathered into a volume the references to the "Arte of English Poesie" which he has found in Shakespeare's plays, and which in some cases he has communicated to special journals of philological and literary science, and thus made his work more accessible to ordinary students. The book (*Shakespeare and "The Arte of English Poesie"*) is published by Messrs. Young at half-a-crown.

* *

A collection of Mr. William Sharp's *Songs and Poems, old and new* (Stock, 4s. 6d. net), ranging from 1879 to 1905, will be welcome.

* *

Two books come from that accomplished critic, who is also one of our few stylists, Mr. Arthur Symons. One is a volume of the Poems of John Clare, the mad and unfortunate poet—least unfortunate perhaps when he was most mad, because then his gift of beautiful writing was strongest in him. Mr. Symons has edited Clare's poetry for the Clarendon Press, and has written an introduction. The price is but half-a-crown.

* *

Messrs. Constable announce the second, a work of Mr. Symons' own pen, *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*. Mr. Symons has hitherto been regarded as specially the apostle of the "Symbolist" movement, itself an offshoot of the larger Romantic growth in modern literature. But he is a critic with imaginative sympathy, one "of an understanding heart," and that is the essence of criticism as Pater and Wilde have so often told us.

The book-lover's magazine of the Netherlands is *De Boekzaal*, which enters on its third year of existence with the January number.

An excellent review of Milton in the Netherlands, by A. J. Van Huffel, appeared in this number together with a careful survey of the publishing trade of 1908 in England.

* *

The morocco volumes of the *Every-man* library are just a little disappointing. So far we have only seen the red morocco, and it seems to lack the niceness which is associated with Mr. Dent's issues.

We still feel that it would be well worth while for Mr. Dent to issue some of these excellently-edited books on a thin hand-made larger paper, say at three-and-sixpence or five shillings unbound. A set of the Dutch Republic, or Boswell's Johnson, The Golden Treasury, St. Augustine, or the Ruskins, are books a book-lover who wished to see his prophets, priests and kings on purple and fine linen but who might be unable to afford luxuries like first or special editions would willingly purchase and bind. Mr. Dent knows his business better than his hundreds of gratuitous advisers—still we must say we should like to have the opportunity of giving the pretty vellum set of Lyric poems on our shelves fitting companions.

Of the promised volumes in the next *Every-man* issue of Macchiavelli's Florentine History is one of the most interesting.

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Mr. Masfield's well-edited "Hakluyt's voyages" is to be completed, and the "Richlieu" of G. P. R. James is to be offered to a generation which has only heard of the great reputation of his cavalier romances from greybeard bibliophiles.





IT is one of the little wonderments of the uninitiate how many publishing houses year after year manage to secure significant and desirable issues.

Looking through the list of remainder book-sellers, one is struck at once by the fact that certain booksellers are hardly represented and that others must evidently market most of their wares in this most unsatisfactory manner.

Announcements such as Messrs. Macmillan make, it need hardly be said, belong to the former class, a statement borne out by their spring announcements.

Mr. A. C. Bradley's Oxford Lectures on Poetry are eagerly awaited. Those whose privilege it has been to hear any one of them know the easy grace with which the Professor of Poetry at Oxford adorns whatever he touches.

Two books by Dr. Frazer are announced on the subject he has made particularly his own—Totemism and Exogamy—which will be issued in three volumes, and *The Influence of Superstition on the growth of Institutions*, being the subject matter of a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution on February 5th.

Monuments of Christian Rome, by Arthur L. Frothingham, and *Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero*, by W. Wade Fowler, M.A., are two works on classical Archæology to be issued immediately.

* * *

Messrs. Jack will certainly strike a good vein in the new complete Guide to Heraldry. Bou-tell has long deserved superannuation, and if the promised work by Mr. W. Fox Davies is up to Messrs. Jack's usual level it should become the standard work on the subject.

Mr. Murray's announcements include a translation of the Abbé Duchesne's "Early history of the Church," which should receive a warm welcome; the concluding volume of *The Greek Thinkers* of Prof. Gomperz—Aristotle and his successors, translated by G. C. Berry, M.A., and the concluding volume of Dr. Masson's great work on Lucretius.

* * *

In *Belles Lettres* are *Essays of Poets and Poetry* by the President of Magdalen, Algernon Cecil's *Six Oxford Thinkers*, Gibbon, Newman, Froude, Church, Morley and Pater.

* * *

From Messrs. Harper & Bro. comes a prospectus of "The British Tar in fact and fiction," by Commander Chas. Napier Robinson and John Leyland, which will deal with the place of the seaman in History, fiction, drama, song and art.

* * *

Messrs. Black promise some delightful colour books—*Essex, Hampshire, Worcestershire* and *the Heart of Scotland* for home-lovers; *Lausanne, St. Petersburg* and *Dutch bulbs and gardens* for those who love to look out on the world.

* * *

To the Brush, Pen and Pencil Series is to be added a volume on the work of Tom Browne—the sort of wine that needs no bush.

* * *

Miss Edith Browne's *Greek Architecture* is to take a place in a series which has already received welcome.



BY
Our Philatelic Editor.

NEW ISSUES.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—Another value of the "San Martino" lithographed series has arrived. The printing is bad and quite as "fuzzy" as the other values, and the pale buff colour, in which it is printed, adds to the general indistinctness.



12 centavos pale buff, watermarked "rayed sun."

CAYMAN ISLANDS.—The much talked-of farthing stamp has now been received, and as seems customary with most stamps from this place, a great deal of dissatisfaction has arisen over the distribution. $\frac{1}{4}$ d. yellow brown, printed on multiple watermarked paper and perforated 14.



CHINA.—An alteration in the 2 cent stamp has been necessary owing to the Postal Union regulations, and the colour of the 2 cents, hitherto scarlet has been changed to green. We expect to see shortly a scarlet 4 cents and a blue 10 cents. These three values being the currency equivalents of $\frac{1}{4}$ d.,



1d. and $\frac{1}{2}$ d. There is no alteration in design of the 2 cent stamp, and it is beautifully printed on stout unwatermarked paper by Waterlow & Sons.

2 cents deep green, perforated 15.

DANISH WEST INDIES.—A very beautiful series has made its appearance for use in the United Islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix. They are bi-coloured and printed in two operations. The border being from a plate, some surface printing process and the head of King Frederick being from a fine steel die, which adds very much to the appearance of the stamps. The values and colours are 15 bits, 30 bits, marone and black, 40 bits scarlet and grey, and 50 bits orange and brown.



GRECIAN CRETE.—We are now able to illustrate the 5 lepton green of the ordinary series, and same value of the unpaid letter series which in common with all other Cretan stamps are only available for postage when overprinted ΕΛΛΑΣ (Ellas), i.e.



Greece, and they will remain current for the present.

We regret to find that there are errors of overprint in the series. 5 values, viz., 1 lepton brown, 2 lepton violet. 5 lepton green, 10 lepton scarlet, and 50 lepton brown, are to be met with, in which the final Greek character is inverted, and there-



THE BIBLIOPHILE

fore appears reversed thus .

There will probably be other items to chronicle later.

NEW HEBRIDES.—These Islands in the Pacific not far from the Fiji group are under the joint control of Great Britain and France. For some years local stamps of a sort have been in evidence, but no Postal service worthy the name has existed. Now we have the extraordinary position of an official provisional series of both British and French stamps either of which are available for postage at British or French offices without distinction. The French series, which consist of the current New Caledonian issues, overprinted "Nouvelle Hebrides" as in the above illustration—consists of five values, viz., 5 centimes yellow and green, 10 centimes (as illustrated) rose red, 25 centimes blue on greenish, 50 centimes red on orange, 1 franc blue on green. The British series, which we hope to produce in our next number, consist of current Fiji stamps overprinted and with the name blocked out in colour.



RUSSIA.—Drastic changes have become necessary in the postal issues of this country.



The Government having discovered a widespread conspiracy to defraud it by cleaning the postmark off the current stamps, which has been done most effectually in many instances.

The new stamps are being printed on a specially-prepared paper with a lattice pattern film of cellulose on the printing surface. Any attempt in the way of cleaning wipes out the colour on the lattice workings. In general get-up the new designs are neat, but do not compare in appearance with those they supersede. Two values have so far arrived, the 2 kopeks green and the 7 kopeks blue, both of the above design.

ST. VINCENT.—The "picture" series is steadily replacing that with the King's Head, the new comers are the 6d. violet and 1s. black, the latter on the new green paper, both watermarked with multiple crown and C.A. and perforated 14. The illustration is to show the



design merely.



SIAM. Provisionals here, again appear to be the order of the day, and seem to be produced principally to use up stocks of disused stamps.

The 2 att on 24 atts of the 1887 type is of this description. The 2 att being a value that is constantly required. There are, or were, large stocks of the old 24 att on hand. The 9 att on 10 blue comes possibly in the same category, whilst the 4 on 5 is necessitated by the Postal Union requirements that all stamps of a 1d. or equivalent value must be *red*, therefore the 5 att stamp has been surcharged 4. The illustrations will show the general appearance of the overprint in each instance.



SOLOMON ISLANDS. A fine new issue has appeared for this group to inaugurate their entrance into the Postal Union. The stamps are all precisely alike in design and printed from steel plates on official crown and C.A. multiple watermark paper—the principal feature is an imposing war canoe with an island view for a background.



The colours and values are, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. yellow green, 1d. scarlet, 2d. grey, $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. blue, 6d. claret—all on white paper, and 1s. black on green paper. All on paper watermarked crown and C.A., and perforated 14.



SWITZERLAND.—The new issue of this country is rapidly approaching completion—the

STAMPS

low values with the boy, cross, bow and arrow, have been revised and are much bolder in execution.



The values of this type, received are 2 centimes ochre, 3 centimes violet, and 5 centimes green.

The next group shows a half length allegorical figure of Helvetia with apparently a map of some kind as a background—of this type 2 values have appeared—12 centimes reddish buff, and 15 centimes red lilac.

Further values of the seated armed Helvetia type are 25 centimes deep blue, 70 centimes orange yellow and brown, 1 franc pale green and claret, and 3 francs yellow ochre and yellow.

The illustrations clearly represent the differences in designs.



TURKEY.—This country has indulged in its first commemorative issue, a modest little venture to signalise the granting of the new constitution, there appear to be only 5 values—all like the illustrations and values and colours are 5 paras yellow brown, 10 paras green, 20 paras rosy carmine, 1 piastre blue and 2 piastres black—if the issue is limited to this collectors will not object.



UNITED STATES.—Further values of the current series have now arrived—all with the "Houdon" head of Washington, and save for little differences in size of the word "cents" all alike in design—the new comers are, 6 cents orange, 10 cents pale yellow, and 15 cents ultra-marine, a very washy shade.



The new special delivery stamp is a real improvement—it is not only finely engraved but is a better stamp altogether than those that preceded it.

10 cents yellow green—the illustration will give a very good idea of its appearance and for the other values of the general issue the 5 cent value will suffice.





By J. HERBERT SLATER.

THE late M. Numa Prédi of Paris was a well-known chess player who not content with playing the game devoted a large share of his attention to its history, the solution of problems and the innumerable finer points which are so difficult to grasp, simply because no two are precisely alike. M. Prédi's very extensive library of "books and periodicals on the Game of Chess" was sold at Sotheby's on the 1st of February but very little interest indeed was manifested in it. This was an excellent collection from a practical, everyday working point of view and I have no doubt whatever that given a problem it could have been scientifically solved by reference to the books which M. Prédi had so industriously gathered together. Perhaps a chess-player must be born and not made, but however that may be the world's disregard of text-books was manifest on this occasion. Messrs. Sotheby's catalogue comprised 362 "lots" as it is the fashion to call one or more books sold singly or together, and these lots comprised probably fifteen or sixteen hundred volumes, and yet the whole of them realised no more than £355. Eight volumes relating to Kempelen's Automaton Chess Player giving analysis of the games it played and so on, realised but 20s.; Falkener's "Games Ancient and Oriental," 1892, 8vo, went for 5s., a collection of 16 books by Lambe, Philidor, Bertin, Bland and other Masters, was sold in one lot for 21s. in fact a library of good and useful books relating to chess, in English, French, German, Italian and most European languages could have been got for very little. M. Prédi was himself an enthusiastic and scientific player and several of his own books including the "A.B.C. des Echecs" were disposed of, with others, for small sums. The only books for which appreciable sums were paid were old and scarce, as for example, Du Peyrat's "La Philosophie Royal du Jen des Eschets," printed at Paris in 1608, 8vo, 26s., vellum; Ruy Lopez de Sigura's "Libro de al

Moincion del juego del Axedrez," 1561, 4to, £11, half calf, stained, the same author's "Il Ginoco degli Scacchie," 1584, 4to, £2, half bound; Antonio Porto's "Libro da Imparare a Giocare a Scacchi," 1606, 12 mo, £7 17s. 6d., Vellum and a number of books by Ringhieri, Stammo, Salvio, Selenus, and other Masters long since dead. Even they did not realise very much, some 25s. or 30s. each being about the average.

The following day Messrs. Sotheby sold a miscellaneous assortment of books from which many well known and useful works might have been chosen. Everybody of course knows, or at anyrate has heard of the "International Library of Famous Literature," but it is not everyone who will be pleased to hear that the full set of 20 vols, (cloth) fitted in a polished oak book-case, was sold for as little as 26s. Someone once described this collection of the world's literary masterpieces as "a book containing a quotation from Mark Twain on one side of the page and a chapter from the Bible on the other," but it has its uses even though its price in the market be languishing. A very large number of copies were sold and no modern book, whatever its merits, can hold its own for long under such conditions. Selecting from this catalogue a sufficient number of useful books to prove that it is less expensive, on the whole, to form a Library than a collection of anything else we note the following, which indeed every Library worthy of the name must necessarily have in one edition or another M^{de}. D'Arblay's "Diary and Letters," published by Bechers, 4 vols., 8vo., n.d. 5s., cloth; Croker's "Correspondence and Diaries," edited by Jennings, 3 vols., 1884, 8vo, 8s., cloth; Lane's "Arabian Nights," with illustrations by Harvey, 1865, 8vo, 18s., cloth; Brayley & Britton's "History of Surrey," 5 vols., 1841, 8vo., 22s., half calf; James's "Naval History of Great Britain," 6 vols., 1837, 8vo, 6s. half calf; Bourrienne's "Memoirs of Napoleon," 4 vols., 1836, 8vo, 21s.,

IN THE SALE ROOMS

half calf; "The Greville Memoirs," in 8 vols., 1875-85, 8vo, £2 10s., cloth; the first edition of George Eliot's translation of Struss's "Life of Jesus Christ," 3 vols., 1846, 8vo., 8s., cloth; Thos. Hobbes's "Moral and Political Works," 1750, folio, 15s. calf, and scores of others equally cheap. Many of the books realised considerably more, and by contrasting a few of these with the ones previously referred to, we can see at a glance what kind of books are more in request, not because they are any better in themselves but because they are also in demand but much more difficult to obtain. Daniell's "Voyage round Great Britain," 8 vols. in 4, 1814-22, folio, was sold with all faults for £31 10s., half Russia, the reason in this instance being that the work is full of plates coloured like drawings; Westmacott's "The English Spy," 2 vols., 1825-26, another work containing coloured plates though of an entirely different character realised £18 10s., half-calf, though one plate and several pages were missing, and Sergeant's "Portraits des Grands Hommes," 2 vols., and 8 original parts, 1786-92, folio, £54, russia; this copy was similar to the one in the Bibliothèque Nationale and contained the complete series of 192 male and female portraits and plates of scenes of historical events, all printed in colours, by such eminent artists as Le Barbier, F. Gerard, Duplessi-Bertaux and Des Fontaines. It will be noticed that the three works last named all contained plates in colours, but it must not be supposed that all books so embellished are necessities of value. That will depend upon what they are, and also upon their age. Plenty of quarto modern books have coloured plates and very many of them are of little or no account. It is easy to see why. A logician would put the matter this way—coloured plates are expensive, therefore any book containing them must either be published at a high price or in a very large edition. But the public cannot be relied upon to pay high prices for books, consequently a large edition at a comparatively small price must be put on the market. When this is done the market value necessarily falls, not all at once, but by degrees. Books containing coloured plates are exceedingly dangerous to have anything to do with, as matters stand, unless an adequate knowledge respecting all the circumstances surrounding them is brought to bear on each particular case as it arises. The same observation, within limits, applies to all books which contain plates whether coloured or not. For instance, at the Sale we are considering J. M. W. Turner's "Annual Tour, Wanderings by the Loire," 1833, royal 8vo., realised no more than 8s., though it was on large paper and

bound in morocco, with gilt sides and back. This book contains 21 plates from drawings by Turner, and anyone who was not conversant with the present state of the book-market might be excused for thinking that such a copy as this was reasonably worth a great deal more. It *looks* as though worth £2 or £3, but it is not. Fine "steel engravings" popularly so called, though often of very fine quality, are not now in request.

A rather curious circumstance arose at Hodgson's a little later on in the month. A copy of Jane Austen's "Mansfield Park," 3 vols., 1814, sold for £20. It was in boards and entirely uncut, but had been rebound in the style of the original and the paper labels had been reprinted to match. The point is that the edges were entirely untrimmed, for had the volumes been cut down by the binder they would not have realised anything approaching the sum in question. The owner, whoever he was, must have been aware of the inexorable rule, and in order to make assurance doubly sure, not only had the edges left rough but directed the binder to imitate the original covers as closely as possible. The last time a copy of this novel in boards and uncut was sold by auction was in February, 1904, and the amount realised £18 10s. even though all three volumes had been scribbled on and the backs damaged. I am not aware of any other than the one stated instance in which this work has been rebound, with reprinted labels, to match the original binding, though of course there may be such instances on record.

A collection of Manuscripts, pamphlets and books by or relating to William Cobbett realised quite small sums. An unpublished MS. entitled "The Poor Man's Bible, or the Laws of God relating to the Rights of Men, Women and Children in England," closely written by Tilley, who was Cobbett's Secretary, in four thick volumes, made £5 10s. only, and a collection of 54 signed autograph letters and documents but £6 or a little more than 2s. each, a price barely worth recording. It seems as though William Cobbett has lost much of his former standing in the world of letters, though I remember that some-one republished his "English Grammar" only the other day. Hazlitt described him as a bold and vigorous writer, having the cleverness of Swift, the naturalness of De Foe, and the picturesque satirical descriptive powers of Mandeville. Perhaps a better description of his powers is given in a short sentence which sets forth how the publication of his "Twopenny Trash" caused the Government much annoyance.



A LAMENT AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

I KNOW that spring's the time of year
 When people's hearts are all a-flutter,
 And men and maidens long to hear
 The things that poets long to utter.

The poet knows 'tis fitting then,
 When all the world is blithe and gladsome,
 To plant the efforts of his pen
 On those who've not already had some.

And yet, though fires within me burn,
 No ode to spring shall swell my credit;
 For far from viewing her return
 With joy, I positively dread it.

But you must not suppose that I'm
 So careless of a poet's duties
 And not to *wish* to turn a rhyme
 In praise of spring's undoubted beauties.

Nor must you think I fear lest spring
 Should spoil my ode by not arriving
 I'd write like mad if such a thing
 Could come of my poetic striving.

I'd gladly take the honoured place
 For which my many merits fit me,
 But mine's so dolorous a case
 That circumstances wont permit me.

For spring to me's a dismal fact
 (Wholly apart from wind and weather)
 That leaves me like a city wracked
 By twenty earthquakes rolled together.

Picture my room. Throughout the year
 I sit there totally surrounded

With books and papers which appear
 Confusion many times confounded.

Appear to others, that's to say;
 For me, the bard, this desolation
 Is always ready, night or day,
 With every kind of inspiration.

According as the book I need
 Is findable or not, my verses
 Range from the lay a maid may read
 To pæans of impassioned curscs.

(Hence rest the laurels on my crown;
 This versatility of graces
 It is that earns me my renown
 Among the English speaking races.)

And yet each spring the powers that be
 Swoop on my year's accumulations,
 And choke, with no regard for me,
 The fountain of my lucubrations.

To me each year spring shows herself
 Shrouding her fabled honey-sweetness,
 And hovers over desk and shelf
 A devastating blight of neatness.

Each year, I say, on my abode
 Descends this plague, far reaching, numbing;
 And would you have me pen an ode
 To hail the period of it's coming?

Nay, nay. 'Tis vain. To some, perchance,
 The season bears another meaning
 Fraught with the fragrance of romance;
 To me it's simply this—Spring Cleaning!

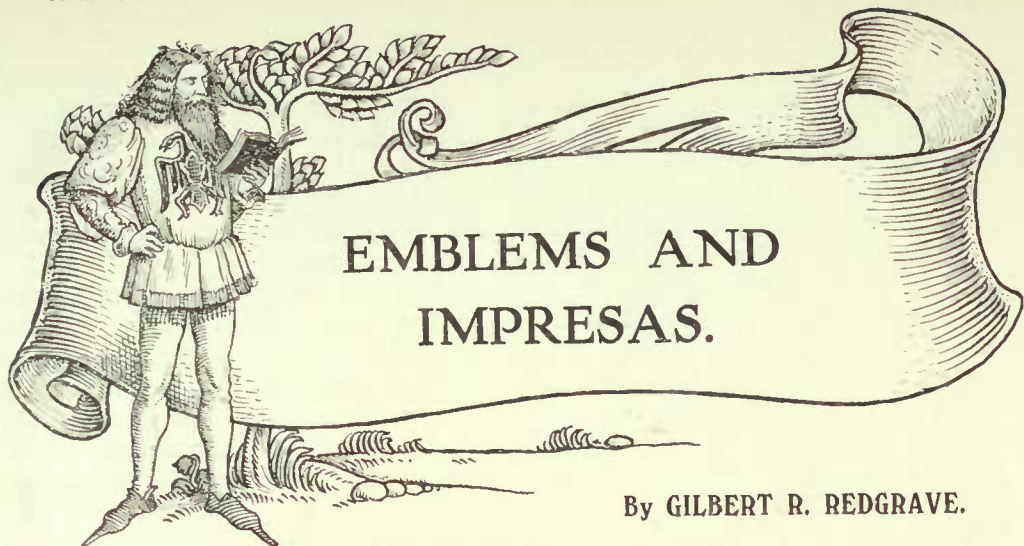
C. E. HUGHES.



Sweet **S**wan of **A**von
Shine forth thou starre of
Poets and with rage.....
Or influence chide or cheere.....
the drooping **S**lage.....
Which, since thy flight fro hence
hath mourn'd like night.....
And despaire's day, but for thy..
volumes light.....

Ben Jonson
1623

IN PRAISE OF SHAKESPEARE,
BEN JONSON, Reproduced by
permission of Mr. Chas. Sawyer.



By GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.

MANY admirers of old books who are neither students of early printing nor connoisseurs of ancient woodcuts and engravings, have been attracted by the quaint illustrations of the emblem books which were so highly prized by the courtiers and fine ladies of the 16th century. It is difficult at this distance of time to understand fully the reasons for the wonderful fascination which these dainty little volumes must have possessed for readers of all classes in those days, or to account for their undoubted popularity. Those learned in the literature of that period have not failed to call attention to the prevalence of the fanciful ideas, which owe their origin to the emblem writers, in the poetry and art of the time. The century which followed the introduction of the printing press was no doubt responsible for the great spread of the new revival in learning, and for the dawn of entirely fresh methods of thought, but we think that it will not fail to be admitted that very much was due also to the creations of Alciat and his illustrators, who enriched the printed page with living images of the precept or the moral imparted by the text.

There are many evidences that the pictured emblem was regarded as a ready method of conveying a token of

affection, a signal of warning, or a covert threat, and we fear that a missing page from so many of these books furnishes only too clear a proof that a former owner has not scrupled to employ a leaf for some such purpose. There are few works more difficult to obtain in a perfect condition than certain of the earlier editions of these little volumes and it seems not at all improbable that the practice of sending valentines on February 14th, which died a lingering death at the close of the last century, was really a survival of this misuse of the emblem book of 300 years ago.

Some who have devoted time and thought to the writers on emblems and who have gathered together collections of their works, have endeavoured to prove that even in the fifteenth century there were authors who made use of the emblem, as we now understand it, and who forced home the truth, they desired to convey in words, by appropriate designs and pictures, enshrined in the text. Mr. Henry Green, indeed, to whom all who love emblems must be eternally grateful for his admirable facsimiles, issued by the Holbein Society, and for the exhaustive monograph on this subject, appended to his reprint of Whitney's "Choice of Emblemes," in 1866, counts

among these works Gerard Leeu's *Dialogues of the Creatures*, of 1481, and Brant's *Ship of Fools* of 1497.

There can be no doubt, however, that the real inventor of the "fanciful conceits," concerning which we desire to treat on the present occasion, was Andrea Alciato, a native of Alzato, in the duchy of Milan, who was a famous lawyer, born in May 1492. He was a poet as well as a learned juriconsult, and he seems to have occupied some of his leisure moments in composing pithy little Latin verses on a wide range of subjects, characterising the virtues, the vices and the follies of his day. His favourite plan was to take some well-known proverb or motto, such, for instance, as "*Illicitum non sperandum*," or "the unlawful must not be hoped for," and on this to found a few lines of verse. We selected the foregoing for its brevity:—

*Spes simul et Nemesis nostris altaribus adiunt.
Scilicet ut speres non nisi quod liceat.*

which Whitney, in 1586, renders as follows:—

Here Nemesis, and Hope: our deedes doe rightlie trie.
Which warnes us, not to hope for that, which justice
doth denie.

It was long believed that Alciato, or Alciatus, as his name is commonly written in Latin, published a collection of these emblems at Milan in 1522, and in most of the bibliographical treatises he is credited with an octavo volume having 43 pages issued in that year. As a matter of fact, however, it appears now to be well-established that

though he prepared such a set of emblems, to the number of about 100 in the year 1522, nothing was published until 1531, when Heinrich Steyner, of Augsburg, at the instance of Conrad Peutinger, printed a collection of 104 emblems in 8vo. To this work Alciatus furnished a preface, beneath which is a wood-cut of a shield, charged with a snake having a man in his mouth, the device of the Grand Duke of Milan. The illustrations in the Augsburg edition are 97 in number

and are very rudely cut, so much so that Mr. Green suggests that the author was displeased with the work, and desired to withdraw the book from circulation. He tells us that "in 1534 he adopted the advice of a celebrated printer of Paris, Christian Wechel, there to bring out a more correct and polished edition with a slight increase in the number of emblems."

Graesse, in his "*Trésor de Livres rares et précieux*," attributes the execution of the Augsburg blocks to Hans Schäufelein, but it seems very probable that certain of the designs were furnished by Hans Weiditz, who was working at this time for Steyner, and whose identity has very recently been established. Steyner produced no less than five editions of this book, two in 1531 and three more in 1532, 1533, and 1534.

The first Paris edition of Alciato's emblems follows very closely in its general arrangement the work of



Fig. 1—Alciato, Paris, 1544.

Steyner, but it contains nine additional devices. The French designers no doubt had before them the Augsburg copy, and they freely used the earlier wood-cuts for their own illustrations. It is not difficult to discover two if not three hands in Wechel's wood-cuts, and one of these masters was, we think, Mercure Jollat, a very eminent engraver, who certainly did work at this period for Wechel, and who seems to have drawn some of the illustrations for the later issues of the emblems.

We have reproduced two of the wood-cuts from the edition of 1544, namely, fig. 1, being that appended to the emblem representing the motto: "In fertilitatem [or *fœcunditatem*] sibi ipsi *Æamnosam*," "On fruitfulness injurious to its own self." This illustration shows us three boys throwing sticks and stones to dislodge the nuts

from a well-laden tree, and is one which may serve to represent the German character of some of the Paris wood-cuts. Our other illustration from Wechel, fig. 2, representing "*Cum larvis non luctandum*," or "We should not wrestle with phantoms," gives evidence, we think, of the hand of Jollat, though the character is perhaps more marked in some of the other wood-cuts. We have selected this one as shewing the wide dissimilarity in the treatment by the two designers. Here we have the timid hares, or are they rabbits, mocking the dead lion.

Wechel not only printed many later

editions of the emblems, but he caused a French translation of them to be made by John Le Fevre in 1536, which is dedicated to Philip Chabot, "L'admiral de France." Both the works were frequently republished, and in 1542 a German translation, prepared by Wolfgang Hunger, was issued by Wechel, to which two more emblems were added, though we learn from the printer's preface that the number would have been much larger, but for the "unfaithfulness of a famous engraver

to whose charge he had entrusted the drawn blocks.' More than a dozen editions in all appeared in Paris down to 1544.

A curious and significant fact, pointed out by Mr. Green, is that the printer's mark of the first Paris edition, which is a tree with two birds, the one falling from his perch, has the motto which may be translated "One tree does not

maintain two robins." This seems to intimate an actual opposition between the two printers of the emblems—Wechel and Steyner. On all the other editions we have Wechel's more usual mark of the Pegasus, with the caduceus and cornucopiæ.

We cannot in the great multitude of the early issues of the work of Alciat do more than glance at some few of these. It seems probable that upwards of 140 editions in various languages were printed before the end of the Seventeenth Century, but passing mention should be made of the Venice collection containing entirely new em-



Fig. 2.—Alciat, Paris, 1544.

blems, which appeared under the auspices of the Aldi filios in 1546. In this work there are 86 emblems and 84 devices or wood-cuts, and we are told

tions of this little volume, which are reproduced in facsimile, together with those of the Augsburg and Paris editions in the 1870 issue of the Hol-

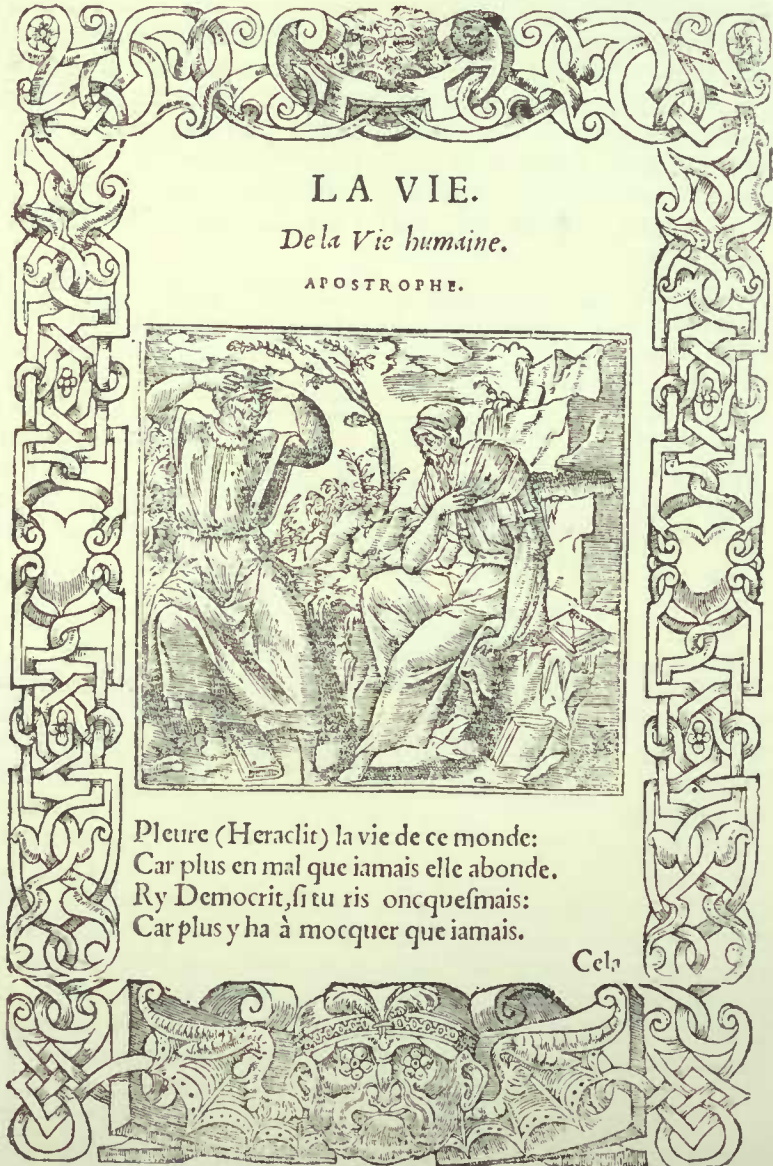


Fig. 3. Alciat's Emblems, Lyons, 1549.

by Peter Rhositinus, the Aldine editor, that his materials were obtained from Alciat himself, so there is good reason to believe that it was inspired from original sources. The illustra-

tion Society's publications are very indifferent, and we may now pass on to the more complete collection of the works of Alciat which we owe to the Lyons press.

EMBLEMS AND IMPRESAS

Alciat died at Pisa on January 12th, 1550 in the fifty-eighth year of his age and before his death his emblems had by gradual accretion reached the num-

arranged in the order of the subjects and adorned with 125 wood-cuts. To these a few solitary emblems were added subsequently, so that the full



Fig. 4.—Alciat's Emblems, Lyons, 1551.

ber of 202, as we learn from the preface of a folio volume of "Remains of Alciat." printed at Lyons in 1548. In the Lyons edition of the Alciat of the same year there were 201 emblems,

number amounted to 212, or excluding one of an indelicate character omitted later, 211, as in the Lyons edition of 1551 and in many subsequent issues.

Two printers, Roville and Bon-

THE BIBLIOPHILE

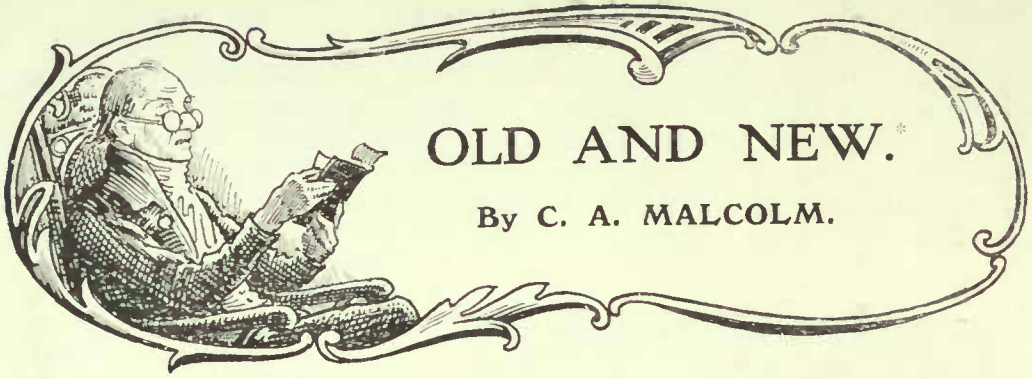
homme, compete for the honour of the publication of the work of Alciat in its final form at Lyons, but an inspection of their books proves that Macé Bonhomme produced both issues, for the wood-cuts are identical. These printers are each of them named in the "Privilége du Roy," given at Mascon on August 9th, 1548, forbidding all other printers and publishers to issue the works of Alciat for a period of six years. The earliest Latin text of Bonhomme is dated 1548, and that of Roville 1550. Mr. Green enumerates seven editions, the last being that of 1566. In 1549 Macé Bonhomme published a French translation of Alciat prepared by Barptolemy Aneau, as he spells his name in the dedication addressed to Jacque, Duc de Chastel le herault, Prince Gouverneur du Royaume d'Escoce.

The merit of these productions of the Lyons press lies not so much in the beauty of the figured emblems as in the singular excellence of the borders. It is generally believed that the wood-cuts of the emblems were designed by Solomon Bernard known as "Le petit Bernard," whose attenuated figures with small well-poised heads are very characteristic. We cannot think, however, that he also furnished the drawings for the borders, on several of which are found the initials P.V., and this has led writers on this subject to attribute them to P. de Vaga, an eminent Italian artist. There seems to be more show of reason to ascribe them, as Douce suggests, to P. Vingles who worked at Lyons about this period.

We are able here to reproduce two of the pages with their borders complete, the one from Anneau's transla-

tion of 1549 and the other from the rare Italian version of 1551. The former (fig. 3) illustrates "La Vie," on p. 183 and has a fine strap-work border, within which are shewn the two philosophers, Heraclitus and Democritus, typical of the style of Bernard; the latter (fig. 4) is one of the series of trees added by Alciat to his emblems at this period. There were 14 of these trees and we show the laurel on p. 183 of the Italian edition, which has an arabesque border, the ornament of which recalls the decoration of the faience of Oiron.

It is stated in quaint old French in Anneau's preface that these borders and designs were prepared with a definite motive, in order to enable anyone to employ them for the decoration of walls, glass, carpets, vessels, clothing, and a host of other useful purposes, so that these objects might become "par tout quasi vivement parlante et au regard plaisante," which we may translate—"both eloquent in all places in their expression and pleasant to the eye." They were in fact intended to be used by artists and art workmen as hints for decoration, and many of them have well served the above purpose. These Lyons books abound with ornamental details which deserve to be better known and appreciated than they are by the modern artist, and they would furnish many valuable suggestions for the designer and the decorator. We shall hope to revert to the emblem books on some future occasion and to treat of some later editions and of the impresas, which is the Italian rendering of the word "emblem."



PLACED beside an illustrated magazine fresh from the press, the portfolios of the New Palæographical Society might, at first glance, seem uninteresting; but after a perusal of their contents that unfavourable impression vanishes. Here a new world lies revealed: pages from a second century copy of Homer rescued from the ruins of Oxyrhynchus; gospels and psalters which may have been used by the immediate successors of the Apostles; a page or two from Marco Polo's *Travels* long before the Printing Press was thought of—all apparently as fresh as they were centuries back.

Perhaps the most interesting—at least to Territorialists—are the illustrations of the Military Diplomas granted by the Emperors of Rome to those soldiers who had, by their prescribed military service, qualified for free citizenship with right to marry.

These diplomas are vastly different from the medals awarded to European troops of modern times. Engraved on bronze tablets, measuring 6 inches by 4½ inches, were the name, rank and corps of the recipient; the Consul under whom he served was also detailed along with the laws and privileges affecting the holder of the diploma, which was posted up in some public place in Rome before being handed to the veteran.

There are two of these tablets

reproduced in the Palæographical Society's Trans. Part VI:—one, dated A.D. 103, discovered in Cheshire in 1812; the other, of date 246, at Piedmont, is shown in reduced form in Plate I., and is thus described: "A bronze tablet with the whole text inscribed "on one face of it, and the other blank. "The right-hand portion, to the extent "of about ten letters, has been broken "away. The date is a.d. vii. Id. Jan. "in the consulship of C. Bruttius Præ- "sens add C. Al — Albinus [= 26 Dec., "246]. The characters . . . resemble "the ordinary rustic capitals. Most of "the letters have narrow bases at the "foot of their perpendiculars, and the "cross-strokes of E, F, L, T are little "longer than these bases. The cross- "strokes tend to point downwards, and "taper at the ends; that of T is an "oblique stroke, descending from left "to right. The curve of P is widely "open at the bottom. The tail of R "is a straight oblique stroke. Through- "out the inscription the strokes of "which the letters are composed are "almost cuneiform. The text is en- "closed within double bounding lines."

Those who are disposed to place the introduction of Shorthand to the credit and renown of Sir Isaac Pitman may be surprised and interested to find that it was practised by the Romans, though not of course quite in the modern style. Tiro, the freedman and amanuensis of Cicero, whose name we

THE BIBLIOPHILE

retain as a synonym for beginner, introduced a system of abbreviated writing, the symbols of which were gradually increased by subsequent improvers. By the 9th and 10th centuries these had become so numerous and

beginning of the 10th century," a page is shown in facsimile.

Two Anglo-Saxon writings (The A.-S. Chronicle and Aelfric's Latin Grammar) executed between the 9th and the 11th century, are in the cus-

tomary beautiful and regular style of the period. 'The entire work of the latter is in 93 leaves (vellum), each page having 27 lines and measuring $9\frac{1}{8}$ inches by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In 1574 it was bequeathed by Archbishop Parker to Cambridge University Library, from which—according to a note on f. 1—it was stolen, but was restored by Abraham Wheloc.' "The text is written in small, neat, upright minuscules, and is by more than one scribe. Headings are in red rustic capitals, and initials in red or green capitals filled in with patches of colour." Our illustration (Plate II.) forms part of the chapter on Moods. Then follow reproductions of the first two pages of St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* (The City of God) with two full-plate illustrations. Unfortunately, the exquisite colours of blue and gold in the original are missed in the sepia toned photograph; yet in spite of this drawback the amount of minute detail, together with the descriptive notes, assists one immensely in appreciating the fine workmanship. It cannot, however, be said that the average mediæval artist-monk thoroughly understood the principles of per-

spective or of delineating the human body in a life-like manner.

There are a few charters granted by Henry III; one being a "Notification" to his Archbishops, Bishops, and all "other Prelates of England and to all

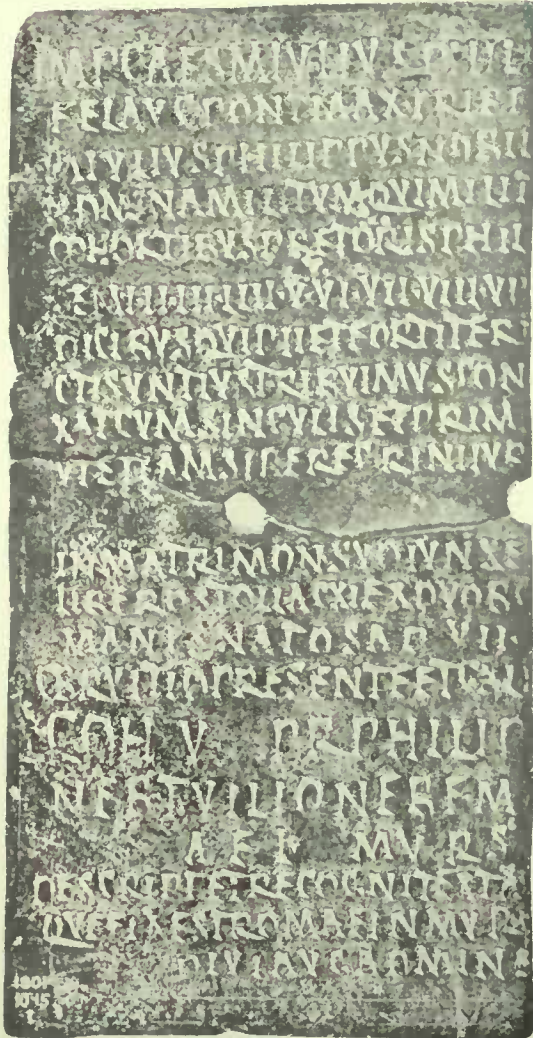


Plate I.

important as to call for dictionaries and explanations as to their meanings. Of the sixteen 10th century lexicons extant only one is in England—in the British Museum—and from this copy, "written probably in France about the

OLD AND NEW

“his faithful subjects, that he has chosen the monastery of Westminster, for his place of burial by reason of his reverence for the most glorious King Edward (the Confessor), whose body rests there. Dated by his own hand at Westminster, 23 October, (1246).”

was afterwards Justiciar of England. This document was written at Cologne and the names of the witnesses subscribing indicate that a considerable number of Englishmen must have accompanied Richard on his vain mission to Germany.

Modus ys ge mæc ðæðe dæge spæce pære. 7 þæra sýð
 fip. Indicatunf. is bycniendlic mid þa pæ ge spæce
 lād hær pæ dæð. ðæðe dæge men. le cpeðe nu. legð. ic
 pæðe. þæp byð min dæð ge spæcelod. 7 þis moduf. is ful
 fipmed on callū tidū. 7 on callū hadam. 7 is þis fip
 fipmest. Dæð ðæðe moduf. is impatiuf. þ is bebrodene
 ic. mid þam ge mæce pæ hatad oþre m don sū þing.
 ðæðe sum ding spæpian. lege. pæð þu. legat. pæðe he.
 flagella istū puerū. be sping þis cyld. flagellat. si he
 bespuogen. þis ge mæc spæðe posidpæð. 7 næð nænne
 pættum. þis þan þe nan man ne hæc don þis ge don bæt.
 He spæðe to oþrum 7 na to him sylfum. þis þan þe ge
 hpa hæc ðæðe 7 na hne sylfne. þis þuðde ge mæc
 is obactunf. þ is ge pæfendlic. 7 þis læpð posid ge pæne
 timan. 7 þe hopad oþre posid. him to fæltume. þe
 fulpæmedonpære hæbbe. Utinam amare dñ. eala gýf
 ic lufige god. 7 pæce þu cpeðe þis geape god. þe hne
 lufode. Utinā lege rem nunc. eala gýf ic pæðe nu
 Utinā leggem heri. eala gýf ic pæðe gýfstan dæg.
 þonne eude ic nu agýsan. utinam leggessem in muen
 tite. eala gýf ic pæðe on geatðe þonne eude ic nu
 sum god. Utinā is aduerbium þ is posid. ge pæpa.
 7 þe pýlfe þis ge mæc dæg. Dæð fæpde ge mæc is
 subiunct. us. oþre conuultunf. þ is under brodrud
 lic þis þan de bit is under þam fæpseðū ge mæcū
 7 þe hopad oþre posid. him to fæltume. cum legi.
 þonne ic pæðe. cin. legi uem ad me þonne ic pæðe

Plate II.

Another relates to the recal of forfeiture, which had been passed upon Richard, Earl Marshal.

The Charter (Plate III.) granted by Henry's brother, Richard, who became King of the Romans in 1257, concerns Hugh le Despenser, who

A note in connection with the plate states that "Roger de St. Constantine, Richard's chaplain and notary, who appears among the witnesses, was perhaps the scribe. The seal, of red wax, appended by two plaited cords of faded red silk, is very imperfect, only

[illegible]

OLD AND NEW

the figure of Richard remaining. He is in royal robes, with a crown of three *fleurs-de-lis* and a sceptre, and is seated on a carved Gothic throne."

All these 13th century deeds are written in the neat Norman Charter-Hand peculiar to charters of these times in all western Europe. The letters are upright and round with light and heavy strokes. The practice of abbreviating words, together with the regular embellishment of certain letters, while tending to picturesque-

ant, or rather the spiritual, order of Bulls—token of the slight importance attached to the matter.

Librarians will be astonished to observe the antiquity of their Press Marks. A number of the monastic Libraries of England are here represented by letters affixed to certain of their books indicating to what part of the library building the books marked belonged. The Press Marks here reproduced (Plate IV.) are from the libraries of Norwich Cathedral, the

4 c.

¶: Luy: Robert & Robertelle ayo

5 a.

De novo reueneri nri frs rob' ouer o' lenc
7.39m

¶ De S. carar fms p'or' lenc' m'or' fms q'or' 6
fille: ff. 8.

Plate IV.

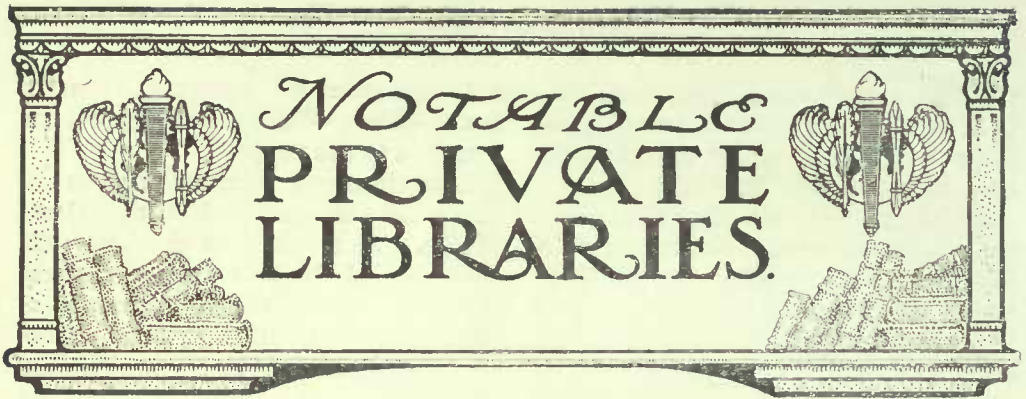
ness certainly makes reading rather difficult.

Ireland is commanded in a Bull of Pope Innocent III.—which is also reproduced—'to abide in fealty to John, King of the English and his heirs, as he has granted his kingdom to the Roman Church.' Dated 5 Kal. Nov. [1213]. This Bull does not belong to the highest class that emanated from the Lateran. The vellum here measures but '5 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches by 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches'; has the hemp, not the intertwined silk, cord which adorned the most import-

Cistercians, and the Dominicans of London. Perhaps the combination 1^a 7^l 0.1., which characterized Durham Cathedral Library, may suggest that the present-day Dewey System had been adopted by the Monks of 14th century England.

Such are a few of the ancient and mediæval writings reproduced annually by the New Palaeographical Society, whose publications are a valuable contribution not only to Palæography but also to History.

* The New Palaeographical Society. Part VI., August 1908.



No. 2.—THE LIBRARY OF MR. EDMUND GOSSE, LL.D.

By HAROLD F. B. WHEELER, F.R.Hist.S.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Edmund Gosse was not born in a library, as was Disraeli's boast, he has lived and moved and had his being amongst books from early childhood. To assert that he has done yeoman service in helping us to understand the inner meaning of English Literature would be to understate the case; rather let us say that he has performed the task of a field-marshal. A score of volumes bear his name on the title-page, and who has not had to refer on more than one occasion to the monumental *Illustrated Record of English Literature*, which he wrote in collaboration with the late Dr. Richard Garnett?

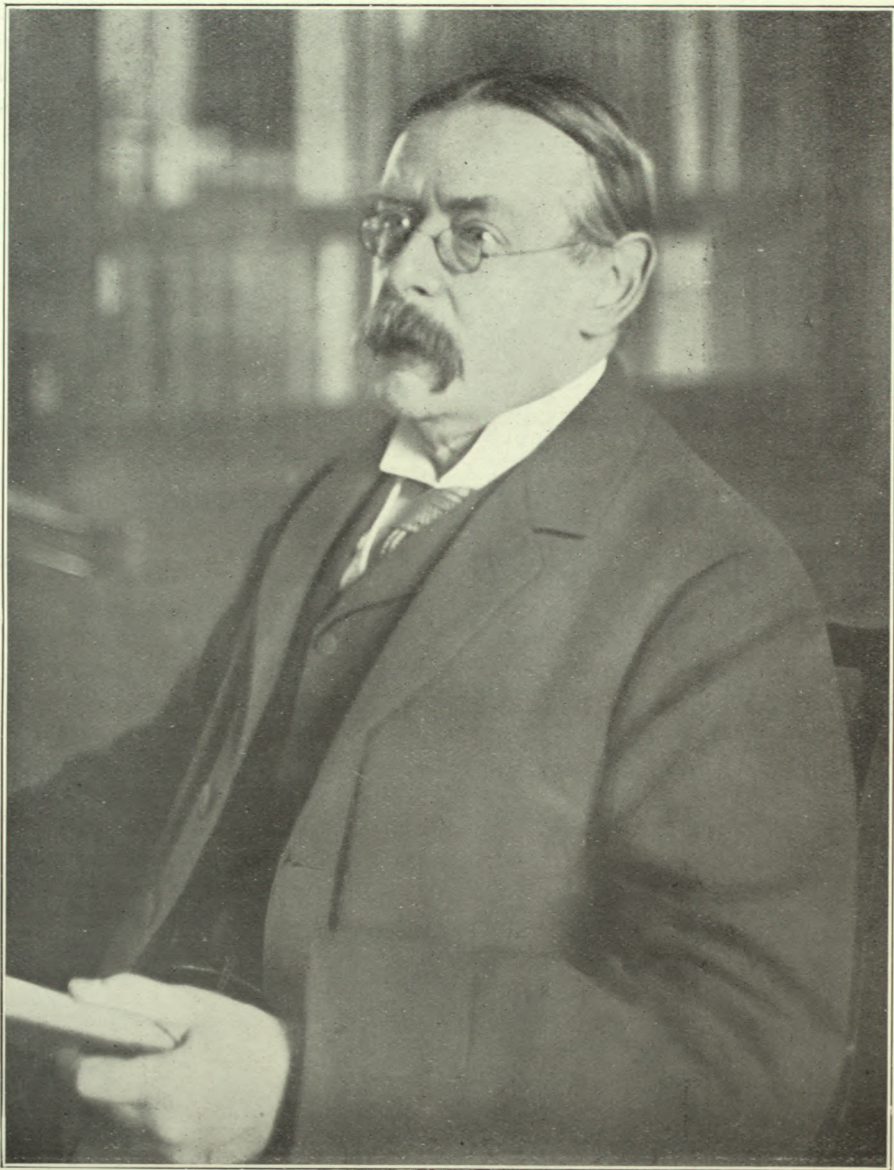
While Mr. Edmund Gosse has not been content to plough a solitary furrow in the literary field, he does not attempt to go beyond classical literature in his own private library. He began to collect in a serious way so far back as 1876, when, to use his own words, "it was still possible to find books worth having without possessing the purse of a millionaire. I had very little money, and five shillings was the outside price I could then afford for a single volume. The works of the Restoration Dramatists, upon which I concentrated, were certainly not appreciated in those days, except as waste

paper. I frequently bought a volume containing ten or fifteen of the plays bound together for the nominal price of sixpence. Very few of them are to be found now, but I have practically a complete set, and have sold many of my duplicates to the British Museum."

This is one of those romances which appeal to the heart of the bibliophile, and almost makes one rash enough to raid the nearest two-a-penny theological bin in the hope that there may be a revival of interest in such productions in the near future. To search for Restoration dramas is all but futile, and those that remain are rapidly disappearing from their old haunts and finding new homes on the shelves of the still more secluded private library.

It was only natural that, with the waning of the star of Puritanism the drama should be in the ascendant; but peculiarly enough no great literary comet of the stage appeared. The mummer and the strolling player had been out of business for nearly twenty years, and the first Restoration playwright was none other than Sir William Davenant, who produced his *Siege of Rhodes* at his own theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1656. As Mr. Gosse succinctly remarks in his *History of Eighteenth Century Literature* (1660-

THE LIBRARY OF MR. EDMUND GOSSE, LL.D.



EDWARD GOSSE, ESQ., LL.D.

PHOTO: C. A. HAMILTON

1780),¹ "In writing his Restoration comedies he had the wit to steal from the French, and his last and best play, *The Man's the Master*, performed just before his death in 1668, is taken almost bodily from Scarron."

It would seem, indeed, that our dramatists, both ancient and modern, are under obligation to their more vivacious brethren across the Channel. The whole epoch under consideration is, of course, dominated by the Brobdingnagian figure of Dryden, and he certainly borrowed the idea of rhymed heroic plays from France, as later he adopted notions from Troubadour Land.

In a special bookcase are the first editions of the dramas, good, bad, and indifferent, which appealed to our cavalier forbears. Davenant, Dryden, Howard, the refined Etheredge and the coarse Shadwell, Sedley, Wycherley, "Starch Johnny Crown," Southerne, Congreve, Colley Cibber, and Farquhar, as well as the literary Tom, Dick and Harry of the period, are all represented. Truth to tell, Mr. Gosse has a kindly regard for the lesser lights.

Nearly every quilldriver of any standing took to scribbling for the stage simply because there was "money in it." One does not forget Carlyle's severe censure of those who write solely with a mercenary motive, and when money matters obtrude in the study literature certainly does fly out of the window more often than not. On the other hand, these dramatic fledglings were only following the precedent of Shakespeare, and cared more for concrete cash than abstract fame.

The point of view of the man who "never lends books" does not appeal to the genial Librarian of the House of

Lords. On the contrary, it is one of the delights of his life to unlock the cabinet which contains the Restoration plays and lend the leather-bound volumes to the scholar. Many an editor has testified by tongue and pen to this "weakness" on the part of Mr. Gosse. His collection of the works of Sir John Vanbrugh—soldier, playwright, architect, Clarendieux king-of-arms and knight—was used by the late Mr. Love for his edition of Vanbrugh's witty but licentious comedies. Professor Saintsbury borrowed the seventeen plays of Thomas Shadwell for a similar reason, while Mr. William Archer was once made happy by walking home with a bundle of George Farquhar's works as company. Mr. Gosse's set of Otways was the gift of Mr. Swinburne as long ago as 1877.

Of the productions of the poets of the Restoration and of the Decadence Mr. Gosse has had much to say, and we are all under obligation to him for his *Life of Gray*. The majority of them are represented in his library, which is packed with literary treasure-trove of the eighteenth century. Peculiarly enough, I happened upon one of the most unique maritime poems ever penned while I was glancing at the formidable array of tomes which testify to the productive powers of these old worthies. It was a copy of the rare first edition of *The Shipwreck*, by William Falconer, a sailor who flourished from 1732 to 1769. The poem was entirely revised in the subsequent issues, and there is reason to suspect another hand. It has never been reprinted in its natal form, and the alterations in subsequent editions are so copious as wholly to change the character of the work, and criticism should reserve its opinion of Falconer's talent until this, the only unquestionable specimen of it, has been examined.

1.—Published by Macmillan, 1891—p. 39.

THE LIBRARY OF MR. EDMUND GOSSE, LL.D.

The Shipwreck is full of nautical expressions, and stud-sail, yard-arm, head-rope, braces, and such like terms are frequently used. Moreover, it is provided with a folding plate of a merchant vessel and a map. It was "Printed for the Author; and sold by A. Millar, in the Strand, 1762."

Quite near is a little cabinet con-

taining gems of another kind, namely, the first editions of the works of Jeremy Taylor and John Donne, the latter of whom was called by Dryden "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation." Nobody else seems to have specialised in this direction.

Of special interest is *The Poetical*



A CORNER IN MR. EDMUND GOSSE'S STUDY

PHOTO: C. A. HAMILTON

THE BIBLIOPHILE

Works, Latin and English, of Vincent Bourne: Cambridge, 1838. It is bound in the original brown cloth, and was given to Mr. Gosse by Mr. Austin Dobson, who has written on the fly-leaf:

To E. W. G.
GOSSIP, may we live as now,
Brothers ever, I and thou;
Us may never Envy's mesh hold,
Anger never cross our thresh-hold;
Let our little Lares be
Friendship and urbanity,

Xmas, 1876.

A.D.

there is a noble poem by Arthur Christopher Benson, which every admirer of *The Upton Letters* will appreciate. The first stanza runs as follows:

What's in a book?
A wonder, a peculiar rage,
A mirror, where we learn to look,
The shadow of an age.

As only sixty-five copies of the *Catalogue* are in existence, I may perhaps be forgiven if I quote a passage which sums up Mr. Gosse's outlook on the

Men say 'Tis wonderful strange to see
Their children stand about their knee,
But stranger 'tis for such as rise
Uncomforted by baby-eyes
To see in stately order stand
The lawless offspring of their hand.
Repented some for lack of worth
And some be Ishmaels from their berth
But all a friend hath gathered in
And all - ah no! - be mine own kin

Say, was there ever mortal sire
Who wished his children to the fire?
(Unfaltering I make reply
To this my comrade's courtesy -
"Better it is, than weaklings die
"There shall be no their by and bye."
R. K.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S POEM

The present notable collection abounds in similar delicate personal touches. In *A Catalogue of a Portion of the Library of Edmund Gosse, Hon. M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge* (By R. J. Lister. Privately Printed for the Subscribers at the Ballantyne Press, London, MDCCCXCIII.), now an exceedingly rare book and fetching almost its weight in gold at the auction-room,

more modern acquisitions to his library:

"My recent books are largely records of friendships which are the most sacred memories of my life, and which the passage of years can but continue to sanctify with accessions of vain regret. When ambitions sink to a close, and we are left with so many presumptuous hopes unrealised, so little done of all we gaily started out to do, I am not sure that much will be more consoling than to have at hand the proof that those who passed us in the race regarded us, while the race was being run, with esteem, and sometimes with affection. If I have taken the egotistic step of printing this Catalogue, it is most of all that I may preserve, against the possibility of extinc-



VVITS MISERIE,
and the VVorlds
Madnesse :

*Discovering the Devils Incarnat
of this Age.*



LONDON,
Printed by *Adam Islip*, and are to be
sold by *Culbert Burby*, at his shop by
the Royal Exchange 1595

THE BIBLIOPHILE

tion, these precious memorials of friendship. At least my children shall discover, even if they do so with surprise, that I have possessed the confidence of men and women whose praise is better than rubies—yes, and better than all the manuscripts in the Vatican.

"November, 1893."

If ever there was an intensely human touch in a library it is in this one. There is nothing dead about it. From nearly every book you open there issues something suggestive of Pandora's box. A few hours before this issue of "The Bibliophile" is published the anniversary of the birthday of Edward FitzGerald will be commemorated by the Omar Khayyâm Club in London, and here is a pathetic link with the famous East Anglian inserted in a copy of *Six Dramas of Calderon*, freely translated by Edward FitzGerald, London, 1853 :

Trinity College, Cambridge.

26th June, 1883.

My Dear Mr. Gosse. This day week I attended the funeral of my dear old friend Edward FitzGerald at Boulge, near Woodbridge, where he used to live. You know he died very suddenly in his sleep as he always desired, without pain and without apprehension. I asked one of his executors in case any copies of the suppressed translations from Calderon were found to secure me two. One of these was intended for you. The copies were found, and I now have the pleasure of sending one for your acceptance.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

A distinctly modern note is struck by *Verses by R. K.*,¹ published at Springfield, Massachusetts, October, 1897. Only twenty copies of this folio were printed, and proofs of the coloured illustrations by W. Nicholson are bound with it in the original brown paper covers.

1.—Rudyard Kipling.

Here is a *Collection of Magazine Articles and Poems published by Rudyard Kipling in English Periodicals from 1889 to 1891*. Inserted is a letter to Mrs. Gosse, containing the following verses, hitherto unprinted, excepting only in the *Catalogue*, and written expressly as a prologue to the *Collection* :

Men say 'Tis wondrous strange to see
Their children stand about their knee,
But stranger 'tis for such as rise
Uncomforted by baby-eyes
To see in stately order spread
The lawless offspring of their head.
Repented some for lack of worth,
And some be Ishmaels from their birth,
But all a friend hath gathered in,
And all—ah woe!—be mine own kin.

* * *

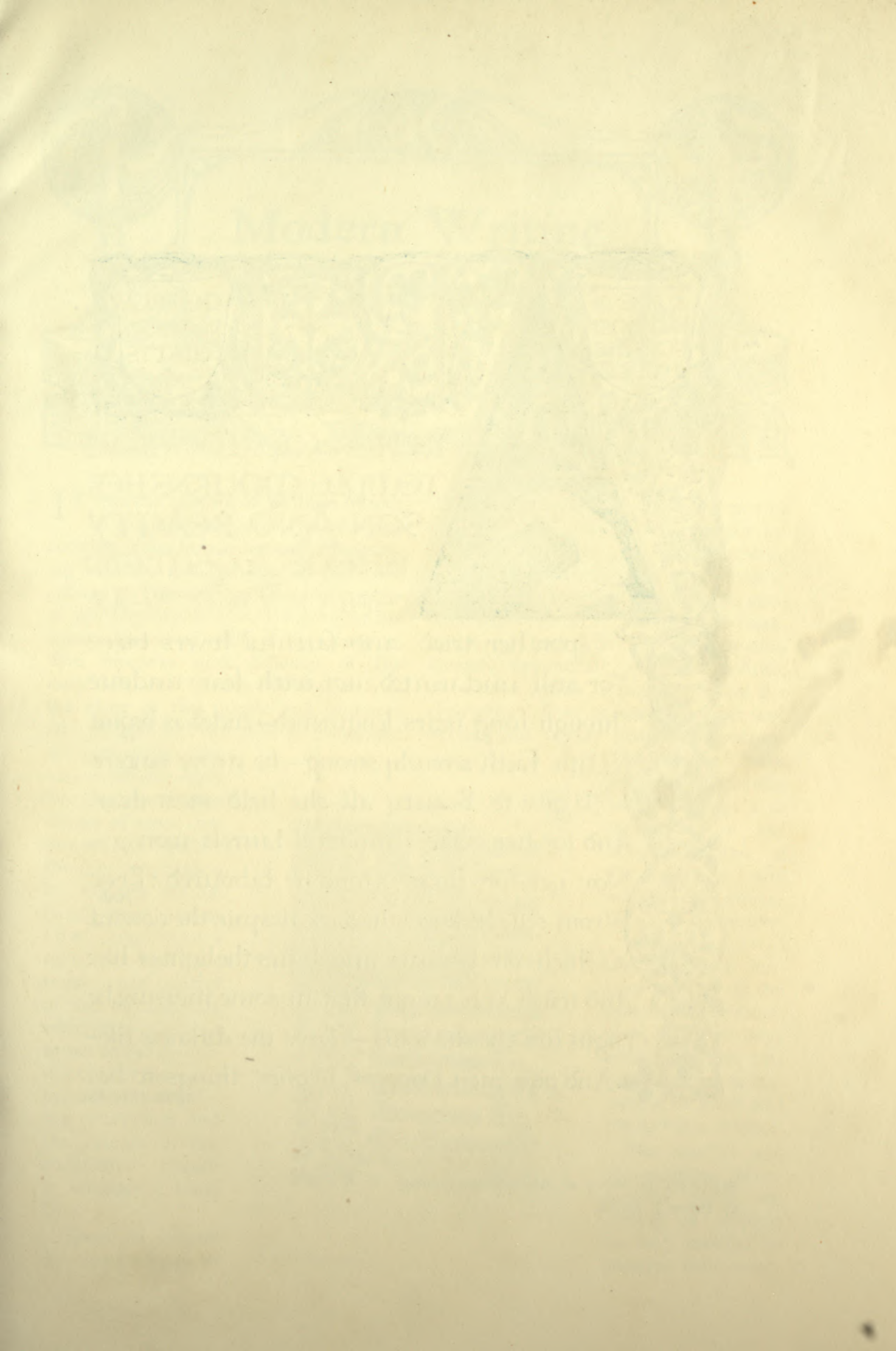
Say was there ever mortal sire
Who wished his children to the fire?
Unfatherly I make reply
To this my comrade's courtesy—
"Better it is, these weaklings die;
There shall be worthier by and bye."

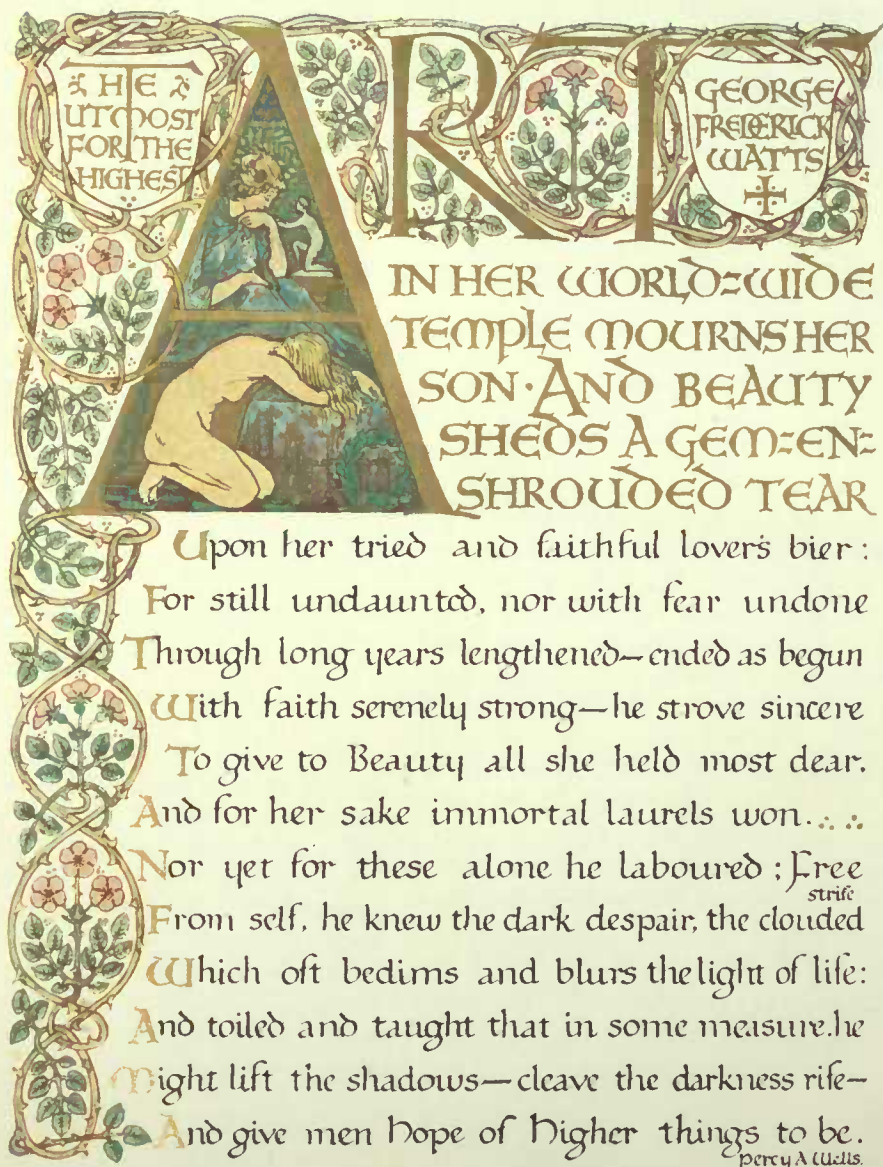
R. K.

In giving me a copy of the beautiful book-plate designed for him by Mr. E. A. Abbey, R.A., Mr. Edmund Gosse broke a rule which he observes very strictly. "People pester me for my book-plate," he remarked, "entirely forgetting that it is as much a personal thing as one's walking-stick. Why do they never dream of asking me for a pair of old slippers?"

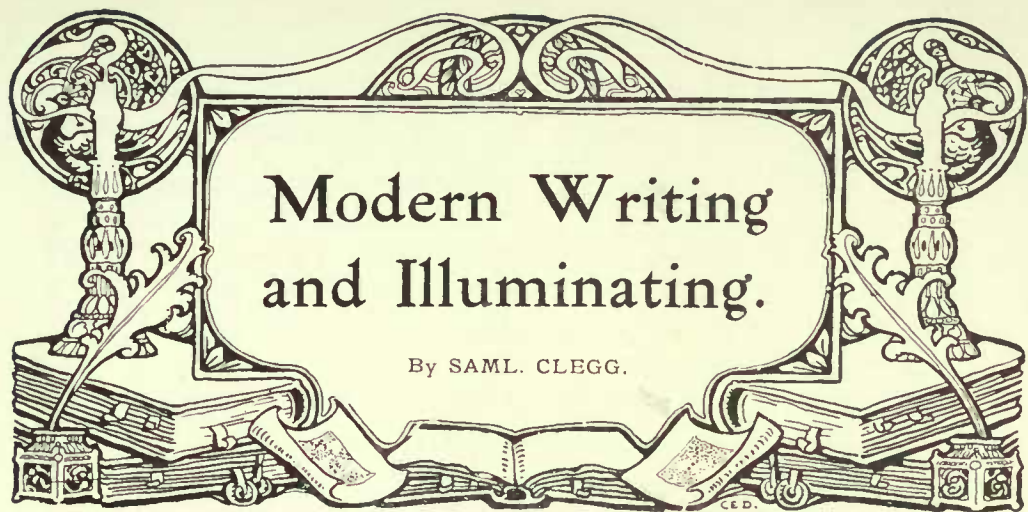
Which remark is entirely worthy of the writer of a certain anonymous book called *Father and Son*, in the pages of which subtle wit and deep pathos are to be found in the exquisite setting of a fascinating style.







SONNET by Percy A. Wells. Illuminated
by Percy J. Smith.



IT was the custom of William Morris to spend some part of his Sunday copying some favourite poem, decorating capitals and borders in gold and colours. Those who have knowledge of the illuminator's art alone know the subtle fitness of such a consecration. The fineness and delicacy of the materials, the fairness of the vellum, the glow of the purple and crimson, and the glory of the gold in great part account for it,—the association with these precious things of some supremely noble thought expressed in moving words, hardly less; and to the craftsman's mind comes the tense self-control of the writing, the adventure of pen or brush on the swinging curve, the successful and satisfying conclusion and the release of the suspended breath in whispered *Laus Deo*.

There is reason for thankfulness in

that the interest in beautifully *written* books is increasing; not generally increasing to be sure, but even that may be hoped for, though not immediately.

The manuscript of the middle ages was superseded by the printed page, but was in both writing and decoration already degenerate; English writing of to-day, which is threatened by the typewriter, is at best as bad as it was at the end of the sixteenth century.

The reason for the present disgraceful state of things is to be found in the chaotic state of elementary and secondary education in this country.

The beautiful writing of last century was due to the fact that the educators of those days recognised its importance, in the discipline of hand and the forming of taste.

The myriad and meaningless occupations (well so-called) of schools to-day useful as present time-wast-



Fig. 1.—Illumination

Edith A. Hobbs

THE BIBLIOPHILE

ers and useless in any future service might well yield place to a writing lesson now and again, when the letters of our public schoolboys are standing subject matter of bad jokes in the comic papers, and our large employers are complaining of the impossibility of getting clerks who can write.

the direct descendant of the writing of the early ninth century, a period of intellectual renaissance which saw the founding of a European empire.

The influence of clerics like Alcuin of York stimulated the greater monasteries to an activity in all branches of letters which was not paralleled until

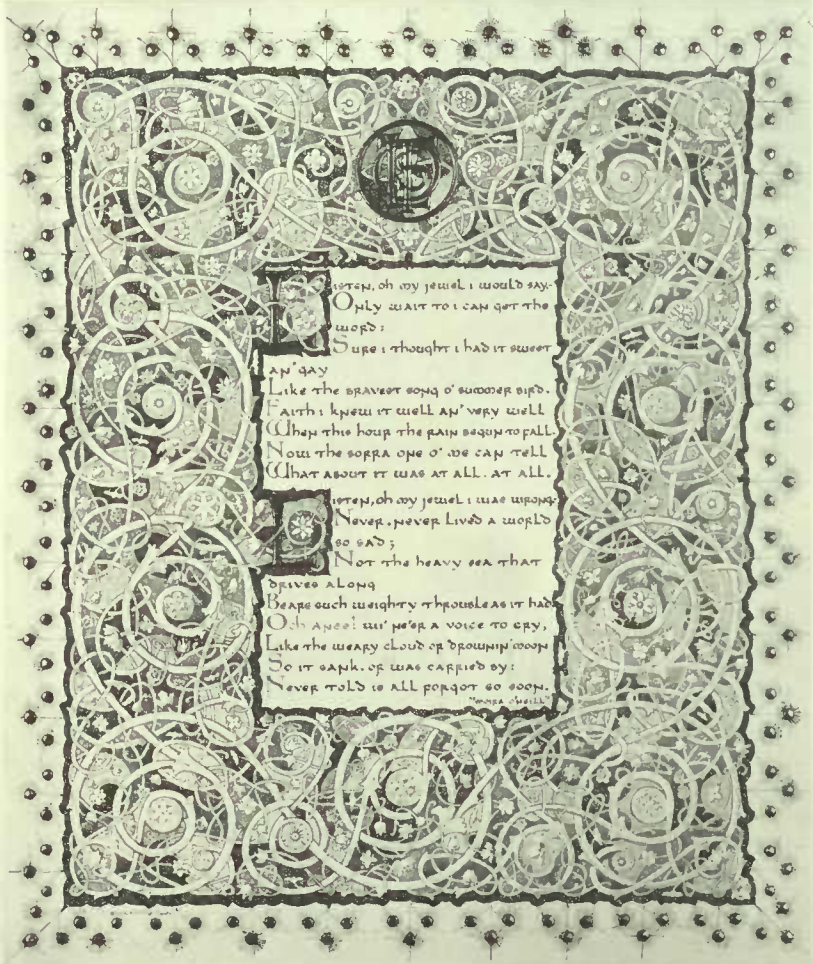


Fig. 2.—Illuminated Poem

Charles Brathwaite

That to be sure is a far off hope, but interest in and encouragement of the beautifully-written book may very probably have other more immediate and equally important results.

Our present handwriting is in many essentials of form unbeautiful. It is

the Revival of Learning, unless perhaps we except the stimulus which the universities received from the *Fratres Minores* in the thirteenth century.

The handwriting of the continental schools in the ninth century—the Caroline Minuscule as it is called—

MODERN WRITING AND ILLUMINATING

was largely derived from the Cursive Roman, a type of lettering much rougher and less elegant than the British writing of the time which latter yielded to the stronger foreign influence.

If our modern pen craftsmen succeed in raising the standard of taste as regards the written letter, that in itself will be no mean achievement and may bring about a more graceful handwriting than obtains at present.

present standards of taste it may fairly be said that their vision and their hope have now been passed, and no one would be more astonished than they would be, could they see the truly beautiful work of modern calligraphers.

The evolution of style in calligraphy has been perfectly continuous during the past fifty years, but the last decade has seen a vastly quickened development.

The publications of the above-men-

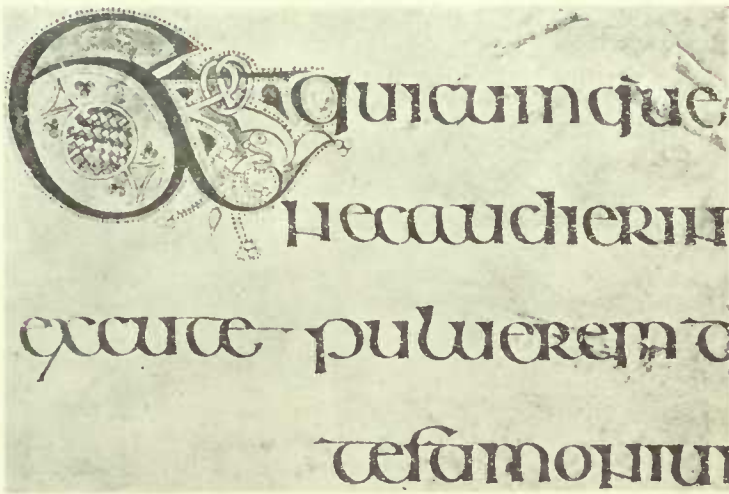


Fig. 3.—Part of page from the Book of Kells

From *Writing and Illuminating and Lettering*,
by permission of Mr. John Hogg

A vigorous school of writing-craft would also have a stimulative and healthful influence upon typography.

The great printers of Venice found their inspiration in the Italian texts of the eleventh century, as did also Morris when planning his types, and it is not too much to expect that fine writing to-day would influence for good, modern type design.

All this is perhaps very much in the air, but one cannot but be hopeful when one considers the great progress that has been made since the days of the Audsleys, Tymms and Wyatt, and Shaw.

Their voice was indeed *vox clamantis in solitudine*, but judging their work by

tioned writers in the fifties and sixties, together with the numerous facimiles of elaborate fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth century texts set the standard of taste, which was not at first challenged. The Gothic revival in Architecture and the influence of Pugin, aided in fixing Gothic as the standard for formal lettering, with the result that all formal addresses, inscriptions, and other writings were done in that hand.

To Ruskin who enjoined, and to Morris who practised beautiful book decoration, the immediately modern impulse is in greatest part due.

There can be little doubt that much is owed to the Arts and Crafts movement, and especially the later ex-

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hibitions, as little work was shewn in the earlier exhibitions.

Of decorated writing at the fifth exhibition there was scarcely more than half-a-dozen examples, and these, with the exception of Mr. Reuter's work, were hardly of high quality.

At the sixth exhibition Morris's beautiful MSS. of his own poems, done

Gothic inspiration was evident in almost all the other illuminations.

How far we have travelled in the last ten years is abundantly shown in the specimens of script illustrating this article. A beautiful example of Gothic lettering is seen in the charmingly simple illumination of Miss Ibbs (fig. 1), and the bold frontispiece in praise of

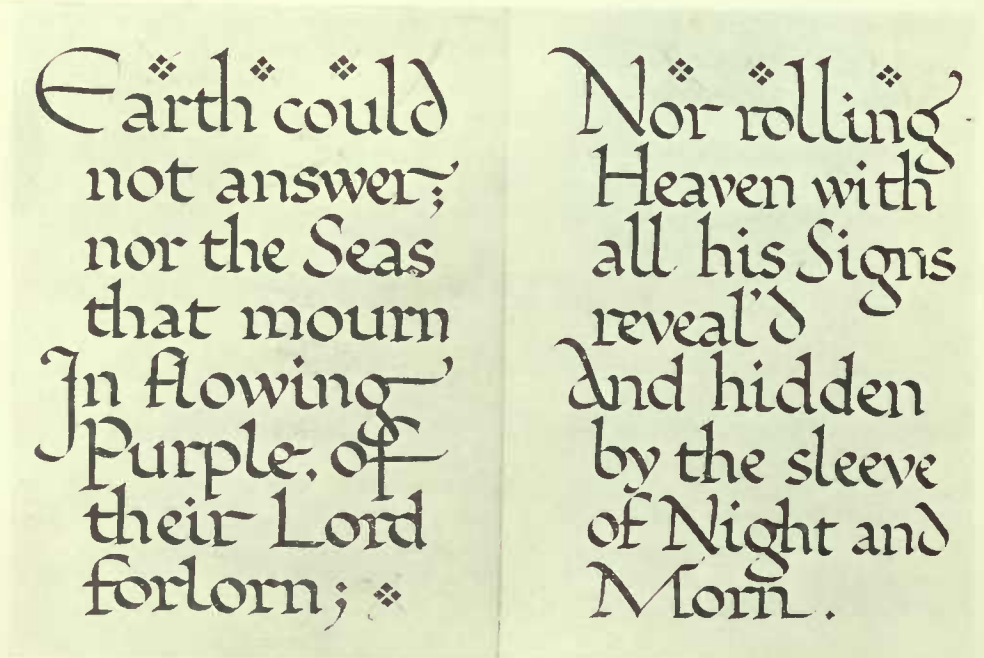


Fig. 4.—Page of Lettering

Edward Johnston

in 1870, the Story of the Dwellers at Eyr, done in 1871, the Rubaiyât of Omar Khayyâm, 1872, and some small pieces were among the most interesting exhibits of the year.

Other specimens of illumination were shown by Mr. Reuter, Mrs. Traquair, Miss Jessie Boyes, Mr. Allan Vigers, and Mr. Edwd. Johnson. Altogether there were perhaps a dozen examples of admittedly fine quality.

The lettering of the Morris writing was his own design, plainly influenced by those Italian MS., which had so great part in his type design.

Shakespeare, which Mr. Charles H. Sawyer has permitted us to reproduce from one of the many examples in this manner in his stock, is also Gothic.

Mr. Braithwaite's very charming decoration of Moira O'Neill's poem (fig. 2), which is reproduced from the original exhibited last month at the Royal Irish Industries Exhibition, and is entirely in the manner of the great Irish MS., such as the book of Kells and the book of Durrow surrounds a text also entirely Irish in design.

The English and Irish half uncial text of the seventh and eighth centuries



Fig. 5.—Part of Written and Illuminated Service Book
From *Writing and Illuminating and Lettering*
by permission of Mr. John Hogg

Edward Johnston

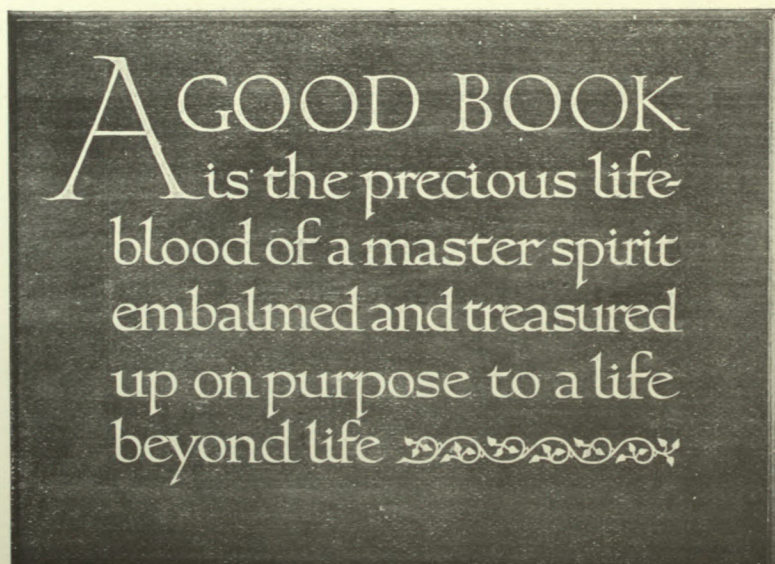


Fig. 6.—Lettering by Percy J. Smith
From *Lettering and Writing*
by permission of Mr. B. T. Batsford

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has perhaps never been excelled for beauty of form, and it is to this that many of the ablest modern illuminators have turned for model.

Fig. 3 is a reproduction of a portion of a page from the Book of Kells, and is given here for comparison with the beautiful examples of writing by Mr. Johnston and Mr. Smith.

Mr. Johnston's page, from Omar Khayyám (fig. 4), though written with a slightly sloping pen, instead of the upright pen of the older text, has much of the same spirit, and the same may be said of the fine service book script shown in figure 5.

All these examples are taken from Mr. Johnston's excellent work on Writing and Illuminating and Lettering, published by Mr. John Hogg, which is in its comprehensiveness and simplicity a model text book, and has already reached a second edition.

The dignity, which is the first characteristic of finely designed Roman lettering, is shown in the inscription by Mr. Percy J. Smith, in fig. 6.

This is an example of lower-case lettering painted in white on a walnut board. It will be noticed at once that though the first line receives decorative emphasis in capitals, yet as the *weight* of these is about equal to that of the small letters, there is a general har-

mony in the inscription. It would hardly be possible to give a more convincing example of the beauty which exists in finely-designed and fittingly-disposed lettering.

Fig. 7 shows again fine spacing, with a frankly decorative heading. The original of this is done in black, the decorative heading, "Our Father," being in raised gold, and the 'Amen' in red. Both these last examples are reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Batsford, from "Lettering and Writing," by Mr. Percy J. Smith, a series of fifteen plates on cardboard for the use of sign-writers or students of lettering.

If, instead of the crudities which are the stock-in-trade of the advertisement designer and the average sign writer, lettering of shapely proportions once became the accepted tradition, and instead of the poor meanness of our newspaper and much of

our book type something of the spirit of the Kelmscott Press were caught by type-designers, one great part of modern life would be made dignified and beautiful. The spirit and endeavours of the artists whose productions are illustrated in this article are at present the most active agency at work to bring about so desirable an end.

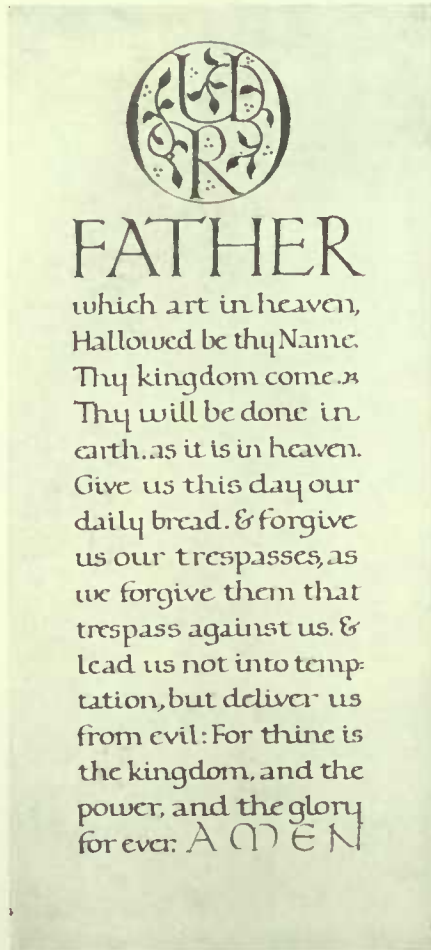


Fig. 7.—By permission of Mr. B. T. Latsford



The Most Perfect Wife on Record.

CATHERINE BLAKE.

Born April 25th, 1762.

Died October 18th, 1831.

By HERBERT IVES.

"**S**TAY! keep as you are! you have ever been an angel to me: I will draw you." In these words William Blake paid a death-bed tribute to the woman who, for forty-five years had cloven to him as comrade and wife in a manner almost beyond human belief. Mr. Swinburne has done her no more than justice in saying that she "deserves remembrance as about the most perfect wife on record."

Catherine Sophia Boucher, or Boucher, authorities are not agreed as to the spelling of her name, was born on April 25th, 1762, the daughter of a market-gardener living at Battersea. Of her early life nothing is known, and beyond the fact that she was one of a large family, the parish registers tell us little. She was uneducated, being unable to read or write, but that was by no means an uncommon failing at the end of the eighteenth century. She was a "bright-eyed, dark-haired brunette, with expressive features and a slim graceful form," Gilchrist tells us, and there is reason to believe that she was impulsive and high-spirited, with a mind of her own.

She was nearing twenty when she first met William Blake, then in his twenty-fourth year. This meeting was brought about in a somewhat curious manner. Blake had been attracted by "a lively little girl" named Polly Woods. The two would

walk out together, and to the young poet this constituted proprietary rights in her. The girl, however, was of another opinion, and when Blake, always impetuous and passionate, reproached her for showing favour to another admirer, she resented his rebuke. "Are you a fool?" she demanded scathingly. "That cured me of jealousy!" Blake afterwards confessed; but it did not heal the wound that Polly Woods had inflicted. He became depressed and melancholy, and for a change of air and scene went to live with the Bouchers, who were friends of his father's.

Catherine had frequently confided to her mother, as they sat discussing the girl's future, that she had not yet seen the man whom she would wish to marry; but on first entering the room where young Blake sat in moody silence, brooding over his sorrow, she had almost fainted, recognising the man whom she felt that fate had ordained as her lover and husband.

One evening as Blake sat telling her the story of Polly Woods' faithless conduct, the warm-hearted girl burst out impulsively:

"I pity you with all my heart."

"Do you pity me?" queried Blake, with interest.

"Yes! I do most sincerely," was the reply.

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"Then I love you for that," he declared with enthusiasm.

This was the beginning of their courtship, and soon after Blake left the house, firmly determined to make Catherine his wife. But for a year the lovers had to wait, probably by parental decree, and during that period the young engraver worked as only he knew how to work. Always fixed in his determination to attain the end he had in view, he was capable of imposing upon himself tasks which to an ordinary man might have appeared impossible of accomplishment. We are told that he resolved not to see Catherine during the probationary period; but it is more probable that either his own or her father was responsible for what seems a harsh condition.

The wedding took place at St. Mary's Church, Battersea, on August 18th, 1782, Blake being in his twenty-fifth and Catherine in her twenty-first year. It has been said that Mr. Blake, Senior, a hosier in comfortable circumstances, was not favourable to the match. The mere fact of the young couple setting up house-keeping at 23, Green Street, Leicester Fields (now Leicester Square), cannot in itself be accepted as proof.

Catherine Blake soon demonstrated that she possessed all the attributes of a good housewife. She was an experienced cook, capable, on occasion, of preparing a made-dish as a special luxury. A first-rate manager she administered their slender income with a judicious hand. She was very shrewd, orderly and frugal, and her one experience of having a maid-of-all-work resulted in her cherishing for the rest of her life the belief that it is far less trouble to wait on one than on two persons, and the domestic was accordingly dismissed.

One of her earliest problems was that of money. When the treasury

was becoming depleted she would remark:

"The money is going Mr. Blake."

"Oh, damn the money; its always the money," was the irate reply.

If her hint were not taken, she had a more impressive method of bringing home to the poet the state of their finances. She would set before him for his meals whatever the larder contained, and this without comment. Eventually the inevitable empty plate would appear, and Blake would forsake his visions and pick up the graver.

In the early days of their married life there are indications of an estrangement, a warring of wills between the high-spirited, frightened girl-wife and the impetuous, lordly man of genius, her husband. It has been suggested that the poem "William Bond" contains a thinly veiled account of what promised to develop into a tragedy. If there be any truth in this, and if the poem is to be considered as autobiographical, then we possess an explanation of what led Blake, in a moment of fine disregard for a woman's nicer feelings of propriety, to suggest that he should add a second wife to his establishment. That Blake did not put his oriental theories into practice may be due to the strength of the opposition or to evidences of chastened, yielding spirit in his wife, in any case the threat was never carried into effect. Mrs. Blake was undoubtedly jealous of her husband, but there was only one complaint to which she was ever known to give utterance, and that in a gentle tone of sadness rather than as a reproach. Mr. Blake, although with her always in the flesh, was so often absent in the spirit, being "incessantly in Paradise."

But this was an incident of the early years of Catherine Blake's married life. There is every reason to believe that

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later Blake grew less overbearing in his manner towards her. She entered freely into the conversation when visitors were present, sometimes spontaneously, but more frequently when directly appealed to. George Rich-

gether, when the visions forsake us. What do we do Kate?" "We kneel down and pray Mr. Blake," she replied simply.

That Blake was lordly and overbearing in his manner cannot be denied by



BLAKE'S WORK-ROOM, 3 FOUNTAIN COURT.

From a Drawing by H. H. Gilchrist, Esq., in "The Life of William Blake" Vol. I. Reproduced by permission of the Artist and Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., from the original in the possession of W. Graham Robertson Esq.

mond, the portrait painter, finding his invention flagging went to Blake for advice as was his custom. He found husband and wife at tea, and told the story of his mental desolation. Blake turning to his partner said. "Its just so with us, is it not, for weeks to-

his most prejudiced admirers. The following story of how he conducted his domestic affairs is full of interest. One day a dispute arose between Mrs. Blake and her husband's brother Robert, who was living with them. In the heat of the moment the poor

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woman used some expression which Blake deemed unwarranted. "Kneel down!" he shouted, "Kneel down and beg Robert's pardon directly, or you never see my face again!"

She "thought it very hard," as she afterwards confessed, that she should be called upon to beg Robert's pardon when she was not to blame. Nevertheless, as a dutiful wife and a forgiving woman she sank down upon her knees murmuring,

"Robert, I beg your pardon, I am in the wrong."

"Young woman, you lie! I am in the wrong!" was the astonishing reply from the honest and generous Robert.

The first task of her husband, however, appears to have been the education of his wife, not the breaking of her spirit. Having taught her to read and to write, he next instructed her in the delicate process of taking impressions from the plates he had engraved, an undertaking requiring the utmost care and delicacy. These proofs she learned later to colour, and only those who are well acquainted with the exquisite and daring colour schemes Blake evolved can appreciate the thoroughness with which he had instilled into her mind his own ideas on art. When the various sheets were dry, she would collate and bind them in little volumes ready for sale to the laggard and uneager public. Thus the writing, designing, engraving, printing, colouring, binding, all was achieved by this industrious pair.

There appears to have been no limit to the skill and capacity of this remarkable woman. There are in existence several of her sketches which testify in no uncertain manner to the earnestness with which she strove to follow her husband, even through a door which, to most women, might reasonably have been considered as

closed and heavily barred. In addition to a portrait sketch of her husband, Gilchrist tells us of "one drawing, *designed* as well as executed by herself," which "is so like a work of Blake's, that one can hardly believe it to have been the production of another hand." There is also a small design in tempera of the seated figure of a woman, which is here reproduced for the first time. This particular sketch bears the following inscription: "Agnes. From the Novel of the Monk. Designed and Painted by Catherine Blake and presented by her in Gratitude and Friendship to Mrs. Butts." This title is in Mrs. Blake's own hand, the rest of the inscription being added by Blake.

The drawing reproduced on page 97 is of peculiar interest. It bears the following inscription written by Frederick Tatham:—

"A drawing made by Mrs. Blake taken from something she saw in the Fire during her residence with me. Curious as by her.
(Signed) Fredk. Tatham."

Thus there is no question that the design was executed *after Blake's death*. In colouring it is very Blake-like, so much so that an expert might well be deceived.

In the little room littered with prints and copper-plates they worked: Blake at his engraving, pausing occasionally in his work to commit to paper some thought that had occurred to him; Mrs. Blake occupied in colouring the impressions that she herself had pulled upon the miniature hand-press in the corner, or bending over the little stove preparing the dinner. This room served them for sleeping and living, as well as studio and kitchen, for it was necessary to reserve the other in which to receive visitors. In spite of the many uses to which it was put there was no suggestion of untidiness or squalour, Samuel Palmer bears witness that Blake, "his wife, and his rooms, were clean and orderly; everything was in

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its place. His delightful working corner had its implements ready-tempting to the hand. The millionaire's upholsterer can furnish no enrichments like those of Blake's enchanted rooms."

Their life was ideal in its simplicity. Blake was proud, few more so, but it was the pride of a great soul. To him it was the most natural thing in the world to lay aside his work, pick up his

Such incidents, simple in themselves, are not without their significance. Blake was undoubtedly hard to live with, genius always is: he was irascible and autocratic at times; but for all he was endowed with many sweet and lovable qualities, and it was doubtless these very qualities which enabled Catherine Blake to live with him as she did, refining patience and love to a guiding principle of life. He



AGNES FROM THE NOVEL "THE MONK."
Reproduced for the first time by permission of
W. Graham Robertson, Esq.

hat and go forth, jug in hand, to fetch the porter for dinner. On one occasion when on such an errand he saw William Collins, whom he had met socially a few evenings previously. The Academician approached as if to shake hands, but his eye falling upon the jug he drew himself up and passed by without the least sign of recognition.

was not lacking in little attentions so dear to a woman's heart; for one thing he was always first up and had the fire lighted and the kettle boiling before she was awake.

She believed as implicitly in his visions as she believed in everything he said or did. When she heard him telling a friend that some great personage had come from the other world

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to sit for him, she would glance from her husband to the visitor with "awe-struck countenance," seeming mutely to confirm his story. As if to demonstrate Blake's assertion that the faculty of seeing phantoms could be cultivated, she too learned to have visionary intercourse with the spirit world, seeing "processions of figures wending [their way] along the river, in broad daylight; and would give a start when they disappeared in the water."

Blake's visions were liable to seize upon him at any moment. In the middle of the night he would leap from his bed under some fierce inspiration, "which were as if they would tear him asunder." She would rise with him, and as he sat sketching or writing would sit by his side motionless and silent, holding his hand. Thus, hour after hour would they remain, he in a frenzy of creative imagination; she "staying him mentally" by her mere presence.

Posterity has much to be grateful for to Mrs. Blake. Not only did she soothe that distraught mind when in the throes of imaginative production, "drunk with intellectual vision," gazing wonderingly at the "look of clear heavenly exaltation in his wonderful eyes"; but hers was the hand that stayed the impetuous poet when, convinced that his writings had been published in heaven, where the spirits read and praised them, he would have burned his priceless manuscripts as of no further use.

With such trials one can readily understand that the beauty of the once "pretty brunette" quickly faded. Anxiety, hard-work, privation, told their tale in her care-worn features, and the "pretty wife" of whom her husband once proudly boasted, preserved few vestiges of her youthful inheritance. The "gleaming black eyes" were still there, but there was

little else left to recall Job's wife in the artist's own designs.

An unkind fate decreed that Catherine Blake should outlive her husband by four long, weary years. For nine months she took up her abode at Cirencester Place, with John Linnell. Later she took charge of Fredk. Tatham's Chambers; but subsequently removed to humble lodgings in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, where she remained until her death. Here she lived aided by several of Blake's friends, who disguised their charity by purchasing single drawings and copies of the books manufactured in happier times. Among these benefactors was Dr. Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, Cary, Dante's translator, and Lord Egremont, an old patron, who purchased for the magnificent sum of eighty guineas a large water-colour drawing, containing "The Characters of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*." A gift of a hundred pounds from Princess Sophia was returned by the widow "with all due thanks, not liking to take or keep what (as it seemed to her) she could dispense with, while many to whom no chance or choice was given might have been kept alive by the gift." It was always a difficult matter to befriend the Blake's.

"A few months after Blake's death" Crabb Robinson tells us, "Barron Field and I called on Mrs. Blake. The poor lady was more affected than I expected she would be at sight of me. She spoke of her husband as dying like an angel . . . She seemed to be the very woman to make her husband happy. She had been formed by him. Indeed, otherwise, she could not have lived with him. Notwithstanding her dress which was poor and dingy, she had a good expression on her countenance, and with a dark eye, the remains of youthful beauty. She had the wife's virtue of virtues—an implicit reverence for her husband, It

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is quite certain that she believed in all his visions. On one occasion, speaking of his visions she said, 'You know dear the first time you saw God was when you were four years old, and He put His head to the window, and set you a-screaming?' In a word she was formed on the Miltonic model, and, like the first wife, Eve, worshipped God in her husband,

" 'He for God only, she for God in him.' "

The end came somewhat suddenly. On October 17th, 1831, she was attacked with violent cramp and spasms, suffering great pain which she bore with heroic fortitude. When told by the doctor that the end was near, she requested that Mr. and Mrs. Tatham be sent for, and to them gave minute directions for the disposal of her remains. None but they were to see her after death, and a bushel of slaked



SOMETHING SEEN IN THE FIRE
Reproduced for the first time by
W. Graham Robertson, Esq.

During those four uneventful years that intervened between her husband's death and her own, Mrs. Blake by no means gave herself up to grief. It is true that her voice trembled and her eyes grew moist as she spoke of "that wonderful man," who true to his promise was with her still in spirit; but the habit of industry was strong within her, and she occupied her time in colouring a number of the Engraved Books that Blake had left, and even finished some of his drawings.

lime was to be put in her coffin to save her from the dissecting knife. As the end approached she was calm and cheerful, "repeating texts from scripture, and calling continually to William as if he were only in the next room, to say that she was coming to him, and would not be long now." She died in Mrs. Tatham's arms in the early morning of the 18th of October, in her seventieth year, although on the coffin her age was given as sixty-five.

Thus ended the life of Catherine

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Blake who, through long years of straitened circumstances, uncomplainingly ministered in love and tenderness to her husband's happiness. With no ambition that he was incapable of satisfying she richly deserves the tributes that have been lavished upon her. It has taken the world nearly a century to realise what this remarkable woman recognised the moment she saw him—that the soul of William Blake was framed by Nature in a moment of magnificence. She worked for him, sympathised with him, humoured him, soothed him. Where he went she with unsteady footsteps strove to follow. She endeavoured to share his intellectual riches as she shared his material hardships. When the visions forsook him, she added her

prayers to his that he might be restored to his kingdom. She not only realised her marriage vows, but sanctified them. She :

“ Learned his great language, caught his
clear accents,
Made him her pattern to live and to die.”

She has no place among the biographies of great women, being herself too great. She sank her life in that of the man into whose hands she had entrusted her all, and the story of “the most perfect wife on record” is to be read only in the biographies of her husband, where she herself would have wished it to be read.

Love and harmony combine,
And around our souls entwine :
While thy branches mix with mine
And our roots together twine.”

OLD BOOKS.

It is a curious reflection, that the ordinary private person who collects objects of a modest luxury, has nothing about him so old as his books. If a wave of the rod made everything around him disappear that did not exist a century ago, he would suddenly find himself with one or two sticks of furniture, perhaps, but otherwise alone with his books. Let the work of another century pass, and certainly nothing but these little brown volumes would be left, so many caskets full of passion and tenderness, disappointed ambition, fruitless hope, self-torturing envy, conceit, aware, in maddening lucid moments, of its own folly.

EDMUND GOSSE.





Officer, 6th Dragoon Guards, by J. Harris, after Daubrawa.



ARMS, and the MAN.



By J. LANE FAWCETT.

“**E**VERY man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier or not having been to sea,” said Dr. Johnson in self-dispraise long ago. To-day the old delight of strife and mastery which prompted the duello and every other honourable mode of settling a dispute, though confined now by repressive civil codes to small boys in school playing-fields finds national expression in the interest in armada and army.

The stirring of the British military spirit, which it is curious to note has been brought about under a government supposed to be imbued with every opposing idea, is not less remarkable than the fact that suddenly also the comic papers have lost one of their best (or worst) worn subjects for jibe and reproach—the War Office.

All this is of course accurately reflected in the bookshops, and the public interest is being both stimulated and satisfied by the books on military subjects now appearing. First in its *ex cathedra* significance is the volume of addresses by Mr. Haldane, three of which deal with the far-reaching changes introduced by him into our military organization. There is ample evidence in these ample orations—for Mr. Haldane is no Trappist—that the keen discipline in logic of a mixed Scotch and German university training is eminently fitted to develop military

dialectics. As one reads the prolonged and rounded periods there rises in the mind the figure of the strong, patient, imperturbable minister, suave and unwearied, going through with his design—right or wrong, and winning encomiums from his veriest enemies by his bulldog tenacity and intensity of purpose. The three speeches included in the book are the chief of the Parliamentary speeches of Mr. Haldane, and are in themselves the clearest expnency of the changes in the Regular force, and the fundamental ideas underlying the formation of the new Territorial Army.

A volume not less interesting than useful, to appear early next month, is the *British Military Prints* of Mr. Ralph Nevill.

More timely the work could hardly be, for at epochs of change, when great informing and inspiring traditions are in danger of the dusty cloud of oblivion raised by new brooms which, trying never so hard to sweep clean succeed far too often only in dust raising, it is of the highest importance that the constancy of great ideals and the loyal cheer of honourable associations should at all costs be conserved, and Regular and Terrier alike will find inspiration in these pages in the pictures of the heroes of Malplacquet, Badajoz, and Quatre Bras.

Mr. Nevill's beautifully-produced

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volume reproduces in fine facsimile the most notable and valuable English military prints in existence, and the clearly-written accompanying commentary and description is an admirable synopsis of the history of the accoutrements and dress of the Army.

The accompanying fine print of an officer of the 6th Dragoon Guards, by J. Harris, after Daubrawa, is one of the twenty-four colour prints.

The deeds of derringdo, upon which the several regiments pride themselves, and the commemorative badges or privileges are enumerated, together with the many quaint titles of the various regiments.

A very useful list of books, containing military prints is given with short notices of the more eminent painters and engravers, whose work is reproduced.

There is a melancholy interest in the "Military Needs and Military Policy" of the Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster, whose sudden death occurred on the very day of publication of this book. As Secretary for War in the last Government, Mr. Arnold-Forster was hardly a success, and his manner in speech as well as writing was, to put it mildly, provocative.

The book in hand maintains its author's reputation. The House of Commons is "The persistent enemy of the Regular soldier, an enemy which has at all times proved more formidable than plague, pestilence and famine, and the bullets of a foreign foe combined."

Mr. Arnold-Forster's critics, as a party, are "a national danger, and those who compose it ought to be regarded as public enemies."

The screech polemic which pervades the book may unfortunately drown the appeal of the several excellent sugges-

tions which are its most valuable features. Such, for instance, is the suggestion of enlisting in a reserve the pilots, fisherman, and longshoremen of our coasts.

A bad misprint makes the quotation "opposed numbers" into "opposite numbers," which is nonsense.

Mr. Arnold-Forster's contention is for a Regular Army of moderate size, but highly trained, and he is entirely opposed to conscription.

Captain C. Holmes Wilson, in "Offence not Defence," reviews our military needs from the point of view of the soldier, and asserts that our least needs are (a) A national force of at least half-a-million for service abroad; (b) Service in the National Army for Home Defence of men who had passed through this (three years' training would give a total of about 1,200,000 men); (c) A reserve for the above; (d) A regular long service army for service in India and the Colonies.

Since Germany and France are practically armed camps, and their military power may be at any time directed against England, Captain Wilson holds that England ought to be able to wage offensive war as successful defensive operations have always involved offensive warfare. The opinions put forward are extreme, but are supported by expert evidence and the experience of the great campaigns of history.

The opposite view to that of the militarist is described in "Invasion and Conscription," by James Anson Farrer.

Mr. Farrer holds that treaties are even now superseding the rude arbitrament of war, and that just as the private appeal to arms has died out with their prohibition so arbitration rather than armaments should be encouraged.

ARMS, AND THE MAN

His argument is that history proves that the privilege of the English citizen since 1660 has always been freedom from the compulsion to bear arms. He is unable, however, to deny that previous to that every responsible Englishman was liable to military service. May it be possible in this last admission to discover some solution of this vexed question, and by encouragement of the yeoman class and the small holder instead of the retention of

large and unwieldy estates also encourage a real patriotism by reason of actual possession of and interest in the *patria*.

"Army Reform and other Addresses" Richard Burdon Haldane, M.P. T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.

"British Military Prints," by Ralph Nevill. The Connoisseur Publishing Co. 5s. paper, 7s. 6d. cloth, net.

"Military Needs and Military Policy." H. O. Arnold-Forster. Smith Elder. 3s. 6d. net.

"Offence not Defence," by Captain C. Holmes Wilson. George Allen. 3s. 6d.

"Invasion and Conscriptio," by James Anson Farrer. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.

NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

PIERRE LOTI, Naval Commander and Mystic, is the last of the Anglophobes, and it is in our relations with other races especially that he hates us. In India he contrived to ignore our presence. *L'Inde sans les Anglais* was a rebuff, no doubt; but in *La Mort de Philae* (Calman Lévy, 3fr. 50) he tells us what he thinks of us in the directest manner. To produce cotton-crops we have flooded the most beautiful memorial of ancient Egypt. In the most sacred and venerable presences he is jarred by the vulgar giggling of 'les Cooks et les Cookesses.' And, though we must uphold the death (or rather the eclipse) of Philae as a miserable necessity, it can hardly be denied that we are the worst offenders against taste and reverence, when we are in the midst of a strange civilization. Unfortunately the English low-class tourist who excites Pierre Loti's just wrath will not read his book, or if he did would not see the contrast between the mysterious land of Nile and his garish self.

* *

Close on the heels of the already celebrated *Ile des Pingouins* follows another volume by M. Anatole France. This is a collection of stories, under the title of *Les Contes de Jacques Tournebroke* (Calmann Lévy, 10fr.). We will only say in recommendation that some old friends are to be found here in new situations.

The Cambridge English Classics are past the need of recommendation from us. The latest work in the series is Professor F. S. Boas' edition of the Poetical Works of Giles and Phineas Fletcher. The works of the brothers are by no means easy to come by. There is an edition in the Fuller Worthies' Library by Dr. Grosart, which, like all his editions of old poets, is (if we may be permitted the pleasantry) extremely *grossartig*, and yet unsatisfactory. Professor Boas does good service by presenting us with a really scholarly text of the Fletchers. The edition is in two volumes, the first containing all the extant poetical works of Giles, and those of Phineas which were published before 1633; those published later will form the second volume.

* *

In the 'Manuels d'Histoire de l'Art', edited by Mr. Henri Marcel, Dr. Léopold Delisle's successor as Administrateur Général of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and published by the firm of Henri Laureng, La Gravure, by Professor Léon Rosenthal, is announced, and should prove an important contribution to the series. It will be of no small interest, too, to compare Professor Rosenthal's work with Mr. Hind's.



SAMUEL PEPYS: ADMINISTRATOR, OBSERVER AND GOSSIP.

TO baulk the contempt that familiarity breeds is many a little man's big business.

Knowing his own meannesses, and unable to rise above them, his concern is to exclude others from the fatal intimacy inevitable to himself and his valet.

He affects petty pomposity or smug complacency where a finer mind would prescribe self-disciplinary maceration and penance.

Sometimes both types co-exist in the same individual—he is detestable beyond words. More rarely is the individual without either discoverable, and neither arrogance or spiritual pride can be charged against Samuel Pepys, who as administrator, observer and gossip lives over again his amazingly interesting life in the pages of Mr. E. Hallam Moorhouse's fascinating book. The marvel of Pepys is that after having read that most frank and unsophisticated journal of blushes, of small conceits and petty naughtinesses, and knowing the man better than a bosom friend, one still respects him. Dignified he rarely is, but the good in him is fundamental and essential—what is else than good is inconsiderable and in comparison negligible.

In Stevenson's phrase—he manages, though not always without capitulation, to keep friends with himself, and his buoyant spirits contagiously make friends of us. Day by day taking himself into confidence without demur and without prejudice he is deliberately possessed not with ascetic promptings but with sensible and pious gratitude.

A frank, good humoured, open-hearted man he is, whom a quick merry eye, ready tongue, showed good sense, love of life, and sufficiency of failings make companionable and pleasant.

It would be preferable to talk about Pepys rather than this book, good as it is, but that would not be fair to Mr. Moorhouse, who is to be congratulated on having selected from the embarrassing riches of the diary a series of passages, which together with commentary and setting give a vivid and truthful account of the diarist.

This is, as will be readily guessed, not a book intended for Pepys' present friends. Popularised classics only dispose scholars to homicide.

But this is a good book of its sort, that is to say exceptionally good, and will, we are sure, be welcomed by Pepsians as well as by the general reader.

"A pollard man without the top" was Coleridge's description of Pepys, and that is as low an estimate as can be permitted.

Mr. Moorhouse's sympathetic presentment, composed as it is so largely of the very words of Pepys, introduces us to a very real and sincere character—"we hold a warm hand and look into a humorous, friendly and observing eye."

Pepys the patriot is the most gratifying sketch in the whole book.

Patriotism and duty were indivisible for him, and so Cavalier as he was he could rebuke the King and regret the insult to dead Oliver, while as servant and official he could give, by patriotic association, dignity and importance to an office which his own personality could never have given.

For the real Samuel Pepys—the man who without the stimulus of pride of place or country came home to count his gold pieces and make love to the housemaids was shockingly weak and undignified.

His wife and father he sent post haste to bury his gold pieces when the Dutch were in the Medway, and a night or two after he accompanied them to find the gold by the aid of a dark lantern. "But Lord! what a toss I was for some time in that they could not justly tell where it was; but by and by poking with a spit we found it and then begun with a spudd to lift up the ground. . . . But, good God! to see how sillily they did it. . . . I was out of my wits almost . . . and to find there was short above a hundred pieces which did make me mad." . . . Next night he and friend and servant Hewer got forty-five more. "And so in and to cleanse them, and by this time it was past two in the morning; and so to bed and there lay in disquiet all night telling of the clock till it was daylight."

REVIEWS

And yet it was this same Saml. Pepys who wrote to Coventry at the time of the Plague: "You sir, took your turn of the sword; I must not, therefore, grudge to take mine of the pestilence." Nor did he.

Pepys as bibliophile is excellent reading, and more could have been said on this point by Mr. Moorhouse without any harm to the book.

The Pepysian library is the best evidence that the generous eye which selected purple and fine linen for the Secretary to the Admiralty's wear was none the less careful fittingly to garb his books.

But our space is gone. We heartily congratulate Mr. Moorhouse on having temerarily essayed a task in which most would have failed and having provided new readers of the immortal diary; for this one thing is certain, that every one who reads this book, though grateful for it will be unsatisfied till he has read that most wonderful book which has inspired it.

THOS. MANNY POOLE.

"Samuel Pepys: administrator, observer, gossip." E. Hallam Moorhouse. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.

* * *

THE BRITISH TAR IN FACT AND FICTION.

IT is somewhat of a puzzle to say why this book is not the entire success it ought to be.

The general idea is excellent, the plan as sketched out no less so; the material got together is all significant, and the style throughout is informed and clear. It will be seen, then, that the book is interesting, really learned, and as will be expected from the names on the title page, sympathetically written.

And yet it ought to have been better, and to have been better it ought to have been much bigger. As it stands it is a big book of five hundred closely packed pages, and the packing, the evident straining for compression and comprehensiveness, gives a strenuousness to the writing which all the accompanying interest cannot do away with.

What is quite as bad is the way in which the illustrations have been dealt with. The hundred and thirty illustrations have been most carefully chosen, but engraving, mezzotint, lithograph, and wood-cut are all diminished so in size as very often to lose all character, almost all brought to a common denominator a very common denominator of insignificance. The frontispiece is most pleasing, and "The Middy's parting," p. 242, is a charming picture, but just

as in the writing there is an almost breathless and laboured compression, so in the pages of two four or six minute reproductions is the same forced inclusiveness felt.

Perhaps it is because this book is so different from what it might easily have been that we find defect in its very merit for its authoritativeness is not to be denied.

The book market has of late been flooded by trumpery issues of historico-picture books, in which a number of not uninteresting plates from the shelves of some commercially-minded extra illustrator have been strung together by a thin narrative more or less relevant. This book is so substantial and so comprehensive that first rate illustration is only what it deserved, and with it the book would have been of first rate importance. At the same time the style might have been less allusive and a little more expansive, a grateful concession to readers not nautically inclined.

ROLF SIDGWICK.

"The British Tar in Fact and Fiction." By Commander N. Robinson, R.N. Harpers, 15s. net.

* * *

A HISTORY OF CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

AN oft-related passage in one of Dr. Creighton's letters is the one in which he expresses wonderment at a list of authorities in mediæval history sent him by Lord Acton.

A similar wonderment is aroused by even a cursory glance at "A History of Classical Scholarship," of which the second and third volumes are now to hand. The second volume covers from the Revival of Learning to the end of the Eighteenth Century in Italy, France, England and the Netherlands; the third includes the Eighteenth Century in Germany and the Nineteenth Century in Europe and the United States of America.

The appearance of these volumes is not without a significance of its own.

A quarter of a century ago the full swell of scientific study, borne along with ovation and benefaction, threatened almost to submerge classical studies.

Huxley, a doughty champion was at his best, and spared nothing for the sake of sentiment. It was confidently expected that the study of the classics would very shortly be relegated to obscure classrooms where at best it might be permitted to be handmaiden to archæology.

The closing chapters of Dr. Sandys wonder-

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ful work sound an almost gleeful peal of triumph.

Classicism has not only passed through the ordeal unscathed but is already stronger for it.

In reviewing the study of the humanities in the U.S.A., Dr. Sandys writes "The study of Greek and Latin is advancing by leaps and bounds. In 1898 half the scholars in the secondary schools were learning Latin, and the number then learning Latin was more than three times, that of those learning Greek nearly twice as many as in 1890."

This in the country where the quest of the dollar is only one of the evidences of materialism is heartening indeed, but in England and in Western Europe generally there is evidence that the study of the classics will have another renaissance.

These learned volumes with their wonderful store of exact scholarship, their convenience and interest, are stimulating in the highest degree. Whether writing of Chrysoloras, Poggio or Linacre, and all the fine enthusiasms of the Revival of Learning; of Cudworth, Bentley, or Porson and the elegancies of our own Augustan age or of Curtius, Mommsen or Madvig and discussing with an exact discrimination the large contributions of later scholars, Dr. Sandys shows always generous appreciation as well as critical insight.

His devotion to the greatest of the ancients is that of Buckingham.

Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more :
For all Books else appear so mean, so poor.
Verse will seem Prose ; but still persist to read,
And *Homer* will be all the Books you need.

J. DE GREY BAYES.

"A History of Classical Scholarship." J. E. Sandys, Litt. D. Vols. II. and III. Cambridge University Press, ss. 6d. each net.

* * *

OPINIONS OF MEN, WOMEN, AND THINGS.

IN bird-nesting days it sometimes happened that after swarming a particularly difficult bole, and taking extraordinarily neck-endangering risks, to come by a nest spied from below, the said nest turned out to be one of last year's build.

The ensuing Dead-sea-apples sense of disappointment is precisely comparable to the state of mind produced by the discovery that a book, promising in title and appearance, is a desolate collection of old reviews and articles — interesting enough in their day, but now quite past and derelict.

That several of the articles made history ; that this was the subject of an action for libel, that another severed life-long friendships, that to yet another may be traced the international jealousies that culminated in a great war does not conceal their Wardour Street dustiness and fustiness.

Here is Mr. Harvey Quilter laying about him in belabourment of the æsthetics in — what year is it ? Eighteen hundred and eighty ? Surely it is farther past than that, so wilfully forgotten, so cursedly dead alike are mimes and farce.

The little wars and conquests of that far-off time are all recalled by these — *sermons* — no not quite that though there is as little saving salt of humour in them as in a book of Elizabethan homilies.

Yet it is not too much to say in praise of these essays that *in re* they, more truly than any contemporary writing represent that sane unimpassioned and reserved opinion, that permanent left-centre party mind (as we should say in politics) which typically and essentially is the Englishman. Refusing to enthuse but not unwilling conditionally to admit ; suspicious of method, but generous in acknowledgment of purpose ; opposite in principle, but not utterly averse from reasoned compromise, they are the pronouncement of a singularly fertile, pleasant and healthy mind. That Mr. Quilter's view may have been a quite wrong one does not in the least matter. The fact is that he erred in company with the unchanging Demos, that he refused to steer by strange stars whatever their magnitude, was constant in his loves, and was informed and sincere in his beliefs.

What malign perversity of fate has permitted the book to be disgraced by the wickedly-stupid ugliness of the title page ?

Could not the publishers in pity have prevented this for the sake of the defenceless dead.

J. R. PRESSENCE.

"Opinions on Men, Women and Things." By Harry Quilter. 7s. 6d. net. Sonnenschein.

* * *

The Bruce.

IT is not easy to account for the strange neglect of so remarkable an historical and literary document as Barbour's Bruce. The Johnsonian sniff at things Scottish is responsible for more than is generally admitted in English literary tradition but that an heroic poem written in an almost modern English an English hardly more difficult than that of the Authorised Version, though contemporaneous with Chaucer should be obtainable only with difficulty premisses other reasons which are unknown to us.

REVIEWS

'The Bruce' is the foundation stone of Scottish literature and its affinities are to be found in the French metrical romance. The loose and elastic form of the octosyllabic couplet is unsurpassed for narrative and Barbour handles it with the ease of a master.

Stories to rede ar delitabill
Suppos that thai be nocht but fabill :

and delitabill indeed Barbour's easy narrative is.

The Bruce is the authority for much of the lore relating to its hero and the story of the fight of Bruce and Sir Henry Boune is as stirring as the Song of Roland, or the Morte d'Arthur.

... "quhen Schir Henry saw the Kyng . . .
... He thought that he suld weill lichtly
Wyn him and haf hym at his will,
Sen he hym horsit saw so ill
Than sprent thai sammyn in-till alyng :
Schir Henry myssit the nubill Kyng ;
And he, that in his sterapis stude
With ax that wes bath hard and gude
With so gret mayn roucht hym ane dynt
That nouthir hat no helm mycht stynt
The hevy dusche that he him gaf
That he the hed till harnys claf.
The hand-ax-schaft frushcit in twa
And he doune till the erd can ga
All flat lyng is for him falyhcit mycht."

When

" The lordis of his company
Blamyt him, as thai dnst gretly.

The King thame answer maid he nane.
But menynt his hand-ax-schaft, that swa
Wes with ane strak bookyn in twa.

That is fine poetry even to-day and read aloud by a north countryman has the right swing of classic verse.

If Mr. Mackenzie's well edited and fittingly produced text effects its purpose it will popularise a poem that ought never to have been other than popular.

* *

English Church Architecture.

THIS is a little book that deserves hearty praise. It is small, well printed, well illustrated, accurate and entertaining. The illustrations are particularly good. In just over a hundred pages there are seventy less one pictures;—photographs, sketches and measured drawings, all alike good except the last which are something better. The vigorous pen and ink sketches are capital, but the measured drawings, simple and clear and yet evidently the work of a technically skilled draughtsman, are each worth ten pages of description, though this must not be taken to imply that the description is not good for indeed it is first-rate.

Anyone looking through half-a-dozen churches with this book will not merely be able to talk about English Gothic but will know something of what he is talking about.

Historical Portraits.

THE first volume of the new "Lodge" is to hand. The implied comparison is not unfair to either the Delegates of the Clarendon Press or to Lodge for "Historical Portraits" is a really fine production.

The size of the book is sufficient to give handsome portraits, and the only criticisms that can possibly be made are against the small size of some few of the half-page plates, the subjects of which seemed to deserve more generous treatment and the strongly expressed antipathies of Mr. Fletcher.

Mr. Emery Walker's fine reproductions have been sought for over a wide area.

The drawings attributed to Jacques le Boucq of Artois, and preserved in the library of Arras, have furnished the interesting likeness of Wolsey and James the Fourth of Scotland.

It is not, however, easy to determine why this latter should have been reproduced full-size, while portraits such as that of Sir Philip Sydney and the fine portrait of Bishop Fisher, by Holbein, have been cramped up in the half-page. Still more inexplicable is the omission of any portrait of Lord Bacon from the book, unless Mr. Fletcher's animus against him as shewn in the article on Shakespeare accounts for it.

Mr. Fletcher's style is anything but judicial, as witness the following :

" Attempts have been made, mostly, it is true, by half-educated Americans, to prove that Lord Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare; such theorists forget that the innate baseness of Bacon's character renders his authorship far more improbable than that of the sturdy Warwickshire yeomen of whom nothing mean is recorded."

Eight shillings and sixpence for the finest adjunct to the history lecture that has ever been published is cheapness itself, but why does not some enterprising publisher do a facsimile of a selection of the Windsor Holbeins in modern colour process. The Bartolozzis are altogether admirable but are not facsimiles and are not cheap. Art schools and colleges would alike welcome such a production.

* *

A Dickens Dictionary.

THIS is a useful book. Not so long ago an examination in Dickens was an undergrad joke, but one after another the examiners of the universities and other corporations are now setting questions on authors—to stimulate reading a very questionable proceeding. For the more fortunate people who have not been examined on Dickens, and therefore may like to read him, this book will be a capital reference book if ever they care to examine themselves.

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A few questions (for answers to which refer to the book) are set below and Dickensians may enjoy themselves on them.

- (1).—In what works are Gog and Magog mentioned?
- (2).—What is and who was "a sort of an artist?"
- (3).—How many Marys and how many Mary Anns can you recall in the works of Dickens?
- (4).—Who were the originate of Dora Spenlove, Mr. Slum and Pumblechook?
- (5).—Locate and mark on the map Quelp's house: the inn where Nicholas met Crummles.

If these questions are so easy that they require no thought others may be set. The synopses of the various books if not brilliant are trustworthy, and altogether the book shows patient, careful work and the result is to a remarkable degree reliable.

Synopses of all Dickens' works are given first and the book ends with a full and trustworthy index.

It is handsomely produced and deserves a place cheek by jowl with the set of Dickens on the shelves.

* *

Folk Memory, or the Continuity of British Archaeology.

MR. Walter Johnson has in "Folk Memory" given us one of the best books yet written on a subject which has had the good fortune to enlist the interest of many very able writers. His preface is a modest one, and is in the key of the whole work, every theory advanced being stated with as little obtrusion of the first person as is possible, and with generous acknowledgments of the labours of others.

There is not a dull page in the book, and some of the chapters are more fascinating than any romance.

"Links between the Prehistoric and Proto-historic Ages" discusses with great acumen a question which much hazy suggestion and supposition has obscured, but it is to the five chapters dealing successively with Flint Knapping, Marling, Deneholes, Linchets and Dewponds that the general reader will turn with the greatest pleasure.

Not that these exhaust the attractions of the book. The great figures on the chalk downs, old roads and trackways, the reputed virtues of iron, subjects upon which much has been written, are here written on with an authority which approaches finality.

It is indeed the sense of complete mastery of the subject which so pervades the book that inspires confidence in these pleasantly-written and interesting chapters.

The most complete bibliography of the subject we have even seen, and which would alone make the book a work of authority is given, and a well-compiled index.

The illustrations of Mr. Sidney Harrowing are useful if few, and if any single criticism can be made upon so excellent a work it is that more illustrations would be advantageous.

* *

A New Light on the Renaissance.

THE second number of "The Bibliophile" included an article on "Papermarks," which aroused considerable interest by its startling claims and remarkable evidence in support of them.

Mr. Harold Bayley has written a comprehensive and vigorous work which treats at length on the subject of his article.

The anti-Romanism of the Troubadours is well-known, and the papermarks Mr. Bayley shows to be the symbols of the movement. The book is beautifully produced and fully illustrated.

* *

In re Shakespeare.

MR. Greenwood's rejoinder lays on, and has not the least suggestion of any crying "Hold, enough!" The differentiation between Shakspeare and Shakespeare which Mr. Greenwood made a cardinal point in his earlier book receives here even greater insistence, though he states that he attributes very small significance to the spelling of the name.

When Mr. Greenwood has picked the bones of the subject there is left much what the late Professor Churton Collins gave as the Stratford life. Mr. Greenwood is a very frank Shakspeare agnostic; further he refuses to go, but he takes nothing on trust.

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"The Bruce," John Barbour, edited by W. M. Mackenzie, M.A., F.S.A. A. & C. Black, 5s. net.

"English Church Architecture—from the earliest times to the Reformation," by G. A. Middleton, A.R.I.B.A. Frances Griffiths, 2s. 6d. net.

"Historical Portraits—Richard II., &c." Henry Wriothesley. The Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d. net.

"A Dickens Dictionary," by Alex. J. Philip. Routledge, 8s. 6d. net.

"Folk Memory, or the Continuity of British Archaeology," by Walter Johnson, F.G.S. The Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.

"A New Light on the Renaissance," Harold Bayley. J. M. Dent & Co. 12s. net.

"In re Shakespeare, Beeching v. Greenwood, rejoinder on behalf of the defendant." John Lane, 2s. 6d. net.



BY

Our Philatelic Editor.

NEW ISSUES.

ABYSSINIA.—A new series was foreshadowed some time since, and now appears to be issued. We illustrate the lowest value. The $\frac{1}{4}$ gucrche pale blue green. The style is French, and embraces inscriptions in that language and Amharic. The central design appears to be a coat of arms, with the Lion of Judah in the foreground.

The stamps are printed on thin unwatermarked paper by Mon. C. Dete, from the design of Mon. Victor Marec.

GRECIAN CRETE.—The annexation arrangements appear to hang fire, but the issue of provisional stamps goes merrily on, bringing grist to the mill of the postal authorities and joy to the "honest" brokers who handle these issues at Herakleon, Canea, and elsewhere—for sad to relate the British collector or dealer can no longer fill his wants direct from the post office but must apply to a local trader who adds any sized commission that seems meet to the local conscience, so there is a tariff on stamps and "your Crete will cost you more."

It appears that the 1 and 2 lepta surcharged stamps are entirely sold out, meanwhile provisionals were made locally to meet postal requirements by surcharging the 20 lepta stamp of the unpaid series with an inscription denoting its postal status and the new value 2 lepta in figures. These were rather roughly done, and a further supply of 1 and 2 lepta was overprinted by Bradbury and Wilkinson in London, probably using up stock on hand.



We have pleasure in illustrating both types of overprint so that collectors will readily see which is which.

Local print 2 lepta on 20 lepta unpaid, scarlet, London print 1 and 2 lepta, postage, overprinted on the same values of scarlet unpaid stamps.



Further errors have appeared in the locally produced overprint, *Ellas* the 4th character show an Δ for an Λ . This so far has been found on the 1 lepta chocolate, 5 lepta green, and 10 dull carmine (design as the illustration).

NEW HEBRIDES.—In our last number we gave details of the provisional French Condominium issue and we have now received samples of the British issue for the same Islands, the issue is purely temporary and has been made by overprinting the current series of Figi with the new inscription on the $\frac{1}{4}$ d. and 1d. values the words New Hebrides are superimposed on the word Figi but in the higher values Figi is

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blocked out by a band of colour and the printing done on that.

The values and colours are as follows, and after each value, in brackets, the quantities printed are given. Collectors will thus have some idea as to what they should pay for these specimens.

BRITISH SET.— $\frac{1}{2}$ d. green (12,000), 1d. scarlet (30,000), 2d. lilac and orange (30,000), $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. purple on blue (30,000), 3d. purple and green (12,000), 6d. purple and carmine (6,000), 1/- green and carmine (3,000). The colour band in each case is that of the secondary colour of the stamps. They are printed on multiple watermark crown and C.A. paper, and perforated 14.

FRENCH SET. Collectors will be interested to know the quantities printed of those chronicled last month. They are as follows: 5 centime (12,000), 10 centime (30,000), 25 centimes (30,000), 50 centimes (12,000), and the franc (3,000).



If no more are printed of these two series the higher values should be scarce. Collectors who want them should not delay too long.

PARAGUAY. The authorities here seem loth to discard the old plates of the dated 1904 series, for after issuing series in various colours, and with all sorts of surcharges, they have now issued a lot, again in different colours, but overprinted 1908, in block type, and presumably for use in 1909, for they have only now appeared.



Values and colours are one centavo bright emerald green, 5 centavos pale chrome, 10 centavos brown, 20 centavos orange, and 30 centavos scarlet. They are all printed on unwatermarked paper and perforated $11\frac{1}{2}$. The illustration of the 1 centavos will do for all the values, the overprint in each instance being identical.

SWITZERLAND.—Two more values are to hand, which about completes the current series, viz., 10 centimes scarlet, with half-length figure of Helvetia as illustrated—and 20 centimes vermillion, of the same design as the 25 centime, seated figure design annexed.

It is to be hoped that after the many minor changes of the last few years that the present issue will be definite and permanent.

UNITED STATES. We have now received



specimens of the much-talked of Lincoln Centenary stamp, to commemorate the 100th year of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. A peculiarity of this stamp is that it is a profile portrait to the right, a distinction, among all United States,

shared only with the 1 cent values of the 1851 and 1861 issues bearing the head of Franklin.

In life he was a typical New Englander, tall and sparely built and inflexible of will. The portrait, in its bending attitude, hardly does him justice.

We believe this stamp is still current. There was even some talk of its replacing the recently issued 2 cents head of Washington, but nothing yet appears to be definitely settled.

2 cents carmine, Head of Lincoln, perforated, 12 watermarked U.S.P.S. in the sheet.

Further values of the permanent series have now been received; they are all exactly like the illustration, save for little variations in the size of the word cents, the 13 cents is a dull blue green shade, and 50 cents deep purple, perforated and watermarked U.S.P.S. repeated in the sheet.





THE announcements of the Clarendon Press, always important, have singularly proper interest in view of the Clarendon Tercentenary, which falls this year.

The History and the Life are being re-issued in large type editions, and also in a single volume.

Other books in preparation are a critically-edited issue of Poe's works, for which Mr. R. Brimley Johnson will be responsible, and a fine old book which scholars have long wished easily available - Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, to be edited by G. H. Mair. The third and final volume of "Critical Essays of the 17th Century," edited by Mr. J. E. Spingarn, may be immediately expected, and a work on "Ionica and the East," from the pen of Mr. D. S. Hogarth.

Another important announcement in the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry is Thomas Love Peacock's "Memoirs of Shelley," which will be followed by "Shelley's Prose in the Bodleian," and "De Quincey's Literary Criticism."

The Cambridge Press has also several important works about to appear.

Mr. Aldis Wright has in his edition of "The Authorised Version of the English Bible, 1611," brought this greatest work of English prose into the already comprehensive series of Cambridge English Classics.

The text is that of the first issue or "She" Bible, so-called from the reading in Ruth iii., 15.

Two further volumes of Dr. Sandy's "History of Classical Scholarships," will be already in the hands of the booksellers, and the third volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature." The sixth volume of Mr. Waller's definitive Beaumont and Fletcher is announced.

If a little late yet none the less hearty is our welcome of "The New Magazine," the latest venture of Cassell's. It is a wonderful production, and deserves the success it seems to have instantly achieved. May it always deserve its name, and evidence refreshing and stimulating novelty.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus announce another Yoshio Markino book, "The Colour of Rome." Mr. Markino will contribute another of his naive essays, but the bulk of the letterpress is to be from the pen of Mr. O. M. Potter.

What should be an inspiring and suggestive work is the collection of apophthegms and dicta of artists, representing the chief movements of European art which have been collected, and are to be edited by Mr. Laurence Benyon, under the title of "The Mind of the Street."

Another book which should have lively interest for the many lovers of Venice in England, is the "Venice in the Eighteenth Century," of M. Philippe Monnier, also to be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The work will deal with the wonderful revival of literary and artistic interest which distinguished Venice in the period named.

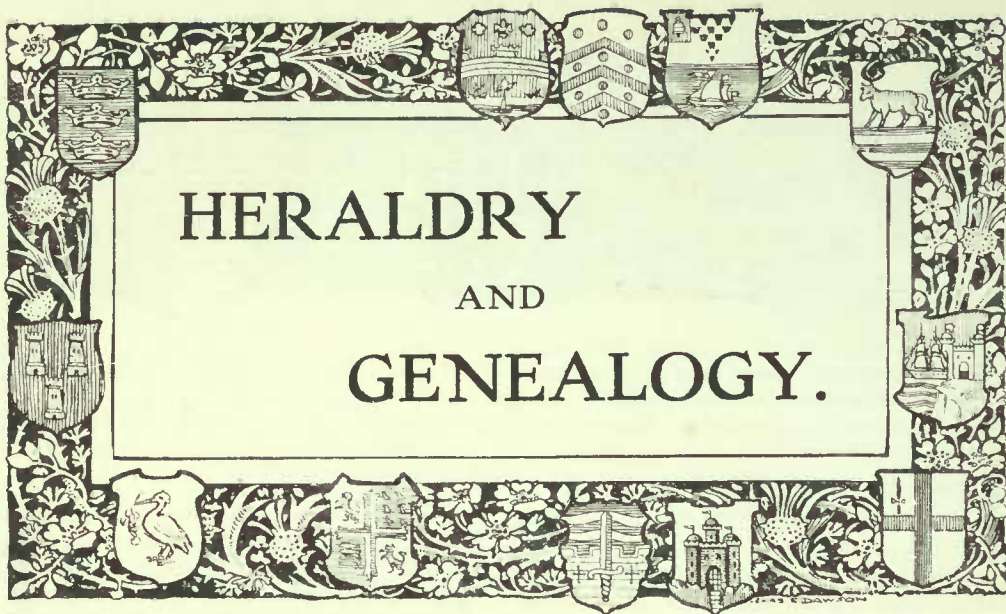
A new volume of Shaw is something of an event, and Messrs. Archibald Constable are to issue "The Doctor's Dilemma" and "Getting Married," shortly. Needless to say each play will have its preface. There are who prefer Mr. Shaw's taste in frames to his taste in pictures, and it is only right that they should be considered.

Another Constable announcement is an historico-novel, by Mr. F. A. Mumby, entitled "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth." Mr. Mumby's method is the linking up into continuous narrative of the letters of writers contemporary with the great Queen.

Messrs. Methuen announce "The Trials of Five Queens," in which Mr. R. Storry Deans deals with the legal aspect of the trials of Mary Queen of Scots, Anne Boleyn, Katherine of Aragon, Maria Antoinette, and Queen Caroline.

The well-received "English in India," of Count Hans Koenigsmark, which had so marked an effect on the tone of the German Press at its appearance, is being translated, and will be issued shortly by Messrs. Kegan Paul,

WILSON BAILY.



A Complete Guide to Heraldry.

"**C**OMPLETE Guide to Heraldry" is a title which is presumptuous enough to invite searching criticism, but the name of A. C. Fox-Davies below lends little encouragement to any hope of finding errors. As a matter of fact the book is all it claims to be, and Bontell may at least be relegated to a well-earned obscurity. Accurate and encyclopædic, the work of Mr. Fox-Davies will serve as a general text book for our time at least.

We are not sure that the illustrations more especially those in colour, are equal in merit to the literary part of the work. They are vigorous enough, and their colour is barbaric in its intensity, but the drawing is not always what might be desired. Perhaps it is asking too much, but it really seems a pity that in a half-guinea book a few *complete* blazonings should not have been included, *i.e.* with metals.

Mr. Fox-Davies points out that yellow has always been used for gold in the Register Books of the College of Arms, but he admits that "the use of gold in emblazonments gives a brilliancy in effect to a collection of coat armour." A praiseworthy feature of the black and white cuts is that no use is made of hatchings, thus following out the practice of the College of Arms, which tricks out the simple black and white drawings there preserved. The use of hatchings

is deprecated in the book, and Mr. Fox-Davies believes that they will be unused and forgotten before long.

Although scrupulously loyal to precedent and tradition, the author insists that heraldry is a living science, and insists on its right to develop and change as suits the altered manners and customs of the present day. As to its popularity a tax of one or two guineas per head which brings in £70,000 to the Exchequer, is a sufficient proof.

A word must suffice to express our satisfaction with the dignified format of the book, which is all that could be desired, and worthy of the house of Jack, which has established a reputation for standard works of this character.

"Complete Guide to Heraldry." A. C. Fox-Davies.
T. C. & E. C. Jack. 10s. 6d. net.
* *

A REASONABLE complaint of English Bibliophiles has been the lack of an English Guigard. This is at length to be supplied by Messrs. Constable who are shortly to publish English Heraldic Book-stamps by Mr. Cyril Davenport. Royal and Noble book-stamps will be fully illustrated and described, and for the assistance of the tyro in heraldry a simple description of heraldic formula is given. That the book will be given a hearty welcome goes without saying.

Several enquiries of late have suggested to us that readers of the "Bibliophile" interested in the subject of Genealogy and Heraldry, should be invited to write for the assistance of the "Bibliophile" expert in any case of difficulty.

Special attention is devoted by the "Bibliophile" expert to tracing pedigrees, enquiring into the accuracy of Armorial Bearings, and other research work.

Book plates will be designed, and paintings of arms made with the utmost accuracy.

The Fees charged will be the lowest compatible with the amount of work involved, and must be paid in advance.

Questions of general interest will be answered free in the Correspondence columns.

N.B.—It is necessary, when making an enquiry, to send the fullest particulars, so far as they are already known.



By J. HERBERT SLATER.

ON March 16th Messrs. Sotheby sold *inter alia* three of the so-called "Trial" books which have, of late years, come to be closely associated with the name of Tennyson. The late Poet Laureate was exceedingly careful and precise and these "Trial" books are in reality advance copies printed for his personal use for purposes of revision—glorified "proofs" on which he might make any corrections or revisions which his fancy dictated. The three Trial books sold on this occasion were "The Falcon" 1879, "The Cup" 1881 and "The Promise of May" 1882, and they realised together £60. It is uncertain how many copies are available and though the number must, in the nature of things, be very small it is probably larger than was at one time generally supposed for it is on record that in November 1899 "The Cup" sold at the same rooms for £46 and "The Falcon" for £52. No difference in condition can account for this variation for all the copies I have mentioned were in their original wrappers and uncut. The inference is that others have come to light in the meantime, and thus another instance is afforded, if any were needed, to prove the existence of that vein of instability which circulates throughout the whole system underlying the market value of books.

During the later part of February and the whole of March up to the time of the sale of the second portion of the Library of the late Lord Amherst of Hackney, held on the 24th and three following days, a very large number of books have been dispersed, most of them of little account, as is always the case, but many of very considerable importance intrinsically as well as from a marketable point of view. A large number of books and pamphlets have also been sold in sets the Library of Lord Polwarth with its extensive and valuable collection of civil war Tracts, pamphlets and newspapers

being especially noticeable. [Further than saying that these realised in the aggregate about £1700 and that most of them belonged at one time to Mr. George Rose, a well-known writer on political and social subjects, it is not possible to enter into detail as the descriptive account of their merits occupied some eighty closely printed pages of the catalogue. Later on a collection of pamphlets by or relating to Martin Luther and a large number of oriental books, chiefly Persian but containing a sprinkling of books in Arabic and Turkish were also sold though for relatively small amounts. In all cases the catalogue descriptions were voluminous nor does sufficient popularity centre in works of the kind to make them of much interest to us. Sotheby's sale of February 18th and 19th, the last of any importance held during that month, is distinctly more noticeable from our point of view and here we find books of all classes and of every shade of importance gathered together from a variety of sources. Such works as the four numbers of "The Germ," 1850 £18 10s., half calf, with the original wrappers bound up, and the Kelmscott edition of "Chaucer's Works" 1896, £42, boards as issued, have been standing favourites for years and it is not necessary to refer to them further. Others there were, however, which enter more often into the everyday life of the collector, such for instance, as the first Edinburgh edition of "Burns's Poems" 1787, which realised £2 10s., calf, Picart's "Ceremonies and Religious Customs" 6 vols., folio 1733-37, £1 18s., calf; and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" 1817, with its 24 coloured plates by Rowlandson, an edition which is becoming in greater request every day, £12 15s., calf extra. It is worthy of note also that the same work with Mulready's illustrations 1843, 8vo, now stands at £1 12s., original cloth. A book very often enquired about and presumably of interest even yet to those who happen to

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have it is Knight's "Old England" 2 vols., 1845. This work *looks* of very considerable value but is not. A number of copies were "remaindered" a few months ago and its value does not now stand higher than 5s. or 6s.

A sale held on March 2nd and 3rd at Sotheby's and another at Hodgson's on the same days were replete with books of an ordinary character from which many selections might be made, the prices realised being reasonable and just what might be expected under ordinary circumstances. The following list will prove useful as the books are constantly met with. Stockdales edition of "Gay's Fables" 2 vols, 1793, with 70 plates by Blake 17s., calf; the first collective edition of "Tennyson's Poems" 2 vols., 1842, £1 11s., half calf; the first edition of Brookes's "Art of Angling," 1740, 12mo, 12s. calf; William Wood's "The Bow-Man's Glory, or Archery Revived," 1682, 19s. calf; Chetwind's "Anthologia Historica" 1674, 8vo., with Wordsworth's signature on the title-page, £1 4s., sheep; the first edition of "Johnson's Dictionary," 2 vols., folio, 1755, Leigh Hunt's copy with his signature, £3 old calf (only a very few copies of the "Dictionary" are known in their original boards); Dr. Isaac Watts's "Psalms of David," the original edition printed in 1719, 8vo., 21s., new calf, a large copy; Hipkins's "Musical Instruments" with 50 plates in colours, 1888, 4to, £3 3s., half morocco, and the following editions de Luxe sold by Messrs. Hodgson on the 2nd. This list will be found useful no doubt as the books are much in evidence at the present time — "Lytton's Novels" 32 vols., Routledge, £7 7s.; George Meredith's Works, with Poems and Essays, 32 vols., 1896-8, £14 10s.; Walter Pater's "Works" with the "Essays from the Guardian," together 9 vols., 1900-1, £10 10s.; "Tennyson's Works," 12 vols., 1898-9, £5 2s. 6d. Charles Lamb's "Works," 12 vols., 1899-1900, £5 15s. "Fitzgerald's Works," 7 vols., 1902-3, £1 12s., and Charles Kingsley's "Life and Works," 19 vols., 1901-3, £6. All these editions de luxe were clean and in their original art-cloth covers, and it may be said that their market value has slightly increased of late.

Mr. J. C. Stevens held an important sale of Natural History Books on March 10th, and though these are not found in every man's Library it may just be mentioned that good prices were realised on the whole. For instance Barrett's "Lepidoptera," 11 vols., complete, 1892-1907 made £22, half Morocco and in parts, and the new issue of Curtis's "British Entomology," 16 vols., 8vo., £11, cloth.

On the 11th and 12th Messrs. Puttick and Simpson held a miscellaneous sale and many old favourites are noticeable, *e.g.* Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," 8 vols., 1827, £1 1s., calf;

Smollett's "Works," by Anderson, 6 vols., 1817, with the series of plates by Rowlandson (not-coloured) £2 15s.; Addison's "Damascus and Palmyra," 2 vols., 1838, with Thackeray's coloured plates, £1 1s. cloth; Rowlandson's "Naples and the Campagna Felice," 1815., 8vo., £2 10s., calf extra; the first edition of Mr. Swinburne's "Songs before Sunrise," 1871, £2, original cloth; Cruikshank's "Omnibus," in the original cloth, 1842, 20s.; the first edition of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" 1850, £2 14s., original cloth and Baskerville's finely printed edition of Addison's Works, 4 vols., 4to, 1761, £2 10s., calf. The question is very often asked what Boswell's "Life of Johnson" in the original is worth. This is not a valuable book, the two volumes published in 1791, 4to, usually realising from £2 10s. to £3 when in old calf. At this sale a copy went for 32s. but it needed rebinding. Another work also frequently enquired about is the first edition of "Gulliver's Travels," 2 vols., 1726. A copy in old calf was disposed of at this sale for £3 15s. but it belonged to the second issue of the first edition, the pagination being continuous throughout. When each "part" into which the story is divided is paged separately and the inscription is under the portrait instead of round it, as is nearly always the case, the value is very greatly augmented. Another work to which attention may be directed, as it is increasing in value, is Miss Burney's "Evelina" 1821-22, with coloured plates by Heath. A copy of this in morocco extra realised as much as £16 16s. at this sale.

The sale of March 16th and 17th, contained some very important books, in addition to Tennyson's "Trial," pieces of which mention was made in the opening words of this article. Blake's "Songs of Innocence and of Experience," 1789, 8vo, the text and illustrations engraved and coloured by the author, realised £166; Nolhac's "Les Femmes de Versailles," a series of 32 large coloured portraits published by Goupil, on Japanese vellum paper, £81; and two tracts by Luther, one the first he ever wrote, "Eyn geystlich edles Buchleyn," printed at Wittenberg in 1516, 4to, £21, and the "Disputatio pro Declaratione Virtutis Indulgentiarum," a tract of four leaves, 1517, £21 10s. Mention must also be made of a very fine set of 12 vols. on large paper, forming "Le Grand Atlas" of Jean Blaeu, published at Amsterdam in 1667. All the maps were finely coloured, as also were the details of costume while the armorial bearings were correctly emblazoned in gold and colours. It is a long time since such a good set has been seen in the auction rooms, and the price realised (£46) bore testimony to its worth. On the 18th and 19th, another sale was held at Sotheby's, which on

IN THE SALE ROOMS

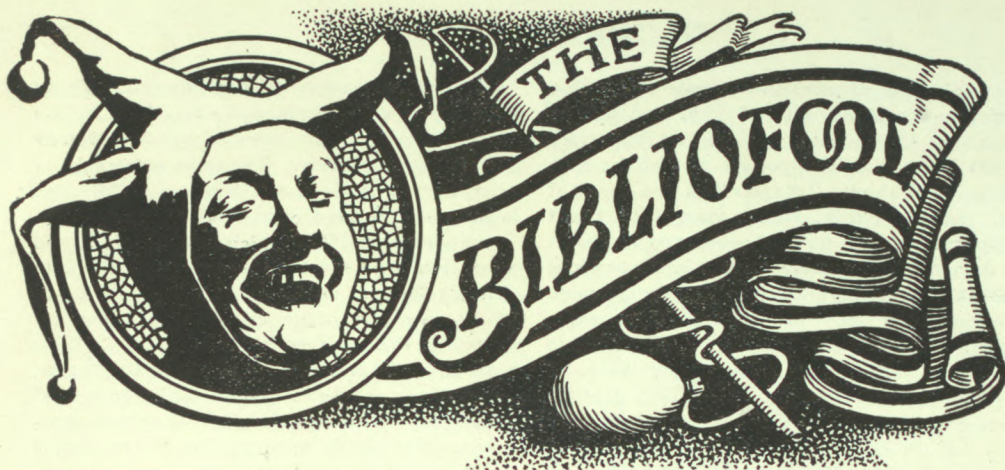
the whole was of more importance still. The catalogue contained but 305 lots, and yet as much as £3,900 was realised, no less than £1,085 being paid for a perfect copy of the first Edition of Walton's "Angler," in the original calf. Large as this amount was, it does not constitute a record, for two years ago almost to the day, Mr. Van Antwerp's copy in the original sheepskin binding, and in the finest possible condition, was sold for £1,290 in the same rooms. "The Angler's Bible," as the book is sometimes called, was published in 1653, at 1s. 6d. At the beginning of the 19th century £3 or £4 had to be paid for a fine copy, in 1850 from £12 to £15, in 1880 about £85, in 1887 about £200, and in 1895 from £400 to £450. We see, therefore, that this value has progressed steadily and slowly, at an early period, and by leaps and bounds in these days of strenuous competition. Where the market value of a book runs into hundreds of pounds it is really very little use to the community at large, except it be enshrined in some library to which all have access, and that, indeed, is the proper place for it. Many books sold at this sale must be placed in the same category. The first edition of Shakespeare's "Poems," 1640, 8vo, £310, calf, second title wanting, is among them, and so is Dean Swift's "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse," 1727, and the third volume of "Miscellanies," making together 4 vols., 1727-32, which realised

£117, for this was Swift's own copy, containing very many corrections and alterations in his handwriting, and therefore of national rather than personal interest. The same remarks precisely may be made of the Bible which Bunyan is supposed to have carried about with him—Field's Bible of 1653 which realised £61, and another copy of the first Edinburgh Edition of Burns's Poems, 1787, having all the lines in which asterisks occur filled in with the full names in the handwriting of the Poet. This realised £75, and was cheap at the price, especially as the volume contained an additional stanza on "Tam Samson," in Burns's autograph. As this is exceptionally interesting, I quote it from the catalogue :—

Here low he lies in lasting rest :
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
Some spitefu' moorfowl higs her nest
To hatch and breed ;
Alas. nae mair he'll them molest
Tam Samsons dead.

Such books as these, either extremely rare in themselves or fortified by notes and comments in the handwriting of their authors, such authors standing in the first rank of those who have conjointly made English literature what it is, and whose names are individually associated with its progress, will remain, so long as the English language shall endure, the chief memorial of its greatness.





TO A HOT CROSS BUN.

IF you wonder, Hot Cross Bun,
Why, this Easter, all your bland
Wiles avail not, read and un-
Derstand.

Well you know what I have been
When there's seasonable fare ;
Each recurring feast has seen
Me there.

Christmas turkey, pudding, pies ;
Twelfth Night's cake, and Shrovetide's too ;
Easter's spicy hot supplies
Of You—

Each has cast in turn its spell,
And have I with all the lot
Ever faltered ? You know well
I've not.

At your orgies in the past
I have led the joyous rout,
But this Easter I at last
Drop out.

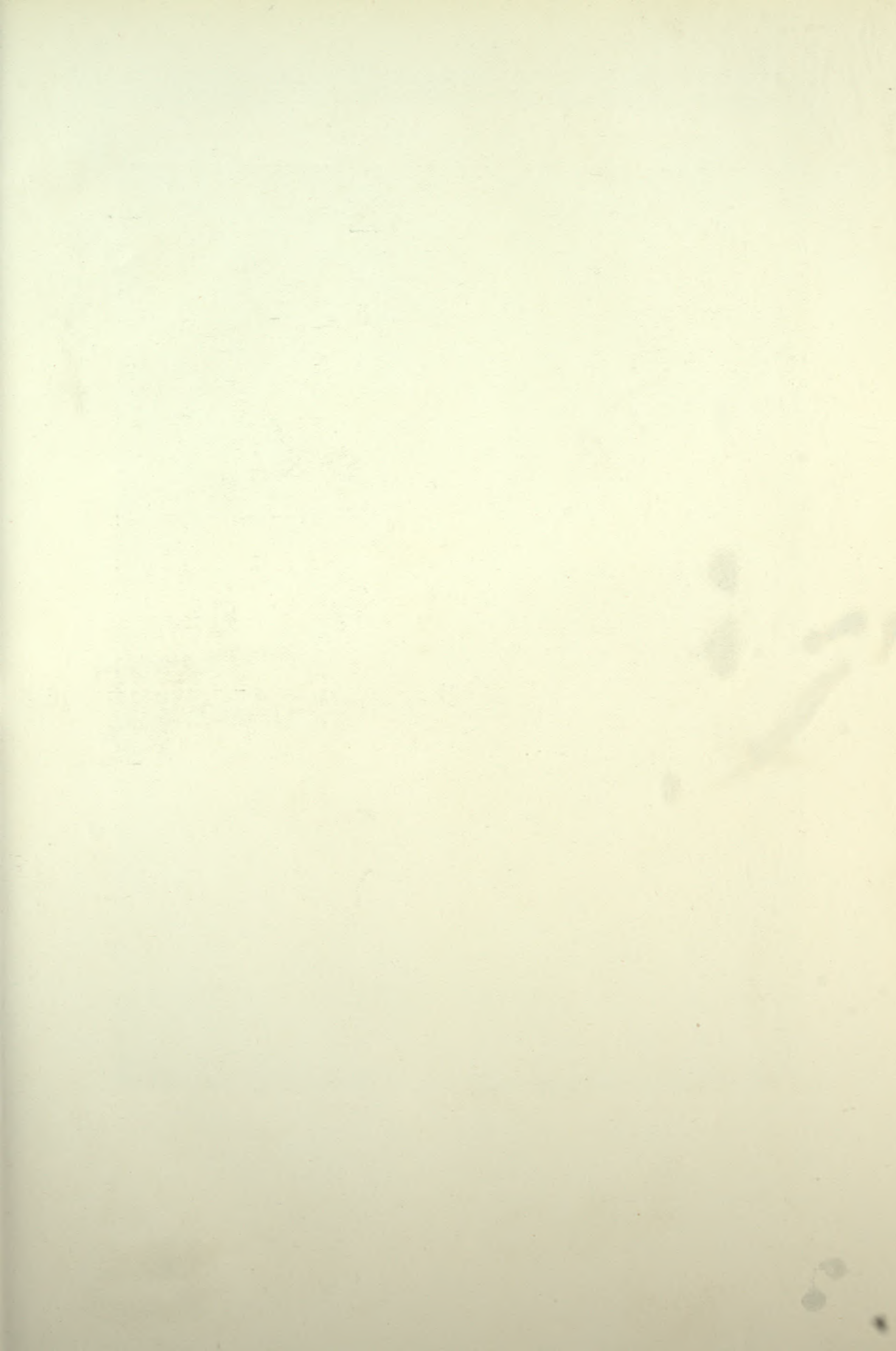
I am on a bed of pain ;
Doctors have me 'neath their thumb ;
Some hing's wrong with, they maintain,
My tum.

All I have my thirst to slake,
Emanates from chemist's shops ;
All the food that I may take
Is slops.

Filled with dreams of lost delight —
Thoughts of what I once could do —
I have begged for just a bite
Of You.

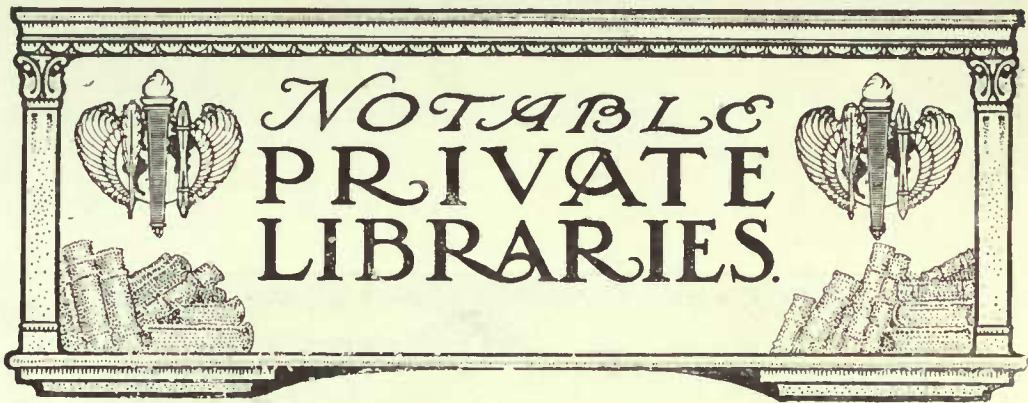
Nought that I can urge will shake
Doctors' orders ; I'm undone ;
In the strictest sense they take
The bun.

C. E. HUGHES.





PORTRAIT OF MILTON.
FROM THE ENGRAVING BY FAITHORNE.



NO. 3.—THE LIBRARY OF MR. WYNNE E. BAXTER, F.G.S., J.P., D.L.

By HAROLD F. B. WHEELER, F. R. Hist. S.

IT may be alleged by the dilettante that we have been surfeited by Milton and Miltoniana during the last few months, but no true bibliophile would say so. *Quantum sufficit* is deleted from the Dictionary of Phrases by all those who really love books and their writers, for you cannot have too much of a good thing in literature. To err is the license of proverb-makers.

Here is a case in point. For twenty or thirty years Mr. Wynne E. Baxter has been amassing—I use the word in no derogatory or greedy sense—a library of works by and on the second greatest figure of all our huge army of men of letters. You are welcomed by a bust of Milton; you leave with a book-plate on which is engraved the portrait of him whom Macaulay calls “the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty.”

There is no putting old wine into new bottles in this collection. The old volumes are in an old house. It was built in the reign of Queen Anne, and formerly sheltered Beaconsfield's grandfather. Isaac Disraeli, Leach, Dickens and Thackeray have hallowed it by their presence. Would that the walls could re-echo the kindly chat of

the compiler of *Curiosities of Literature* and the writer of *Vanity Fair*! And the huge iron chain at the back of the door in the hall could unfold many a romance of the days of highwaymen and such-like worthies. Down Church Street, Stoke Newington, have walked Daniel Defoe, Thomas Day of *Sandford and Merton* fame; Lieut.-General Fleetwood, Oliver Cromwell's son-in-law; John Howard the philanthropist; Isaac Watts, and Dr. Aitken, brother of the hospitable Mrs. Barbauld. Not a few of them lived near-by.

The Inquisitive Age demands the genesis of things, and the modern Canterbury pilgrim to literary shrines put the question. Probably an examination on Milton at London University was the first cause in this case, but it was not until Mr. Wynne Baxter became first Mayor of Lewes that he began to collect in earnest. The result? Three thousand copies of Milton's own writings and books about the man and his work. Agents in various parts of the world send contributions, and I found editions of *Paradise Lost* in Greek, Welsh, Bohemian, Danish, Hungarian, Polish, Icelandic, Portuguese, Swedish, Russian and Italian, to name only a few.

One day many years ago Mr. Wynne

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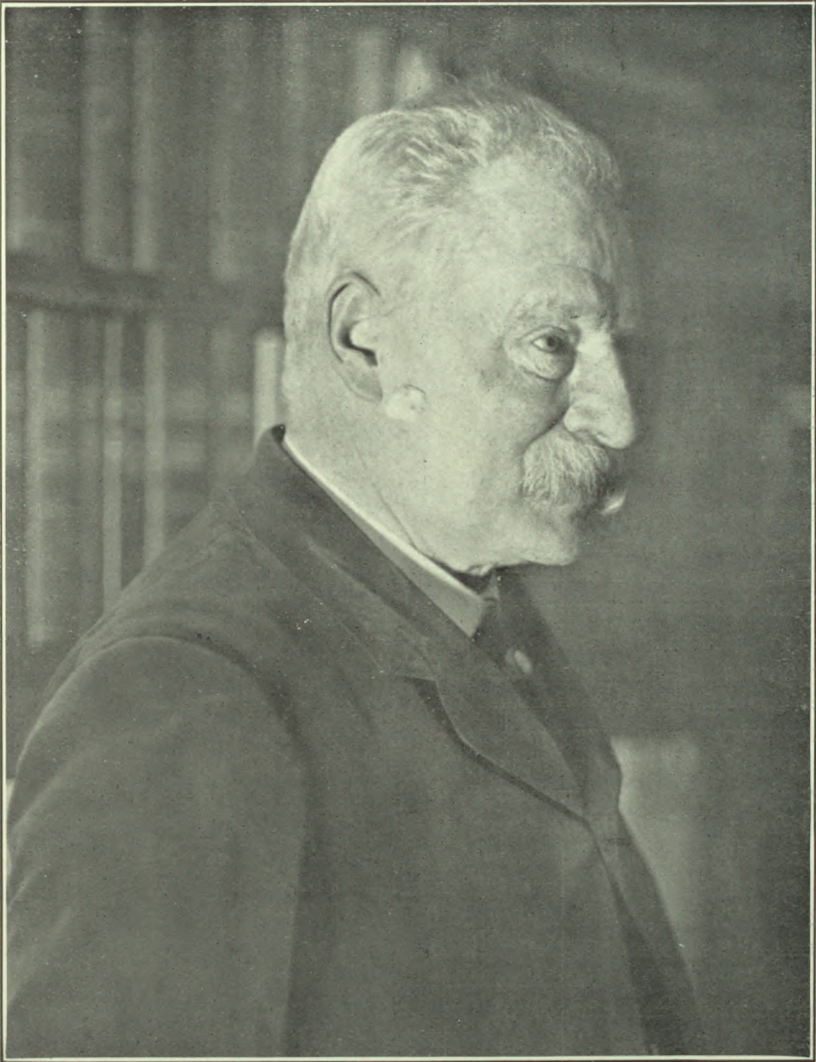


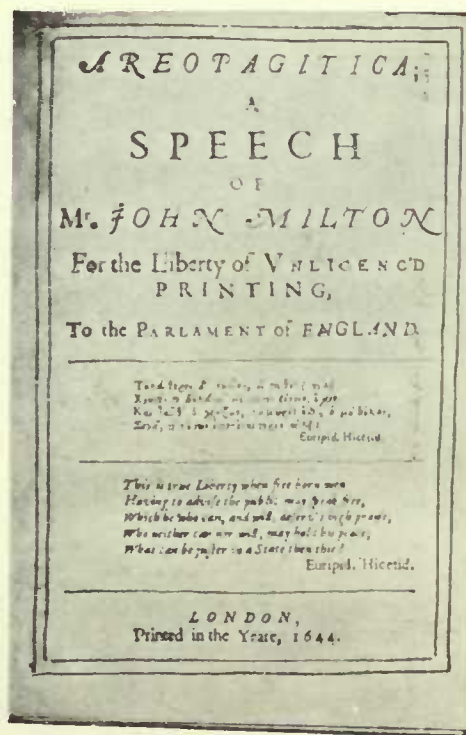
Photo: C. A. Hamilton

WYNNE E. BAXTER, ESQ., F.G.S., J.P., D.L.

Baxter heard that a bookseller near the Law Courts had a copy of the first edition of *Paradise Lost* for disposal. He wanted twenty-five guineas for it, and at that price it changed hands.

The new owner, delighted with his bargain, asked the proprietor of the shop to tell him how much he had originally paid for the work. After considerable hesitation he vouchsafed the information. He had seen it mentioned in a list sent to him by a confrere at Portsmouth, and had given 17s. 6d. for it. To-day it is worth £100 at least.

There are no fewer than six variations of title pages of the first edition. The first title reads as follows :



Title page of First Edition of *Areopagitica*

Paradise lost. A Poem Written in Ten Books
By John Milton. Licensed and Entred according
to Order. London Printed, and are to be sold by
Peter Parker under Creed Church near Aldgate;
And by Robert Boulter at the Turks Head in
Bishopsgate-street: And Matthias Walker, under
St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, 1657
(4to, 2 x 340 pp.)

The second title page (1667) is as above, but the author's name is in smaller type; in the third title (1668), of which there are two variations, it is reduced to "The Author J.M.", but there are fourteen extra pages in this and later editions. The additional matter is made up of an "Address," "The printer to his reader," signed S. Simmons; "The Argument," being a synopsis of the plot; "The Verse," explaining that the measure is English

Heroic verse without rhyme; and a page of Errata. "In some copies," says Mr. Wynne Baxter, "there is no 'Address'; in others it consists of three lines of bad grammar, and in others there are five lines of better English. The Errata also exists in two editions. Moreover, the 'Verse' varies and was set up twice."

In the fourth title (1668) there is a change of booksellers. The names of S. Thomson at the Bishops Head in Duck-lane, and H. Mortlack, at the White Hart in Westminster Hall, are added, and Peter Parker is deleted. St. Dunstons is spelt correctly, and there is a four-line *fleur-de-lis* ornament between

the author's name and the imprint.

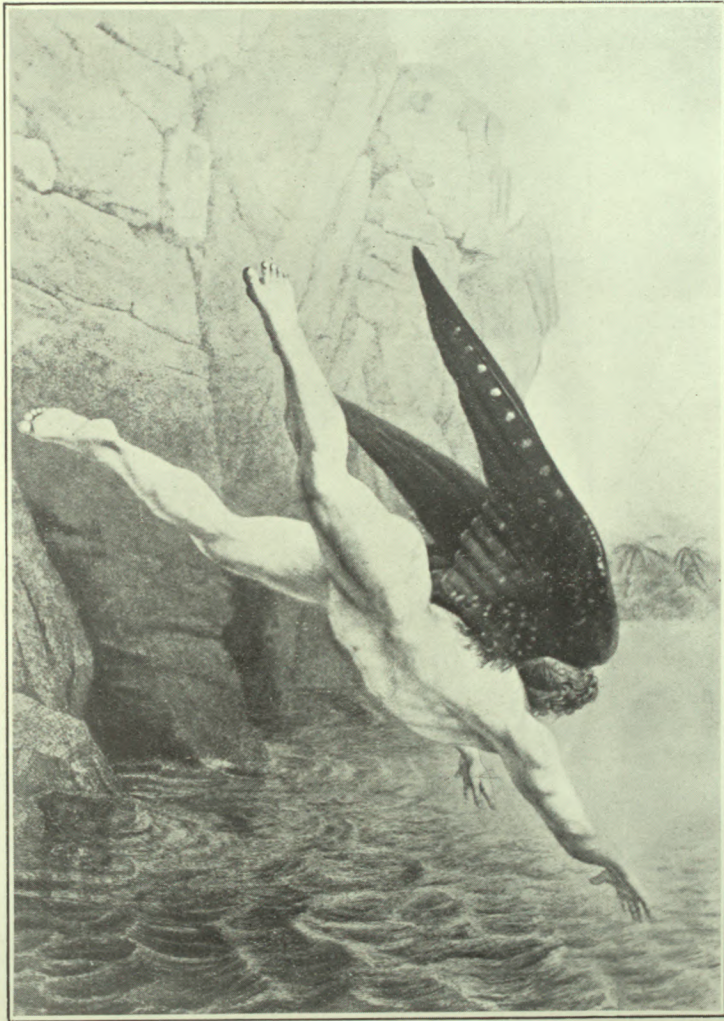
The fifth title (1669) mentions but one bookseller and him a new one, namely T. Helder at the Angel in Little Brittain. The author's name is again given in full. This is not such a rarity as the others. The sixth title, commonly called the eighth (1669), is practically a facsimile of the fifth. "London" is set in smaller type, "Angel" is set in italics, and a comma takes the place of a full-point after "Little Brittain." It should be also noted that there are certainly three editions, if not more, of the fourteen extra pages, there are at least two different printings of most of the sheets

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of the First Edition, and one sheet was altered eight times during the process of printing.

What purported to be the MS. of the first book of *Paradise Lost* came into

the market in 1904. Mr. Wynne Baxter found that it did not accord altogether with the published work, and came to the conclusion that it was not the actual "copy" used by the



SATAN PLUNGING IN THE STYX
BY FLATTERS

From a sumptuously illustrated
edition of *Paradise Lost*

printer. It was bought in at £5,000, and now is believed to be in the collection of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The only known Milton MS. in England is at Trinity College, Cambridge ; his

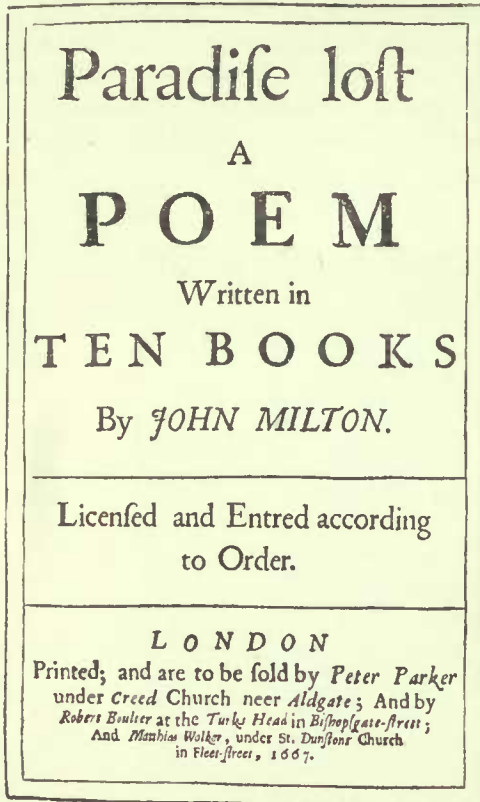
Commonplace Book was purchased by the British Museum in 1900, from Sir Richard James Graham, Bart., of Netherby.¹ In the library under consideration there are fourteen copies of

1.—Published in facsimile in 1876 by the Royal Society of Literature.



SATAN AWAKENS HIS LEGIONS

From the Engraving attributed to Medina
Paradise Lost, Book I.



Facsimile of First Title page of First Edition.

the first edition of Milton's masterpiece, including two copies of every title-page. Individual items, it may be noted, have sold for over £300.

Mr. Wynne Baxter has an elaborate index of Milton pictures, painters and engravers, and he is now at work on a large catalogue of Miltoniana. Many illustrated copies of Milton's epic grace the crowded bookshelves. One of the quaint pictures in an early edition of *Paradise Lost*, "Printed by Miles Flesher, for Richard Bently, at the Post-Office in Russell-street, and Jacob Tonson at the Judge's-Head in Chancery-lane near Fleet-street. MDCLXXXVIII," is reproduced herewith. There is a frontispiece of the author by R. White.

It is alleged that the poet was indebted to a work by Thomas Brightman for many ideas in *Paradise Lost*,

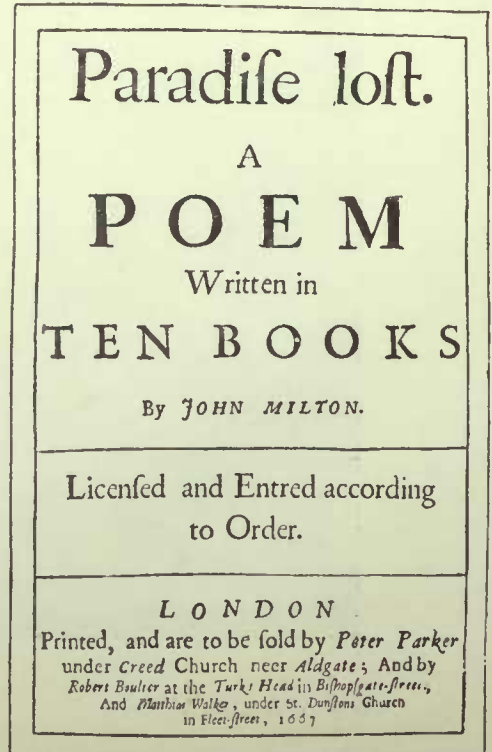
Here it is, a somewhat bulky quarto of 8—366 pages. I give the title-page in full for the benefit of would-be possessors:

The Revelation of St. Iohn. Illustrated with Analysis and Scholions. ** Together with A most comfortable Exposition of the last and most difficult part of the Prophecy of Daniel ** By Thomas Brightman ** Amsterdam. Printed by Thomas Stafford: ** 1644.

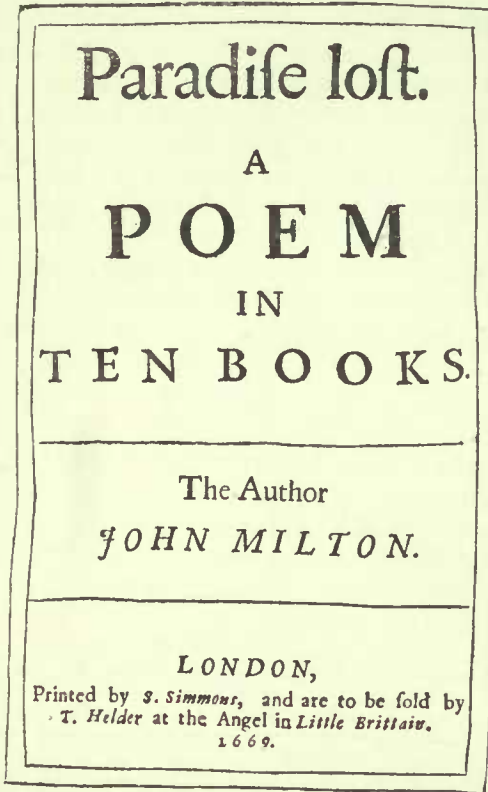
That Milton owed the idea of writing a sequel to *Paradise Lost* to that long-suffering Quaker Thomas Ellwood is generally admitted, but the notion was a fairly obvious one. *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* were issued bound together in 1671, but with separate title-pages. On the fly-leaf at the beginning are the words "Licensed July 2, 1670," the titles reading:

Paradise Regain'd. A Poem. In IV Books. To which is added Samson Agonistes. The Author John Milton. London. Printed by J. M. for John Starkey at the Mitre in Fleetstreet, near Temple-bar. 1671

*Samson Agonistes. A Dramatic Poem. The Author John Milton. ** London. Printed by J. M. for John Starkey at the Mitre in Fleetstreet, near Temple-Bar. 1671.*



Facsimile of Second Title of First Edition



Facsimile of Fifth Title of First Edition (commonly called the Seventh).

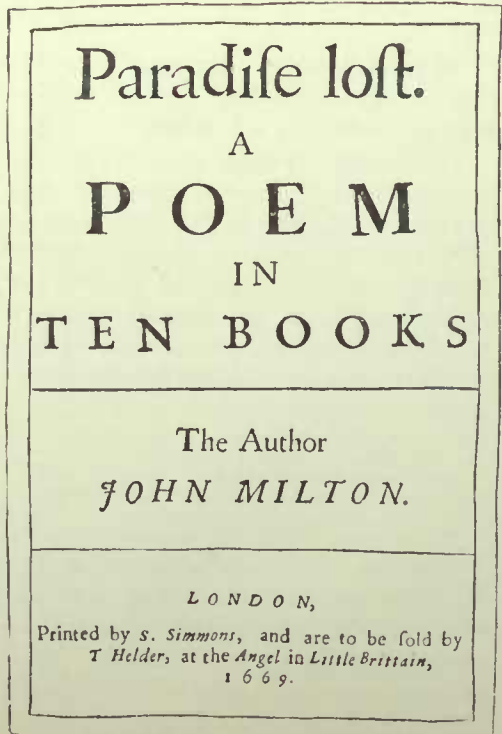
enough, but on opening his *Essays* quite casually I find a sentence of 124 words in his biography of Bacon. Most of us will be content to accept the great historian's verdict as to "the sublime wisdom of the *Areopagitica*." We know that Milton was not satisfied with his prose, in the writing of which he confessed that "I have the use, as I may account it, but of my left hand." Fortunately that member rendered more useful and lasting service than the right hand of many pedants.

Mr. Wynne Baxter has practically every edition of Milton's many pamphlets. *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, issued exactly a fortnight after the execution of Charles I., and a little over a month before the author's appointment as Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council, is of special

importance from the bibliophile's point of view. It was published twice in 1649, and a second edition came out in 1650, but probably no collector has been successful in obtaining the three copies. The British Museum has the first editions of 1649 and 1650, but not the second printing of the former year. Mr. Wynne Baxter possesses the editions of 1649. The lengthy title of the first edition, a quarto pamphlet, 2 × 42 pp., runs :

The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates: Proving, That it is Lawfull, and hath been held so through all Ages, for any who have the Power, to call to account a Tyrant, or wicked King, and after due conviction, to depose, and put him to death: if the ordinary Magistrate have neglected, or deny'd to doe it. And that they, who of late, so much blame Deposing, are the Men that did it themselves. The author J. M. London, Printed by Matthew Simmons, at the Gilded Lyon in Aldersgate Street, 1649.

The same wording is used to "themselves" in the second title of 1649, but the spacing is a little different. It then continues :



Facsimile of Sixth Title of First Edition (commonly called the Eighth).

Published now the second time with some additions, and many Testimonies also added out of the best & learnedest among Protestant Divines asserting the position of this book. The Author J. M. London. Printed by Matthew Simmons, next doore to the Gil-Lyon in Aldersgate Street, 1649.

Eighteen extra pages are included.

Of universal interest is a copy of the first edition of *Poems of Mr. Iohn Milton, both English and Latin, compos'd at several times (1645)*, the title-page of which reveals "John" as a humorist. It contains the

first published portrait of Milton, alleged to represent him at the age of twenty-one, engraved by William Marshall, and is a gross caricature of the student who was known at Cambridge as "The Lady of Christ's College." The author passed the proof, but requested that four lines of Greek should be inserted underneath, to

to the effect "That this likeness had been drawn by an unskilful hand, you would say at once, if you could see the original, but, my friends, as you cannot recognise the portrait, laugh at the misrepresentation of this botching artist." The book is both rare and valuable. A defective copy was sold for no less than £99 six years ago. The Latin poems occupy 87 pages,

and have a separate title-page and pagination.

In a necessarily curtailed article such as this, I must be forgiven if I get no further than the threshold of the subject. In addition to Miltoniana Mr. Wynne Baxter has a large collection of works on Diatomaceæ and Egypt, subjects sufficiently divergent to show that he is a man of extensive

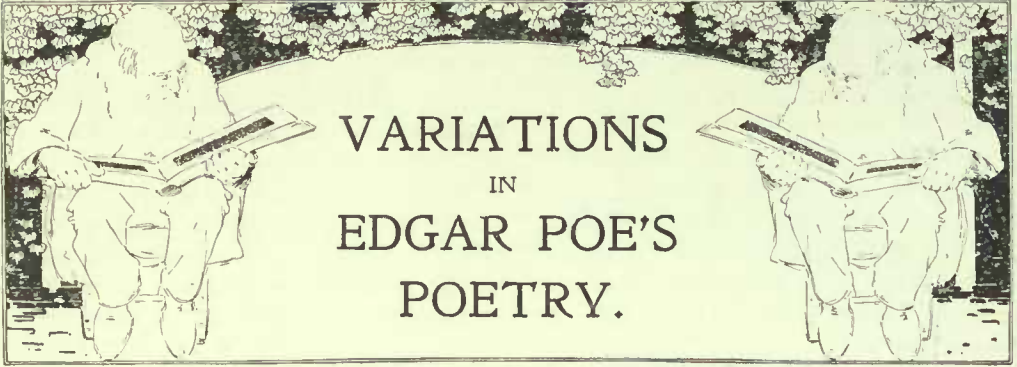
reading and, it should be added, of research. Not the least interesting work in the latter department is an Egyptian dictionary, extending to several volumes, the hieroglyphics being drawn by hand. As one might surmise, it is by a German scholar, Heinrich Brugsch, and was published at Leipzig.

"... as good

almost kill a Man as kill a good Book;" says Milton, "who kills a Man kills a reasonable creature, God's Image; but hee who destroyes a good Booke, kills Reason it selfe, kills the Image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a Man lives a burden to the Earth; but a good Booke is the pretious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalm'd and treasur'd up on purpose to a Life beyond Life."



Mr. Wynne E. Baxter's book-plate.



VARIATIONS IN EDGAR POE'S POETRY.

By JOHN H. INGRAM.

"**M**OST writers—poets in especial—prefer having it understood that they compose by a species of fine frenzy," said Edgar Poe, and then guided by his own experience explains how contrary that is to fact. To prove the truth of the theory he propounds, that poems may be works of art—of mechanism—he proceeds to relate how his best known poem, "The Raven," was made, step by step, from origin to completion, "with the precision and rigid consequence of a mathematical problem."

At this moment it is needless to inquire whether Edgar Poe wrote his essay on "The Philosophy of Composition" in jest or earnest, but what can be proved is that he, like many another famous poet, did not disdain to revise and amend his metrical work over and over again, even after it had been placed before the public. Could the original draft of "The Raven" be discovered, doubtless, it would present many vital divergencies from the accepted text, and, as it is, numerous variations are to be found between the different versions of the poem which appeared during the lifetime of the author and with his sanction. The first authorised publication of "The

Raven" was in the New York *Evening Mirror* of January 29th, 1845, the second, really intended to have been the first, and the same in text, appeared in the *American Review* for February; the third was a reprint in the *Broadway Journal*, and the fourth in Poe's volume, "The Raven and Other Poems," all published in 1845.

The fourth revision of "The Raven" may be accepted as giving Poe's last word on the subject, and has every claim to be regarded as the standard version. The minor modifications of these varying texts, even when improvements, do not call for much comment: they include the substitution of "sought" for "tried"; "stillness" for "darkness"; "minute" for "instant"; "living human" for "sub-lunary"; "startled" for "wondering"; "seraphim those footfalls," for "angels whose faint foot-falls," and some other slighter changes, but in the twelfth stanza occurs a note-worthy and important alteration. In place of the splendid roll of melancholy music which now causes the concluding lines of the stanza referred to to be regarded as the finest and most quoted in the poem, lines four to six originally ended thus weakly:

The Bells.

By Edgar A. Poe

1.

Hear the sledge with the bells —

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the very air of night!

While the stars that overshinkle

All the Heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells, ~~bells~~,

Bells, bells, bells —

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2

Hear the mellow wedding bells —

Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight! —

From the molten-golden notes

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens while she floats

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the Future! — how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells! —

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, ~~bells~~,

Bells, bells! bells —

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

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' Followed fast and followed faster so when Hope he
 would adjure,
Stern Despair returned, instead of the sweet Hope
 he would adjure,
That sad answer, ' Nevermore ! '

Next to "The Raven" in importance as regards length and popularity is "The Bells." Of this poem the changes from its inception to its present state are drastic. The subject and some lines of the first version having been suggested to Poe by his friend Marie Louise Shew, in circumstances needless to recapitulate here, in writing out the first draft the poet headed it, "The Bells. By Mrs. M. L. Shew."

This first version, consisting only of seventeen lines, subsequently became my property : it reads thus :

The bells! — ah, the bells!
The little silver bells!
How fairy-like a melody there floats
From their throats —
From their merry little throats —
From the silver, tinkling throats
O the bells, bells, bells —
Of the bells!

The bells!—ah, the bells!
The heavy iron bells!
How horrible a monody there floats
From their throats—
From their deep-toned throats—
From their melancholy throats!
How I shudder at the notes
O, the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells!

In the autumn of 1848 Poe, after adding three new lines and omitting two from the above version of "The Bells," and making various slighter changes, sent the poem to Sartain's *Union Magazine*, but the lady then editing that publication did not appear to consider the piece suitable for the periodical. In the following February the unfortunate author made another and greatly lengthened version and forwarded that also to the same magazine, but with a similar result. It was not deemed worthy publication. Three months having elapsed Poe actually made a fourth attempt, and having revised the poem to its present state sent it also to the *Union Magazine*. It was put on one side and would, doubt

less, have been relegated eventually to the waste paper basket had not its author suddenly died. A demand arose for the dead man's work, so "The Bells" was published, in the November number of the periodical. Various changes had been made in the penultimate draft of the poem, and Poe having preserved a copy of the piece as revised, which copy eventually passed into our hands, these alterations are available for inspection. Many of the changes were merely transposition of words, and it is not until the sixth line of the fourth stanza is reached that any verbal revision occurs when "meaning" was altered into the more sonorous "menace"; and the eighth line was changed from "out their ghostly throats" to the "rust within their throats"; whilst in the eleventh line for "who live" was substituted "they that sleep." A nineteenth line of little value reading, "But are pestilential carcases disparted from their souls," was cancelled, and the line following "They are Ghouls," was substituted for "called Ghouls." These many and thoughtful revisions show how a poet of Poe's calibre could alter and improve a metrical production from a slight lyric of no importance into an impressive masterpiece.

"Ulalume" is one of the most weird as well as most melodious poems in English literature. It was first published anonymously in the December, 1847, number of Colton's *Whig Review*, as "To— — Ulalume: a Ballad," after having been rejected by the woman editor of the *Union Magazine*. It was reprinted in the *Home Journal* of January 1st, 1848, and the editor, N. P. Willis, raised a query as to its authorship, but apparently, that question had already been settled in the *Providence Journal*. Some slight changes were subsequently made in the version left by Poe, but the cancellation, at the sug-

VARIATIONS IN EDGAR POE'S POETRY

Hear the loud alarm bells —
 Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells
 In the startled ear of Night
 How they scream out their affright!
~~Much~~ too horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire —
 In a mad exhortation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire
 And a resolute endeavor
 How — now to sit, or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of despair!
 How they clang and clash and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 In the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear, it fully knows
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows: —
 Yes, the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the ^{anger} ~~clamor~~ of the bells
 Of the bells —
 Of the bells, their bells, their bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 In the ^{clamor} ~~anger~~ and the clanging of the bells.

gestion of Mrs. Whitman, of the feeble and awkwardly phrased final stanza, was a real improvement. The cancelled lines were these :—

Said we, then—we two then—" Ah, can it
Have been that the woodlandish ghouls—
The pitiful, merciful ghouls.
To bar up our way and to ban it
From the secret that lies in these wolds—
From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds—
Have drawn up the spectre of a planet
From the limbo of lunary souls—
This sinfully, scintillant planet
From the Hell of the planetary souls?"

Many of Poe's admirers regard "Annabel Lee" as his finest poetic production. It was his latest poem, and was not published until after his death. It had been composed but a short time before the end came, and his final revision was that given in the posthumous collection of his works. It is evidently a dirge for his unforgotten bride—an expression of undying love for his lost wife—although certain of his lady admirers sought to have it regarded as a response to their admiration. The author sent a copy of the ballad to the *Union Magazine*, despite the fact its editor had the unused MS. of "The Bells" on hand already. After suffering some time from hope deferred as to its fate, he gave a copy of it to the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. The poem was still being held in reserve by the lady who edited the *Union*, she evidently deeming Poe's poetic manuscripts as of slight value, when the poet's sudden death, on 7th October, 1849, caused his papers to pass into the hands of Griswold. Finding the revised poem, he quoted it in an obituary of its author, in the *New York Tribune*, before anyone else had a chance of publishing it. In the following month the piece appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and in the next January the first version was issued in the *Union Magazine*. The variations in the different manuscripts of "Annabel Lee" are few, but one

is valuable, and has given rise to much controversial correspondence. The last line of the last stanza in the text according to the *Southern Literary Messenger* is, "In her tomb by the side of the sea," but in Poe's final draft of the poem this utterly commonplace version was revised to "by the sounding sea," a fit finish for a beautiful ballad.

The melodious lines "For Annie" were written early in 1848. They were first published in *The Flag of Our Union*, a short-lived periodical, which has entirely disappeared: not a copy is known to exist. Poe being annoyed at several misprints in the publication, caused a corrected copy to be inserted in the *Home Journal*. The text now in circulation is from the collected edition of 1850, but that differs in several respects from the draft of the poem as given by the author to "Annie" herself, the copy which is now in our possession. In our manuscript the punctuation is more typical of Poe's general mannerisms, and some of the variations seem preferable to the published version. Most of the changes consist of the transference of words from one line to the previous one, as for instance, the second stanza beginning,—

" Sadly I know
I am shorn of my strength ;"

in our copy reads

" Sadly I know I am
Shorn of my strength."

Other changes include the substitution of "glory" for "passion" in the sixth line of the sixth stanza; of "pansy" for "pansies" all through the tenth stanza; of "truth" for "love" in the eleventh stanza; "Stars in the sky" for "Stars of the Heaven" in the third line, and "light" for "thought" in the fifth line of the final stanza, as well as various more minute changes.

VARIATIONS IN EDGAR POE'S POETRY

4.

Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells:

What a world of solemn thought: their monody conveys
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright:
Al! the melancholy ~~measuring~~ ^{monace} of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From ~~out their gloomy mounds~~ ^{these thin veils}
Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people
~~They that sleep~~
~~Who~~ ^{who} lie up in the steeple

Still alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone.
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human,
But are pestilential carcasses disparted from their souls —
Called Shrouls: —

And their king it is who tolls: —
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls
A Paan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the Paan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the Paan of the bells —
Of the bells: —

For Annie.
by Edgar A. Poe.

Thank Heaven! — the crisis —
The danger is past;
And the lingering illness
Is over at last —
And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know, I am
Thorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move,
As I lie at full length: —
But no matter! — I feel
I am better, at length.

And I rest so composedly
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead —
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The sickness — the nausea —
The pitiless pain —
Have ceased, with the fever
That maddened my brain —
With the fever called "Living".
That burned in my brain.

The moaning and groaning —
The sighing and sobbing —
Are quieted now; with
The horrible throbbing
At heart: — oh, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

And ah, of all tortures
That torture the worst
Has abated — the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthalene river
Of glory accurst: —
I have drank of a water
That quenches all thirst: —

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground —
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never be
Foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy,
And narrow my bed,
For man never slept
In a different bed —
And, to sleep, you must slumber
In just such a bed

My tantalized spirit here
Blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses —
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses.

For now, while so quietly
Lying, I fancy
A holier odor about me,
Of pansy —
A rosemary odor
Commingled with pansy —
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansy.

VARIATIONS IN EDGAR POE'S POETRY

And so I lie happily
 Bathing in many
 A dream of the love
 And the beauty of Annie —
 Drowned in a bath
 Of the tresses of Annie

—
 She tenderly kissed me —
 She fondly caressed —
 And then I fell gently
 To sleep on her breast —
 Deeply to sleep from the
 Heaven of her breast.

—
 When the light was extinguished
 She covered me warm,
 And she prayed to the angels
 To keep me from harm —
 To the queen of the angels
 To shield me from harm.

—
 And I lie so composedly
 Now, in my bed,
 (Knowing her love)
 That you fancy me dead —
 And I rest so contentedly
 Now, in my bed,
 (With her love at my breast)
 That you fancy me dead —
 That you shudder to look at me,
 Thinking me dead: —

—
 But my heart it is brighter
 Than all of the many
 Stars of the Heaven — for it
 Sparkles with Annie —
 It glows with the thought
 Of the love of my Annie —
 With the thought of the light
 Of the eyes of my Annie

Apart from its intrinsic merit, "The Coliseum" is interesting from the fact that being selected in 1833, by the adjudicators of a Baltimore publication, for a prize, it was the means of first bringing Edgar Poe's name before the public as an author. Eventually, the prize gained by Poe for "The Coliseum" was not assigned to him, as he had gained a higher award for a prose story, and there is no proof that the poem was published earlier than August, 1835, when it was issued in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. A fragment of the poem in our possession appears to date back to the time of the Baltimore prize competition in 1833, and is, therefore, the earliest known literary manuscript in Poe's handwriting. The only variation in our fragment, as far as it goes, from the accepted text of 1845, is of "stand" in lieu of "kneel" in the seventh line, but many other and more important changes were made, if the *Messenger* version may be regarded as the same as the prize poem. After the eleventh line the following words are deleted, —

"Gaunt vestibules and phantom-peopled aisles ;"

and the twenty-first line was followed by these —

"Here where on ivory couch the Cæsar sate
 On bed of moss lies gloating the foul adder,"

Several lesser alterations are made, greatly improving the poem as a whole.

Poe's most original poem is "The Conqueror Worm." It is unique in subject and treatment; it is without a parallel in literature. The title of the poem was derived from a line in a lyric Poe reviewed in Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine*, for June, 1840, but nothing beyond the title was gained from the lyric referred to. As a separate poem "The Conqueror Worm" appeared in *Graham's Magazine* for January, 1843, and afterwards, being embodied in Poe's tale of "Ligeia," was republished in various periodicals. The

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Type of the antique Rome - rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length at length after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst
(Thirst for the springs of love that in thee lie)
I stand, an altered and an humble man
Amid thy shadowy, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom and glory!

standard text is that of 1845, which differs in many respects from that of 1843. In the first stanza, "an angel" took the place of "a mystic"; in the second stanza "formless" was substituted for "shadowy"; in the second line of the last stanza "quivering" was adopted in place of "dying"; and a few other changes, all improvements, were made.

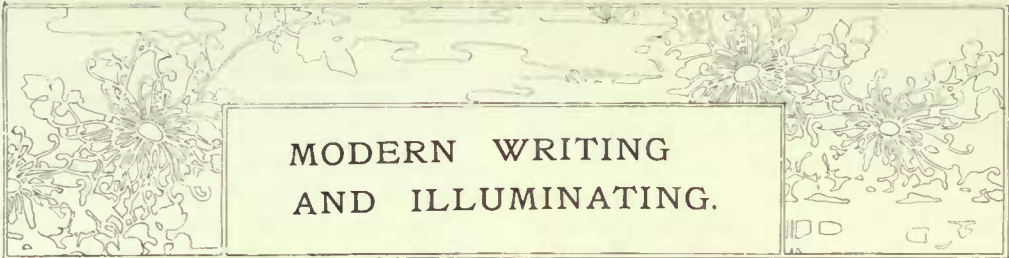
Most of Poe's poems underwent similar and in some cases more radical revisions than those described, but sufficient has been said to prove that his lyrical work, if originally inspired, like that of most great masters of poesy, underwent much thoughtful polishing before its author was satisfied to leave it to the judgment of posterity.







ILLUMINATION by
Miss Jessie Bayes.



MODERN WRITING AND ILLUMINATING.

By SAML. CLEGG.

PART II.

THE continuously accelerated decline in the art of the illuminator from the thirteenth century to the Renaissance was due to many causes, but most of all to one—the besetting sin of all movements come to success. This evil was the confusion of essential and accident, spirit and form, matter and manner.

The early mediæval shoemaker, having made a shoe to fit, and wishing to give it grace, elongated the toe. But the sumptuary statutes of Richard II. were directed against a toe which had become more important than the shoe. The tail had to be forbidden to wag the dog. The modern shoemaker—worse still—with his direct eye to art, makes a pointed toe before he considers the fit of the shoe, and lames a generation.

The mediæval architect—probably no architect at all, but a man who was building his own house—built simply as need directed, and as fresh needs came along, as the family grew and means allowed, altered and added; the result was the picturesque old-time manor house or grange.

To-day the hired house designer sees to style and art, neglecting the weightier matters of need and comfort, in the end securing neither use nor beauty.

So too, men in bygone and simpler days formed their lives by ideals—narrow, possibly, but intense, mean but fixed, and in “the trivial round, the

common task” came very near to God. And to-day the power of the Church, the pomp of the temple, and the pride of theology might well be spared for the artlessness of the child which would lift for us the latch of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Art for art’s sake is an old falsity. The meat not the life, the raiment rather than the body, is always the cry when in times of decadence men walk with eyes and mind bent down to earth.

The early illuminators reverently decorated the written word, exercising their art in sacrificial subservience to the text to which it did honour. That text was written, as was shown in a previous article, with exquisite skill and was itself of such fine form as to be in the truest sense decorative.

The addition of the splendour of gold and colour to the text was strictly an adornment, but the temptation to emphasise decoration at the expense of text proved the ruin of the art. As the borders became more pretentious the writing became debased in design and careless in execution; the two faults each magnified the other.

By the fifteenth century the decoration itself had lost all unity of design; petty and haphazard natural forms being the motifs of the borders.

It was not a good thing that in the revival of the art of illumination in the last century so much attention was given to decoration and so little to

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lettering. The result was the adoption of the disproportionate view of the art which obtained in the centuries prior to the Renaissance, and no really fine and satisfying work was done, even by enthusiasts like the Audsleys. The tendency to-day is all the other way, with the result that fine lettering is much more general than fine illumination.

The decorated sonnet, the work of Mr. Percy J. Smith, which appeared in the April number of "The Bibliophile," is a rare example of the combination of beautiful lettering and restrained and pleasing decoration.

The result of the subordination of the border and initial is that the lettering maintains its interest, the more so as the first two lines and the following initials are in gold. At the same time the intrinsic beauty of the decoration, the careful disposition of the forms within the large initial, and the dignity of the capital word preserve the composition from the least suspicion of feebleness or monotony.

A perfect piece of illumination is rather comparable to a fresco or tapestry than a picture. This last is a trivial thing in a room, movable and temporary, one among many things. A fresco or wall-hanging goes shares with nothing else and so far as the sense of sight is concerned is the wall itself.

So a page of a written book, whether simple black script—the brick-work as it were of the page—or with partial decoration or entirely decorated, is always to be considered as a unit—or rather the two pages of the open book are the unit and the congruence of beauty of text and splendour of decoration and their disposition on the pages are the whole art of the illuminator.

It follows then that the more glorious the decoration of the page, the more dignified and important must be the text.

It hardly needs mention that in style, text and decoration should be one.

To adorn a tenth century text with a fifteenth century decoration would be at least as bad as putting one of the portals of the great west front of



Peterboro' Cathedral into a St. John's Wood example of Queen Anne.

The work of Miss Jessie Bayes, which illustrates this article, is inspired by the best traditions of writer and illuminator, and is hardly less rich in the intensity of its colouring and the brilliancy of its gold than the finest examples of mediæval art.

MODERN WRITING AND ILLUMINATING

How entirely it conforms to the strictest canons of the art is at once apparent from the examples given.

The colour-plate which is the first page of a wonderfully beautiful Communion Service, beautiful as it is gives but the faintest idea of the subdued splendours of the original.



The form of the page is commonly to be found in early British and Irish service books. The division of the page into compartments is also a point of likeness.

Though not immediately concerned with the symbolism of the page one cannot but notice the happy relationship of the various ideas typified.

The unifying idea suggested by the wide spreading vine which binds the whole design is Christ's saying—"I am the vine—ye are the branches."

A more splendid piece of work is reproduced in the text. The two opening pages of "Sigurd the Volsung" are an admirable example of the right use of illumination. The capital letters and the first lines are the essential units of the page, and the decoration though large and powerful in its conception forms with the text a superb whole (figs. 1 and 2).

The treatment of the second capital suggests Scandinavian influence.

The half-tone cuts give no sense of the gorgeous colouring and the gleam and glitter of the gold. The gold lettering shews too at a disadvantage as the reflections make the edges appear ragged.

It will be remarked that the examples of Miss Bayes' art shewn here differ entirely in their inspiration.

"The Lady of Shalott" (fig. 3) in lettering and decoration breathes the very spirit of old romance—

"Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold;"

The page is all aglow with pomp and circumstance, alike in the bravery of the housing and armour of the borders. Unfortunately, in the reproduction the brilliant gold background of the capital letter shows up in a black mass which is the direct opposite of the original. In the exquisite miniatures of the capital letter the artist has seized a most important essential of the best mediæval art.

In his address to the Birmingham art students in 1894 William Morris said—"I have always noticed in good mediæval designs, a peculiar kind of interest and ornamental quality which is quite lacking in most of those of the Renaissance and of modern times." And this seems to me to be caused by

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the planes of the figures being very near each other in the mediæval designs and their being separated from each other by long perspectives in the later periods, which latter method produces an emptiness and lack of interest which destroy all ornamental effect.

texts, almanacks, inscriptions, etc., is hardly possible.

If these things could only be treated with taste and skill they would have a real and intrinsic value. Not only so but a considerable service would be done to the arts if commissions were

entrusted—not to ticket writers and lithographic stationers but to artists like those whose work has been illustrated in these articles.

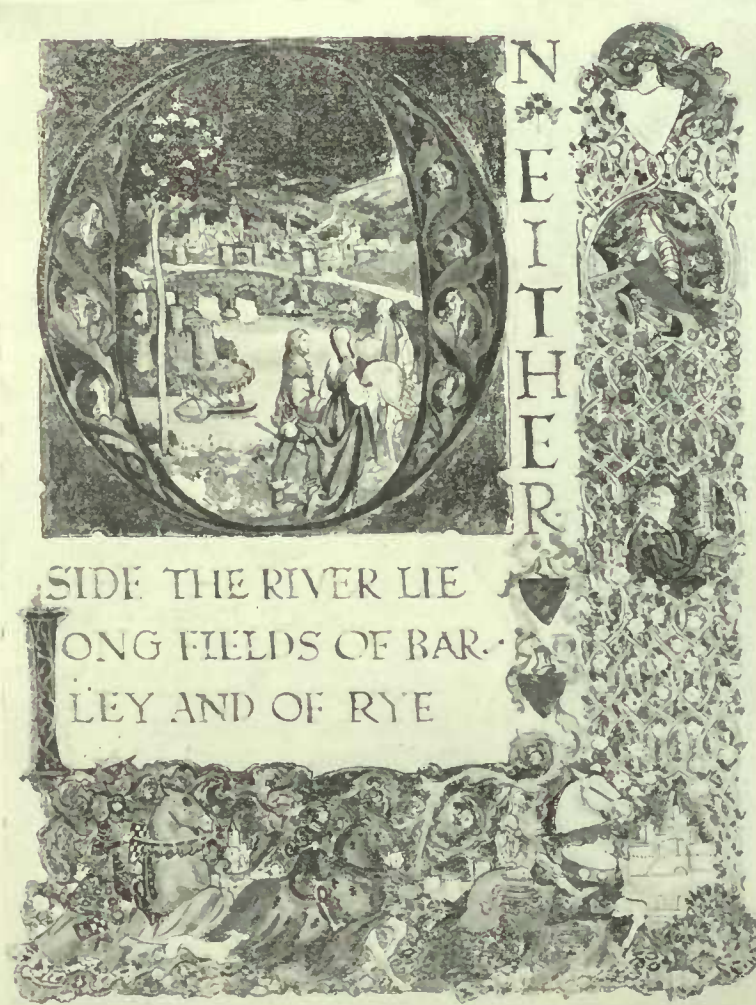
There is reason for satisfaction that some public interest and therefore some hope of advance are evident, but much is yet to be done.

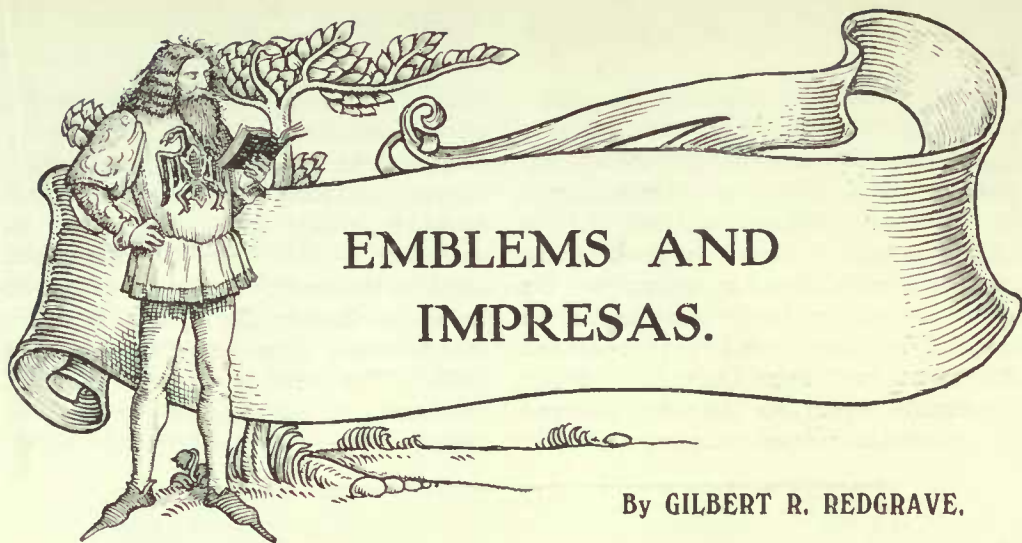
Illumination is so delightful though exacting an art that it should be much more general than at present. In the words of Mr. Johnstone in a letter to the present writer: "... We have nearly achieved a modern school of writ-

ing, but as illuminators we are still rather feeling one way. We shall achieve modern illumination only when a number of simple craftsmen (not the genuises alone) are using common methods and doing the work quite naturally and directly in their own spirit of the Time."

This crowding of interest into the decoration, as well as her mastery of the technique of her art distinguishes all Miss Bayes' work.

A greater contrast than is afforded by work such as this and the Philistinish and garish banalities of illuminated addresses, burgess tickets,





By GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.

II.

WE have seen in our former article that although some attempts may have been made at an earlier date to employ the emblem for literary purposes, it was not until the sixteenth century that the emblem book, as we now understand it, came into fashion, and we have shewn that Alciat was the author to whom we owe the earliest collection of such designs. In the editions of his works printed at Lyons, about the middle of the 16th century, from which illustrations were given, we found the aid of the best artists invoked to provide devices for his text, and emblems were already then in the heyday of their popularity. Indeed the printers could hardly work fast enough to supply the demand for new editions, and Alciat soon found many imitators. It has already been stated that out of this flood of emblem books it is only possible here to speak of a very limited number, and it becomes difficult when we pass on to deal with other writers to make a suitable selection.

Emblems were soon provided that were specially applicable to all classes of pursuits and vocations. There

were religious emblems, military emblems, amatory emblems, and a host of other collections, and the numbers of these devices increased so rapidly that in Gravelot and Cochin's "Iconologie" there are, in four volumes, no less than 459 engravings of emblems, representing qualities, virtues, vices, the Graces, the Muses, etc. Translations were soon made of Alciat's work into the various European languages, and the most eminent printers produced repeated editions, many of which are famous for their woodcuts.

Prominent among the followers of Alciat, mention should be made of Paolo Giovio, Bishop of Nocera, who wrote a treatise on military and amatory emblems in 1556 which was published at Venice in 8vo, and frequently reprinted. The edition of this work which appeared in Lyons in 1562 is entitled "Le Sententiose Imprese di Monsignor Paulo Giovio et del Signor Gabriel Symeoni, ridotte in rima per il detto Symeoni." This book was enriched with many fine woodcuts with arabesque borders. It contains 36 emblems with devices by Symeoni,

and 90 by Giovio. Gabriel Symeoni, whose emblems thus appear in conjunction with those of Giovio, is best known as an Italian historian, who was born at Florence in 1509. At the tender age of 6 years he had already gained a reputation for precocity. He was, in fact, an early instance of the "child prodigy," and was presented as such to Pope Leo X. In his twentieth year we find him engaged on a special mission from the Republic

which is beautifully illustrated, while Roville published an Italian work by him entitled "*Dialogo Pio et Speculativo*," in 1560, certain of the woodcuts in which may, we think, be ascribed to G. Tory. Translations into both French and Spanish of the work of Bishop Giovio and Symeoni were issued from Roville's press in 1561. The devices are in all cases arranged in oval panels, surrounded with arabesque or scroll-work borders.



Fig. 1.—Bishop Giovio, Lyons, 1561.

of Florence to the Court of Francis I., where he was much fêted and flattered for his attainments and poetic talents. Later, on his return to his native country, he incurred the hostility of the Inquisition, and suffered imprisonment. After this he again departed to France, and settled for a time at Lyons, and here, as we have seen, his emblems were first produced. Before this a famous printer of Lyons, J. de Tournes, had issued in 1558 his book entitled "*Les illustres observations antiques du Seigneur G. Symeon en son dernier voyage d'Italie l'an 1557*,"

The "*Empresa de Ludovico XII., Re de Francia*," selected for reproduction, Fig. 1 is found on page 18 of the Spanish version; it displays the well-known porcupine surrounded with a rich border of arabesques. This translation contains also Symeoni's emblems, to the number of 36, including the "*Devisa del Autor*," on the verso of the title page, the borders and woodcuts being no doubt executed throughout the work by the same artists.

We illustrate in Fig. 2 the device entitled "*Virtud Opprimida*," by

EMBLEMS AND IMPRESAS

Symeoni, with its motto "Virtue gains strength from wounds," which has a characteristic scroll-work border. Though Symeoni's emblems are the same in number as in the Italian issue of 1562, we find here 102 emblems by Giovio, instead of 90, as stated above. The works of Giovio and Symeoni were greatly esteemed, and appeared in numerous editions. No doubt the fact that Giovio invented emblems or impresas for all the principal European

later, contains many additional woodcuts. This delightful little octavo is described by Green as "certainly the most elegant of all the emblem books of the age," and Ebert, who is sparing of his praises, states: "The woodcuts of this edition are uncommonly neat." Sambucus, who was a physician, an antiquary, and a poet, was born at Tornau in Hungary, in 1531. He was in high favour with the Emperors Maximilian II. and Rudolph II., and



Fig. 2.—Symeoni, Lyons, 1561.

potentates, including Pope Clement VII., made his designs widely popular, and many later writers availed themselves of his ideas. We may note in passing that the Papal emblem is, by a curious mischance, inverted by the printer of the Spanish translation.

Many important and beautiful collections of emblems were issued from the Plantin Press at Antwerp, and of these we propose to consider the "Emblemata" of John Sambucus, which work was first printed in 1564, but a second revised edition, published two years

was a most voluminous writer. Many of his emblems are original, though he borrowed from the work of Alciat, to whom, however, he was considered inferior in purity of style and vigour of expression. His emblems, as printed by Plantin, form a charming little volume, and each woodcut is surrounded by a simple border of type ornament. It is not certain who prepared the designs for these illustrations, but they were most likely the work of Gérard de Jode. We reproduce that given on page 99, entitled "In morte

vita," dedicated to Paulus Manutius, the famous printer, Fig. 3. In the small space occupied by this woodcut the artist has managed to bring together a wealth of allegorical detail. A



Fig. 3.—Sambucus, Antwerp, 1566.

good example of the treatment of the figure is found in the second device we have selected, Fig. 4, illustrating "Ludus, luxus, luctus," or "Gaming, gluttony, grief." In the foreground are men carousing and two men playing at backgammon, while in the background we see a quarrel in progress. The groups are well designed, and this illustration is typical of the excellent woodcuts found in Plantin's works.

Mr. Green, in his reprint of Whitney's emblems, already mentioned, tells us that 48 of the illustrations in that volume are taken from Sambucus, and as his book was also printed by Plantin, in 1586, there can be no doubt that the identical blocks were used, though the borders are in all cases considerably wider and heavier. There were many editions of the work of Sambucus printed at Antwerp, and it was translated into French by Jacques Grevin and likewise into Flemish; the former translation appeared in 1567, the Flemish version in 1566, while Latin editions continued to be printed for many years.

In parting reluctantly from the emblem books in which woodcuts were employed, because we feel that scant justice has been done to the many admirable volumes thus illustrated, we are bound to admit that in delicacy and refinement of work nothing could surpass the splendid metal plate engravings of De Bry, as seen, for instance, in the emblem books of Boissard. The work of the engraver on copper is scarcely so well adapted for reproduction in the shape of process blocks as are the woodcuts, but before quitting the subject of emblems we are bound to make brief reference to the new art, which barely came into general use before the emblem cult was in its decline. We will only describe one work of this later period, entitled "Jani Jacobi Boissardi, Vesuntini, Emblematum liber." This is a 4to. volume, published at Frankfurt-on-Main, in 1593, which contains 51 exquisite engravings from the hand of De Bry. We reproduce, in Fig. 5, the design illustrating the proverb "Ubi voluptas imperat illinc extruditur virtus"—"Where gay pleasure reigns supreme, virtue there hath slight esteeme." This is Boissard's 39th



Fig. 4.—Sambucus, Antwerp, 1566.

EMBLEMS AND IMPRESAS

emblem, and the group of female figures recalls some of the best work of Rubens. Among the emblems gathered by this author many were borrowed from Alciat and

to the artist and the designer. Concerning the value of these devices, we think we may take higher ground than Whitney, who says, concerning his "Choice of Emblemes," "I offer this



Fig. 5.—Boissard, Frankfurt, 1593.

earlier writers, but not a few are of his own invention.

We trust that we have succeeded in shewing that the emblem books are well worthy of study, and contain, in addition to their excellent moral lessons, much that would be useful

my worke, suche as it is, unto those with good judgement, wherein I hope the greater sorte shall finde somethinge to delighte them and verie fewe, of what age or condition they bee, but may herein see some devise aunswerable to their inclinations."

Modern English Bookbinding.

By J. C. MACGREGOR.

THE tradition of craftsmanship in English bookbinding is curiously fitful and variable. Still of its continuity there is no doubt. In this at least the apostolic succession is assured. Some of the names revered by those who led us into the pleasant paths of book-buying are no more or have fallen on evil days. Some are with us, their fame in no wise diminished. Lewis, Clark, Bedford so ran the succession of last century. Then came Riviere and Zaehnsdorf. A Riviere binding was once a thing to be esteemed. Zaehnsdorf not content with living on inherited fame continues to produce fine and masterly work.

Of London binders few, if any, have a more firmly-established reputation than has Mr. Ramage, whose designs are reproduced in the three small illustrations shown.

The undeniable repu-

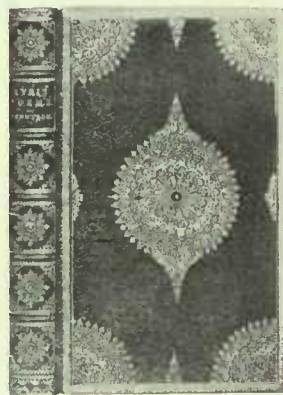


Fig. 1.

tation of the great French binders is not without reason, but the work of Mr. Ramage stands comparison with the very best French productions, with which indeed it has many points in common.



Fig. 2.

This is explained by the fact that a good many years ago Mr. John Ramage desirous of seizing upon that almost intangible something which accounts for the refined beauty of Parisian binding, entered the atelier of M. Lortic. There he acquired facility in the use of the finely cut tools for which the house of Lortic is famous.

Mr. Ramage makes the claim to have put fine bindings within the reach of booklovers whose purses are of ordinary depth—no small accomplishment.

Pointillé designs, as shewn in the reproductions Nos. 1 and 2, offer, as perhaps no other style offers, opportunity for proof of perfection in handicraft, and the examples reproduced, though moderately priced,



Fig. 3.

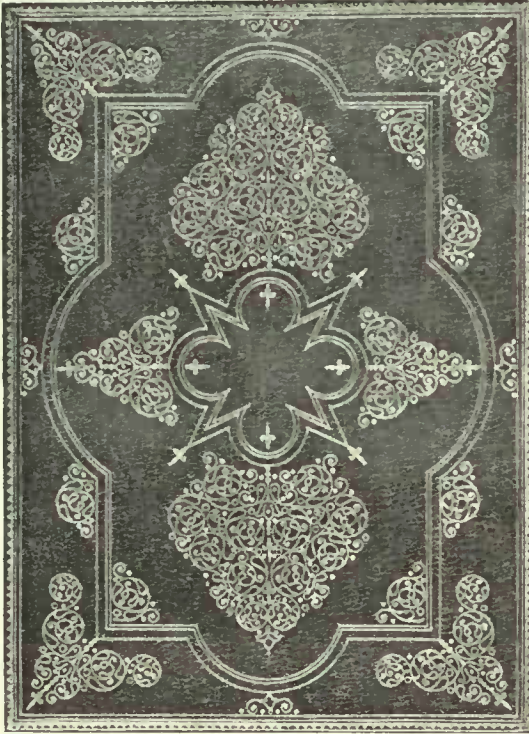


Fig. 4.

stirrings of interest in design and applied art met with quick response from him.

To repoussé leather decoration he has given special encouragement, and a pleasing revival of an interesting and entirely legitimate form of book adornment—the painted fore-edge (fig. 8) is almost wholly due to him.

No firm has done more—it might perhaps justly be said that none has done so much—in the encouragement of the fittingly *bound* in contrast with the merely *cased* book as Messrs. Bumpus, of 350, Oxford Street. Bookbinders themselves, and producing work of the highest quality, they have also always for sale bindings by all the best English and foreign binders. It is certainly more easy to acquire a knowledge of the characteristics of

are fine specimens of the binder's art.

No. 3 is in a more free and modern style, but is an interesting design.

The work of Mr. John Fazakerley of Liverpool possesses the valuable characteristics of an inherited tradition and yet no bindings shew a greater sensitiveness to modern day critical taste. The founder of the firm—Thomas Fazakerley—was learning his craft nearly a hundred years ago, and passed his experience on to his son Mr. John Fazakerley the present head of the firm.

Fine classic bindings like the French design reproduced (fig. 4) were constantly produced by Mr. Fazakerley in the days when Victorian Art raged, and the new

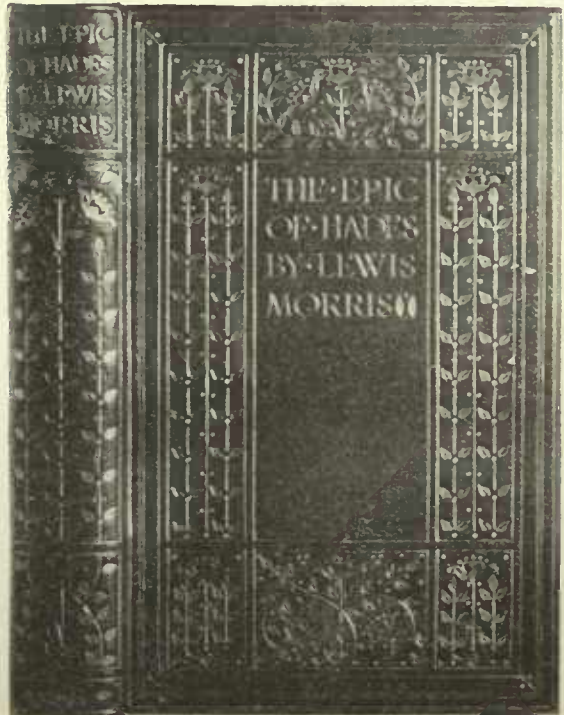


Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

modern binders at Messrs. Bumpus's than anywhere else. The very chaste design of a prayer book illustrated is a characteristic binding, carried out in morocco, and is evidently inspired by well-known 18th century work (fig. 6).

The mention of the work of Mr. J. S. Hewitt Bates will recall the excellent article on "Bookbinding for the Booklover" written by Mr. Bates for the June, 1908, "Bibliophile." The evidence there of fine and severe taste, sound craftsmanship and sympathy with all the best traditions of the bookbinder's craft would lead one to expect notable work from the Belvoir bindery. Nor is one disappointed. Mr. Bates has developed consistently and naturally a style in book decoration which while shewing distinct suggestion of classic influence is essentially modern. His earlier styles are to be seen in figure 5 and in the colour plate.

This very fine design, which shows some affinity with the decorations of the Morris school, has both architectural strength

and richness of ornament as its characteristics.

An inner border of finely designed lettering — decorative and serviceable in itself, and skilfully dividing the floral decorations is a most satisfying feature.

The design, which is carried out in perfect craftsmanship is characteristic of a type of binding of which Mr. Bates has lately produced a good many examples.

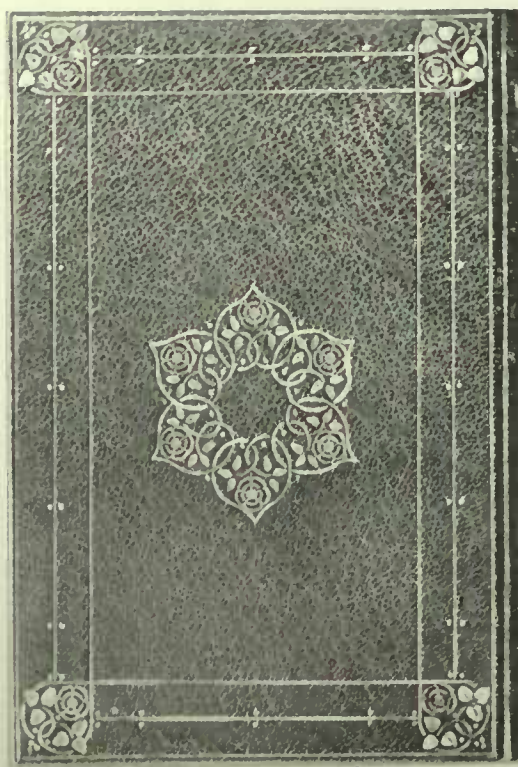
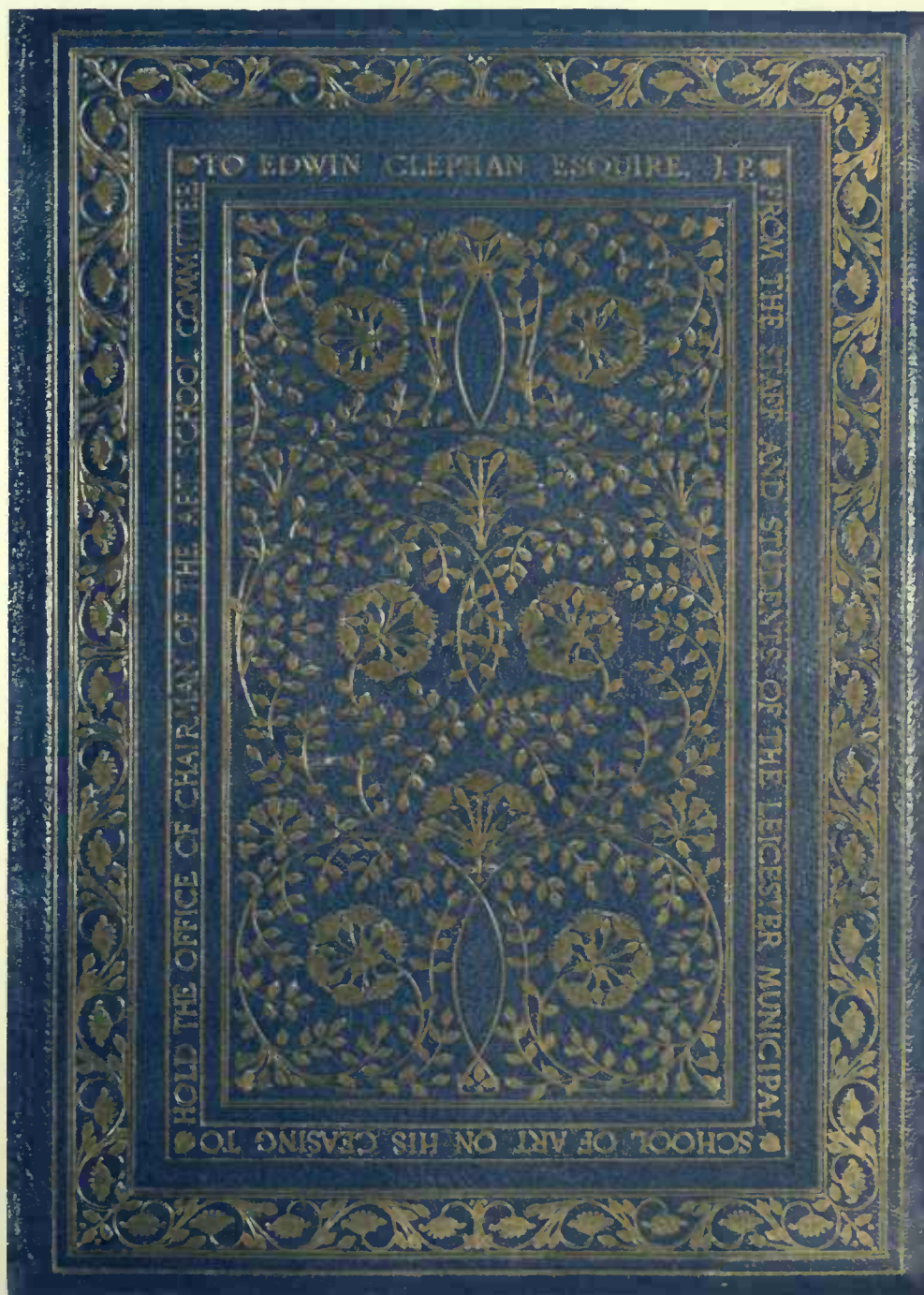


Fig. 7.



COVER OF ILLUMINATED ADDRESS.
Bound at the Belvoir Bindery by J. S. Hewitt
Bates.



Fig. 8.

had Messrs. Sangorski and Sutcliffe, and the inspiration of the Doves binding is still evident in the work of the younger men.

The elaborate binding illustrated, shows in its splendid

His present manner, which tends to be somewhat more severe may be compared with the designs of Samuel Mearne, reserved and simple, displaying neatness of decoration in well-chosen and unobtrusive spacings, generally the angles of the cover.

An inner fillet, as in Mearne's bindings joins the decorations, but—and here Mr. Bates shews sensitive appreciation of the essential principle of all right adornment—the lines are stronger, have an organic connection with the decorations and are themselves often given interest by the skilful use of dots. The bindings of the Dryden and Shelley (figs. 7 and 9) are good examples of Mr. Bates's present manner.

The revival of the Arts and Crafts in the last quarter of last century has had no more notable effect than the impetus it has given to craftsmanship in binding, and new men have already made names for themselves whose work is comparable to the best of the great past masters of the art.

The firm of Sangorski and Sutcliffe is the third generation in the movement of the Arts and Crafts. Mr. Cobden Sanderson had Mr. Douglas Cockerill, Mr. Cockerill

richness the same delight in rhythmic ornament, in precious material and glowing colour, which existed in the Morris glass and tapestries. Covers and doublures—the former of dark, the latter of light blue morocco—are elaborately tooled in gold and inlaid. The dominant feature of the design on the front cover is a decorative sugges-

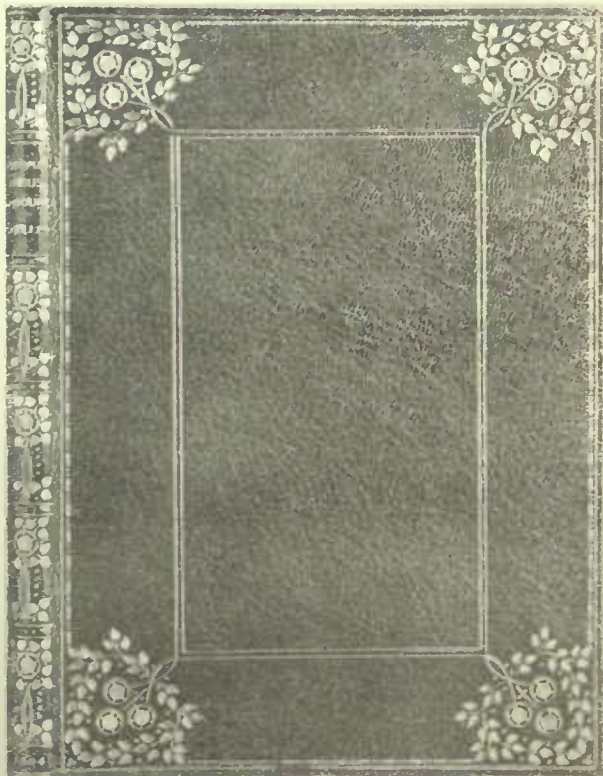
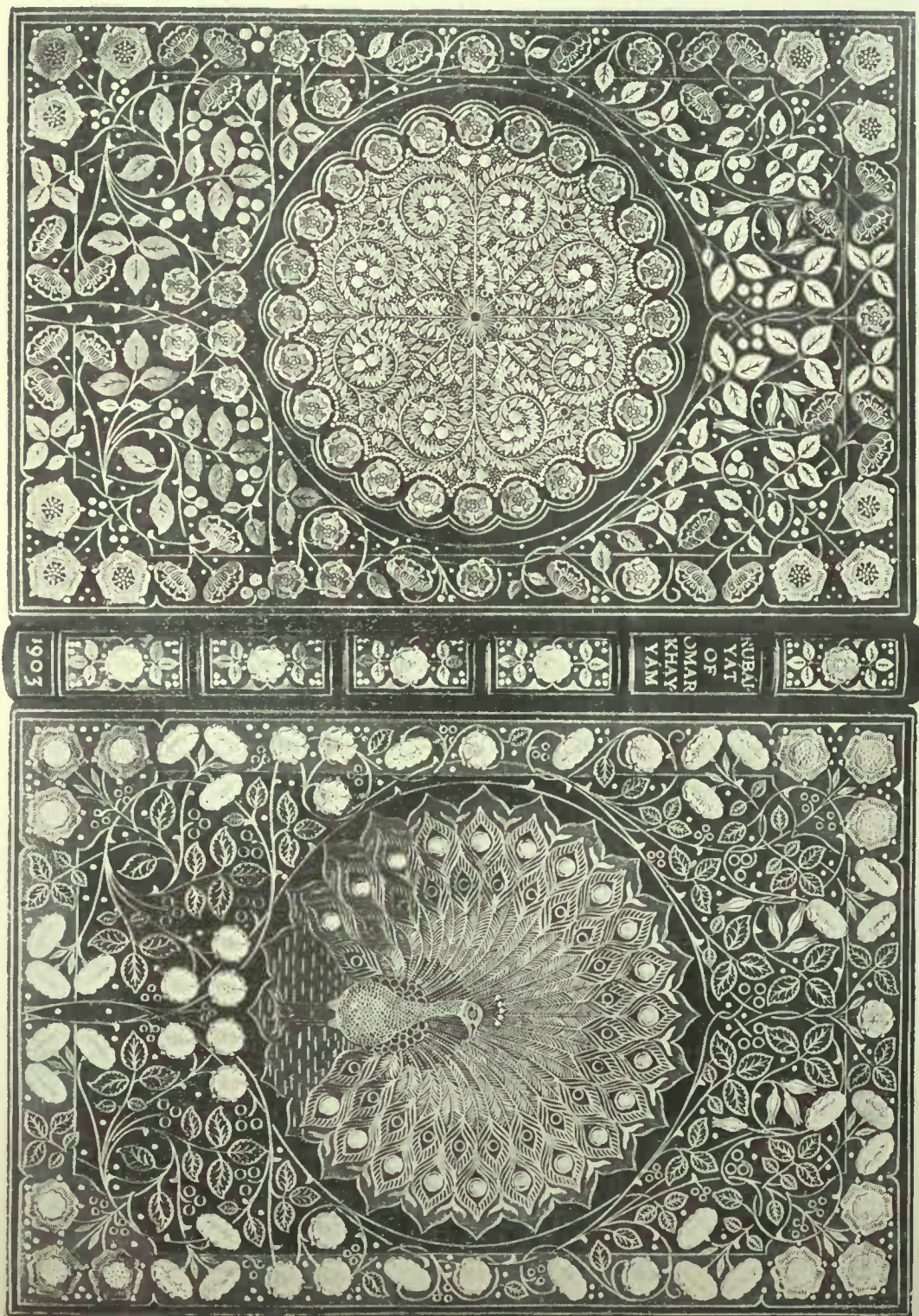


Fig. 8.

THE BIBLIOPHILE

INLaid AND JEWELLed BINDING
BY MESSRS. SARGOLSKI AND STOLPER



MODERN ENGLISH BOOKBINDING

tion of a peacock, inlaid in blue and green, and with twenty-one opals set in the tail. This is surrounded by a rose design, the leaves of which are inlaid in green and the flowers in white. The border inlay is light blue. The back cover—as suits the subject of the book, bears a pattern based on Persian ornament.

The interesting copy of The Holy Bible of which the binding is repro-

regard for margins, workmanlike forwarding—not less than the appropriate design in the decorations represent the best ideals of the craft. There is a grievous misconception abroad that good binding is a very expensive thing. Nothing could be farther from the truth. A bad binder makes as high a charge as a good one. Elaborate binding is necessarily expensive, but a beautiful binding is not necessarily

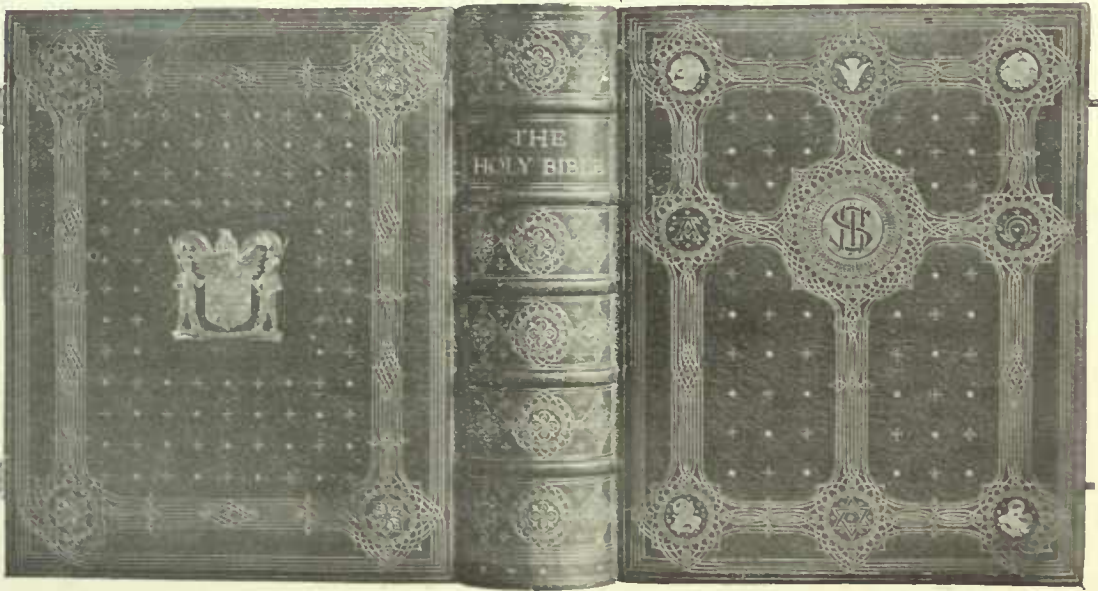


Fig. 10.

duced in (fig. 10) was presented to the church of Bruton, Virginia, U.S.A. by His Majesty The King.

It is bound in red Niger morocco inlaid with green and black and tooled in gold, with gold clasps.

It is to be hoped that the old and dreadful scourge of book murder by bookbinders may soon be a thing of the past. Acid free leathers, tender

elaborate.

How hopeful is the outlook for the binder's art is plainly shewn by the excellent examples illustrating the pages of this article.

To the skill of the craftsman has to be added the appreciation of the public in all great artistic revivals, and there are not wanting signs that this too ere long will have abounding manifestation.

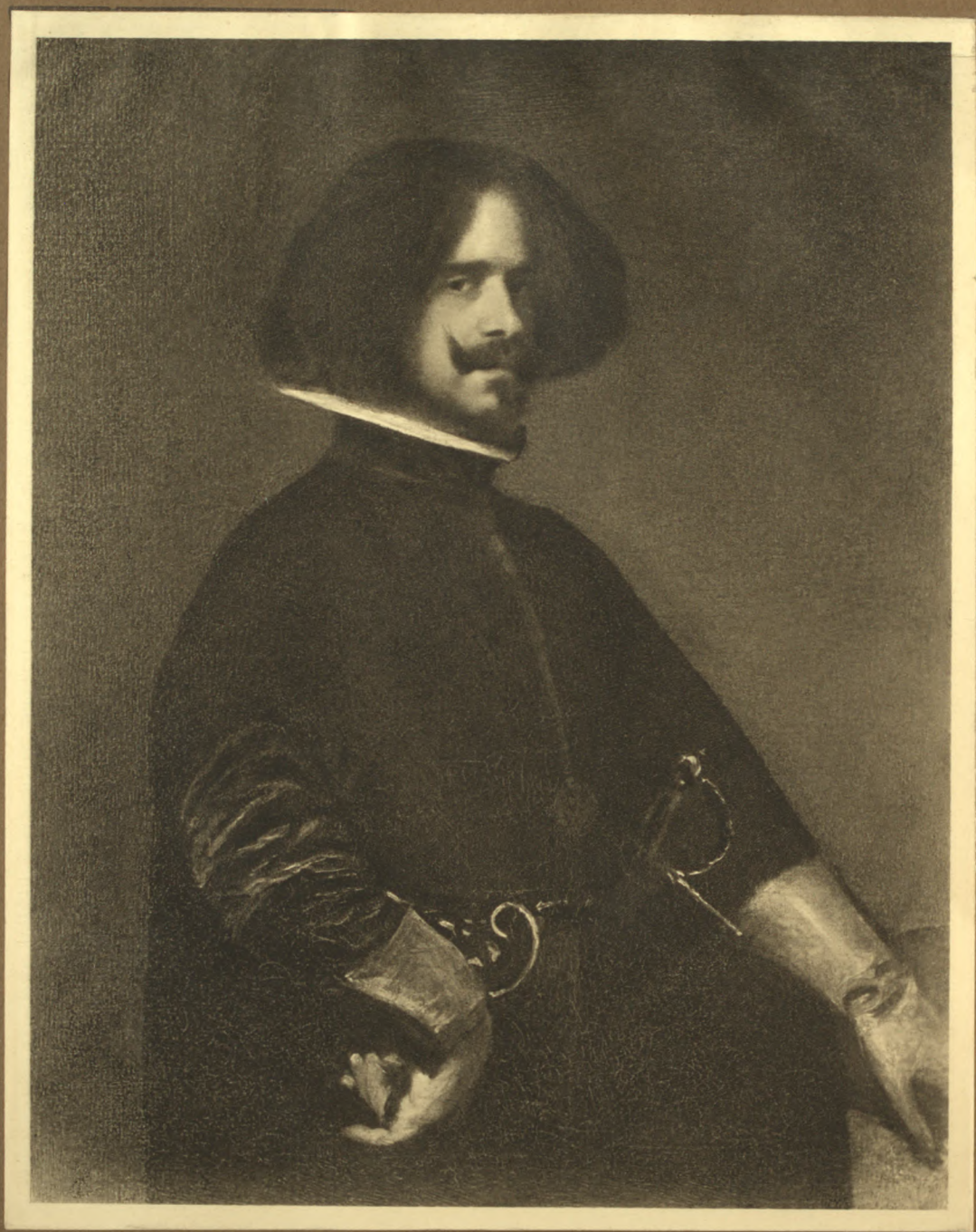


MR. A. F. Calvert does not allow a month to pass without adding at least one volume to his rapidly-growing "Spanish Series," for the compilation of which, at least so far as monographs on the great masters of Spanish painting are concerned, he has lately enlisted the collaboration of Mrs. C. Gasquoine Hartley. He has now devoted special volumes to the four supreme masters of the country he is so thoroughly exploiting (Velazquez, Murillo, El Greco, and Goya), to the majority of its picturesque cities, to the Royal Palaces, to Spanish Arms and Armour, and to Cervantes, not to speak of various other volumes "in preparation." Each volume is illustrated with a profusion of generally successful photographs, and each volume fills us with surprise at the author's liberality in this respect, which is the more remarkable as the books are well printed, tastefully and solidly bound, and published at the very low price of 3s. 6d. net, although the plates run to close on 500 pages.

As regards the reading matter of the three volumes under discussion, there is little of original research and original criticism. Mr. Calvert and Mrs. Hartley, who must have an excellent reference library at their disposal, have simply given other authors' views; and it must be admitted that they have drawn upon the opinions of the best authorities on the life and art of Murillo, Velazquez and El Greco.

Mr. Calvert, who takes the undivided responsibility for the "Murillo," is frank in his acknowledgment of his indebtedness to others, and not only makes ample use of quotation marks, but generally mentions the source of his information. For instance, in the very first three pages we find the following remarks: ". . . men who, *as has been written of them*, in the height of wordly success, etc., etc."; "Velazquez, *says an Italian commentator*, was an eagle in art"; "It is further worthy of remark, *as Sir William Stirling Maxwell has pointed out*, that . . ."; "Of the style of the two painters *it has been said that . . .*"; and "Sir David Wilkie, in comparing Velazquez and Murillo, has indicated the peculiar merits of each without awarding the palm to either."

In the Velazquez we note a departure from this method of stringing together quotation from various sources, and although the book is mainly based on Aureliano de Beruete's standard work, the material supplied by the research of this eminent student has been re-arranged to a certain extent. Stevenson, Ricketts, Justi, and other reliable critics have been drawn upon, and where there are debateable points the authors refrain from expressing a personal view, and content themselves with stating their authority, except in the case of the "Dead Warrior" at the National Gallery, which they state "would seem to be the work of



VELAZQUEZ.
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST.



THE GREAT MASTERS OF SPANISH PAINTING

Zurbaran." Here they would have been safer in accepting Beruete's opinion, that this picture does not belong at all to the Spanish School. That Mr. Calvert and his collaborator are not quite up-to-date, appears from their remark that the "Immaculate Conception" and "St. John the Evangelist" were "at the beginning of last century in the possession of Sir Bartle Frere, then English Minister in Seville." It was excusable for Beruete to state that these pictures have been lost sight of, but since the appearance of his "Velazquez," both these paintings have been published in the "Arun-del Portfolio," where it was distinctly stated that they are still in the possession of the Frere family.

El Greco has only in comparatively recent time attracted the scientific art student's attention, and the reliable literature on the subject is strictly limited. Indeed, Manuel Cossio's great standard work sums up in the clearest fashion all that is known about the life and work of the Cretan Dominico Theotocopouli, and it is therefore only natural that this book should have been consulted by Mr. Calvert and Mrs. Hartley. Their book as a matter of fact is best described as practically an abridged translation of Cossio's standard work. When the authors depart to any extent from the

Spaniard's literal text, they rather obscure his meaning, as in the opening passage of Chapter III., where they state in the same paragraph that El Greco "never appears as a true Renaissance master," and that his pictures have been attributed to the Bassani, to Tintoretto, to Clovio, and to Veronese!



PORTRAIT OF THE INFANTE DON CARLOS
SECOND SON OF KING PHILIP III.
From Velazquez by A. F. Calvert &
C. G. Hartley.

There is no attempt at chronological order in the arrangement of the plates, which were apparently printed before the publication of Cossio's book, since, with the help of this great work, our authors have been able to discover twenty-nine "errata" in the titles printed under the illustrations! It is, however, somewhat disappointing that four or five new errata should have crept into the two pages devoted to corrections.

It is very unfortunate that none of the volumes are provided with an index, and only in the

last two or three have the plates been numbered, so that reference to the illustrations is in all but these cases extremely wearisome and almost impossible. Say, for instance, the reader wishes to refer to Murillo's "Virgin and Child" at the Seville museum, which is number 138 in the descriptive list—he will have to start with the first plate and count to 138, until he arrives at the desired page!

The three volumes under discus-

sion must nevertheless be welcomed, like all attempts to popularise the work of the masters. The artistic personalities of the three greatest Spanish painters emerge from these pages in bold relief; and hundreds of plates in each case will help the reader in forming a correct appreciation of each master's style. Spanish painting, to the middle of the 16th century, was the product, in turn, of Flemish and Italian influences, modified by the national temperament and by the strict supervision of the Church. It was not of native birth, and was constantly swayed by foreign influences. Strangely enough, the first master who may safely be described as "great," and who initiated the glorious epoch of Spanish art, was El Greco, a Cretan, trained in Venice, who brought into Spain his fully-developed style, and whose art must nevertheless be considered as a typical expression of the Spanish genius—intensely serious, passionate to the point of ecstatic tempestuousness, and withal as dignified and sober as this tendency permits. The two qualities seem to contradict each other, but only apparently. El Greco had grown up in the world's greatest school of colourists. He had command of the glorious Venetian palette, but he knew how to temper its richness and joyousness by the introduction of certain acerb notes that have an almost ascetic effect and remove every suspicion of sensuousness.

The influence exercised by El Greco upon Velazquez was almost entirely confined to sober truth in portraiture. Velazquez, that most aristocratically

aloof of all painters, scarcely ever put his brush to the service of the Church. He lacked the faculty of fiery imagination, but he had the most astoundingly true eye and sure hand that ever painter did command. He was the greatest master of technique—so great that his pictures seem to be painted always with the final result in view, and with utter disregard of the means of expression. His portraits give the most perfect illusion of life, not only owing to the absolute truth of light and shade, and "values" and modelling and expression, but especially owing to the natural way in which they are placed on the canvas, or perhaps it would be better to say *in* the canvas, for they seem to recede behind the frame and make us feel the intervening atmosphere.

Murillo, who owed so much to Velazquez's encouragement, had but little in common with this great searcher for pictorial truth. In a certain sense Murillo, too, was a realist; but his frankness was checked in his early years by the necessity, and later by the desire, to please a large public. In this he succeeded only too well by means, frequently, of an insipid prettiness either of form or of sentiment, whose appeal for a time made his fame obscure that of Velazquez. But Time is an inexorable righter of wrongs, and history has done justice to both. If we admire Murillo to-day, it is rather in spite of, than for, the qualities that endeared him to older generations. It is because we recognise the master of silvery colour and admirable brushwork behind the sugary sentiment.

3 1 "Velazquez," by Albert F. Calvert and C. Gasquoine Hartley. 38. 6d. net. John Lane.
 ("Murillo," " " " " " " " " " "
 "El Greco," " " " " " " " " " "



BIBLICAL EXPLORATION AND CRITICISM.

COLONEL Conder has done a considerable service to the Bible student, as well as to the general reader, in publishing this handy, complete and well-illustrated history of the City of David. The survey of Sir Charles Wilson, and the wonderful results of Sir Charles Warren's explorations are familiar to most readers, but in the last forty years much has been done that is not so well known. Many interesting though taken individually—small discoveries have been made, but these have been rather hidden than published in reports of exploration societies or in expensive monographs.

In his introduction Col. Conder describes how in 1881 he crawled through the Siloam tunnel with his comrades in danger of their lives, to find the point where the two parties of Hezekiah's workmen heard each other calling and joined their work by a cross-cut east and west.

Our topographical knowledge of the old city is not only greater but of an entirely different character than formerly.

As Col. Conder says: "We no longer depend on the writings of Josephus and Tacitus, or on the confused accounts of mediæval pilgrims. Our ideas are founded on existing remains. We have Hezekiah's own inscription at Siloam; the text (found by M. Clermont-Ganneau) which forbade Gentiles to enter the court of Herod's Temple; the red paint instructions which his master-masons scrawled on the foundations of the mighty ramparts; the votive text to Serapis set up later by Roman soldiers; the Greek inscriptions of Byzantine monks in tombs on the south side of the Hinnom Valley and, yet earlier those on the ossuaries which pious Jews and Jewish Christians used in gathering the bones of their fathers for burial in the old tombs east and north of the Holy City."

This quotation shows the preferences of the author who, though ready to accept later traditional and documentary evidence, prefers to reason from existing facts.

Where there is any doubt Col. Conder says: "We must be content with a very general idea of the localities,"

The plan of the book sketches out a complete history of the city of Jerusalem, and illustrates as far as is possible by existing remains. Old maps are given, e.g., a facsimile of a map dating back to 1318, and so representing the Jerusalem of the Crusaders.

Nothing is said of the modern city, but a good map is given. A most useful list of authorities consulted and an index complete the book.



THE Angus Lectures of 1908 are surely unique as contributions to modern theology considered in a popular sense.

Whether as evincing profound and extensive learning or clarity of reasoning they are all alike remarkable; that with these qualities—not unknown among theologians—should go a gay and generous humour and a flashing wit that illumines every page makes them singularly so. The lectures give a very fair summary of the present position in textual criticism and shew to how considerable a degree the later discoveries of partially-known and entirely new texts have influenced commentators.

The fourth lecture, "The Romance of the Versions," among other like interesting subjects deals with the astonishing discoveries of old MSS. in Chinese Turkestan.

The MSS. which were sent to Professor Sadiou of Bedin, were partly in Syrian and partly in an unknown language written in Syrian characters.

The subject matter was Nestorian church hymns and New Testament texts, and the decipherers were able by means of the parallel transcript to make out the vocabulary and grammar of the new language which has been named Sogdianese.

The Nestorians in the 9th or 10th century had evidently translated the New Testament into Sogdianese and had taught the natives the alphabet and the doctrine.

What will most strike the average reader is the curious way in which so tremendous a service to philology as the preservation of the Gothic tongue in the version of Ulfilas has been duplicated in this later discovery.

THE BIBLIOPHILE

Conjectural emendation is dealt with more especially in the sixth lecture. Though conservative and cautious, Dr. Harris is himself responsible for an emendation which has—what we fear is at the root of many emendations—desirability to recommend it. For the reading “son or ox” in Luke xiv. 5 of the Revised Version Dr. Harris would substitute the word *pig*, which is the same word as the common MS abbreviation for son. The result is the substitution of sarcasm for bathos.

Dr. Harris is a keen critic of the Revised Version, and he inclines apparently to the view that its only service has been finally to unsettle the text of Scripture, since with the appearance of the Revised Version “for the first time the whole world of English-speaking Christians was face to face with the reality and extent of the variations in the text of the New Testament.”

JAMES HOBBS.

“The City of Jerusalem,” by Col. C. R. Conder. John Murray. 12s. 6d. net.

“Sidelights on New Testament research—The Angus Lectures, 1908,” J. Rendel Harris, D.Litt. The Kingsgate Press. 6s. net.

* * *

THE PEDAGOGY OF HEGEL.

IT is a thing almost unaccountable that the work of Hegel as an educator should have been so long neglected in England, the more so when his sovereign influence in the realm of philosophy is considered.

Yet it would not be a difficult position to maintain that it is as an educator that he has had and will continue to have, the greatest influence.

And this is only what might be expected when it is remembered that Hegel was in the most vigorous years of his life Rector of the Nürnberg Gymnasium, and as organiser and teacher was remarkably successful.

The reason for the neglect in this country of this important side of Hegel's work is to be found in the undeveloped and unorganised state of secondary education here, which up to the present has neither a theory nor a literature.

The work of Froebel and of Pestalozzi in the primary school is studied by all primary teachers, and from Hobson's choice by secondary teachers too. It is to be hoped that this little book, which deserves the highest praise that a reviewer can bestow, will do something to set the thought and study of those interested in secondary education in England on a higher plane.

The philosophy of Hegel is so broad that in Germany and out of Germany many of his followers have, under cover of his name, advanced their own views to his detriment. This has put Hegelian writings generally under a somewhat

suspicious cloud, but no trace of this rests on the book before us. Indeed the writer very wisely completes the volume by eight substantial extracts from Hegel's school addresses, which set the seal of authenticity on the opinions expressed in the book.

The value of Hegel's contributions to the pedagogy of secondary school education lies in the fact that they are always considered from the standpoint of his philosophy.

While the child in its early years is in a state of innocence, it is good in only a negative sense. It is the important work of the secondary school to convert innocence into morality. “Pedagogy,” he says, “is the art of making man moral; it regards man as one with nature, and points out the way in which he may be born again. . . . that the spiritual nature may become habitual to him.” This passing into self-consciousness and training in the choice of the good, marks the break from childhood, and means that on the intellectual side the pupil must be led out of himself into what seems at first a new world. He is thus fitted to exchange obedience to external authority, parents and teachers for a higher form, namely, obedience to his higher sense as one with universal law and order. The transference of obedience to the internal authority of the moral sense implies an ever-increasing degree of freedom.

So conscious was Hegel of the essential importance of freedom in the life of the secondary school that he insisted that if parents had neglected their duty in regard to early training he was justified in expelling a boy who had not been taught to behave.

At the same time Hegel insists that the moment of change of mental attitude—the intellectual awakening cannot be prescribed, nor is it generally determinable by age. The boy who lags behind has still the opportunity for advancement when he is ready to advance. Punishments of all kinds for those whose minds are not yet awake only tend to brutalize and retard the spiritual growth.

The result of this is uncertainty till the student attains his command of himself, but the encouragement of this command is the whole sum and substance of school discipline. It will be seen at once that the common measure of school success by examinations and certificates is something utterly different from Hegel's conception of success.

The criticism so often passed upon Hegel that he is only the philosopher thrusting his doctrinaire opinions into school work is entirely refuted in this cleverly and brightly written little work, which it is to be hoped will further the

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long overdue settlement of the vexed problem of higher education in England.

J. HARDMAN SLACK.

"Hegel's Educational Theory and Practice," Mackenzie, Sommerschein. 3s.

* * *

CHATS ON ENGLISH EARTHENWARE.

THE "Chats" series consists so far of strangely contrasted units. They are either very good or very poor, and this latest addition is emphatically good.

The characteristics of the series must be pretty well known by this time, for Mrs. Lowes' old lace and needlework, and Mr. Blacker's Oriental china reached the high standard of Mr. Hayden's earlier "chats," which are issued now in a third edition.

The indexes (it is printed indices on the cover paper) the bibliographies and the sale prices are all here, and the familiar coloured frontispiece. A special word of acknowledgment ends Mr. Hayden's preface. It thanks the photographer for the illustrations, and the tribute is as gracious as it is well-deserved, for the book is perfectly illustrated.

Mr. Hayden writes with such authority that his opinions must be respected by those who differ from him most strongly.

The very fair proportioning of the book in relation to the interest of the various wares is a feature that at once strikes the reader, and yet it is open to question whether Mr. Hayden has treated the brothers Elers quite fairly.

He is most anxious that Dwight should have his due—and he ought to have it—but surely the very satisfying craftsmanship of the Dutchmen deserves a little more consideration.

Mr. Hayden even hurls interrogation marks at Wedgwood, whom he rightly exalts to the highest pinnacle elsewhere, because the great potter so scrupulously and insistently acknowledged his indebtedness to them.

Still that is only one point. There is just a suspicion that the Wedgwood factory has had Mr. Hayden under its wing, so fulsome does he tend to become here and there in his references.

Though doubtless room was limited, more extended reference to De Morgan's lustre ware—now neglected by its creator for equally meritorious novel writing; and to Mr. Howson Taylor's fine Ruskin pottery would have made quite a triumphant ending.

A very good chapter is devoted to lustre ware. It is a curious and instructive fact that plebian virtuosités as often influence the later patrician collecting as the opposite. At the same time we think a De Morgan plaque will always hold

a higher place than the everyday lustre ware of a hundred years ago.

We trust that the "Chats" series will go on indeterminately, but would like to make one suggestion. Future subjects may not be so easy of illustration in black and white as have been those already dealt with, and if Mr. Fisher Unwin can put a few more colour plates in the books their attractiveness and use will be equally and very largely increased.

H. WILSON BETTS.

"Chats on English Earthenware," by Arthur Hayden. 5s. net. T. Fisher Unwin.

* * *

Status of Women.

THE historical development of the position of women is clearly traced and the present status made plain in this well-written and conveniently arranged little book.

The authors divide their account into three sections each of which contains a brief historical sketch and a chronology of events, statutes and law cases.

Woman in the Middle Ages was largely excluded from power by class custom and her own weakness, though in the manorial and higher courts the "femme sole" was not unknown.

Important changes followed the Reformation in the position of woman, but generally speaking for the worse as one great side of woman's activity—religion—which in the nunneries included art, teaching and affairs was closed.

Wifery henceforth was the sole career and that of course was immediately overcrowded.

The position of woman under the Stuarts was low indeed, but the influence of religious revivals like Wesleyanism proved enormously beneficial.

To-day though women do not possess the vote they are in many ways favoured by law—a point by the way *not* dealt with in this book.

For instance, a husband is liable for his wife's torts but not she for his. A wife can get a judicial separation—not so the husband. In cases of criminal law it is presumed against the husband in cases of felony that the wife acts under his coercion. Special legislation like the Slander of Chastity Act and protective legislation generally have steadily increased, nor is there anything analogous on the behalf of the other sex. Exception may be taken to the Law of divorce but essential distinctions of sex that no franchise will ever alter account for this as for the legislation favourable to women.

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Old Irish Folk Music and Songs.

THE President of the Royal Society of Antiquarians, Ireland, to whose scholarly and painstaking zeal Ireland owes the preservation of so much folk song, here gives a further collection, perhaps even of greater value than his previous works.

The book really comprises four distinct collections.

The first two parts are from Dr. Joyce's own collection. Part I contains 371 airs and fragments with English or Irish words (the latter with translation); the second containing 58 complete old Irish airs, having English words.

This second part is perhaps the most valuable section of the book, which contains in all 842 airs.

The third part reproduces the Forde collection of Leitrim and Munster songs, and is unique.

Part four is a selection from the Pigot collection.

A work of this description can only be described as a great national service, and it represents the best and most complete results of the labour of a lifetime.

* *

Master-Painters of Britain.

WITHOUT indulging in any superlatives or belauding this book at the expense of more modern selections and processes, it may be at once admitted that as a representative selection of British art it is thoroughly trustworthy. The 164 full page plates are astonishingly good value for money, and are distributed with even-handed justice among 125 artists, from Hogarth to W. Stott, of Oldham.

The only names not represented are the very new men, the most remarkable omission being perhaps George Clausen.

* *

The Divine Weeks of Joshua Sylvester.

MANY Milton students aware of the widespread influence of Du Bartas and his translator Sylvester in Elizabethan times will be glad to know that a useful version of the

Divine Weeks has been published. Mr. Haight's enthusiasm which has prompted him to issue this edition is not entirely responsible for the suggestion that the deepest roots of the Paradise Lost are to be found in this book.

So conservative a critic as Professor Masson acknowledged Milton's debt to the older poet whose verse though in general uncouth and rugged won the admiration of Drayton and Jonson, and even of Dryden in Roundhead times.

The volume before us is of course not to be compared with the accurate and finely produced edition of Dr. Grosart, but appealing to a wider public its influence may possibly not be less. The editor has spared no pains to discover possible references by English classic writers other than Milton, to Sylvester. Many quotations are undoubtedly actual borrowings though it is possible that Mr. Haight has in several cases where a common use of everyday word and phrase might easily exist, suggested without adequate proof, indebtedness to Sylvester.

* *

The Humours of a Bohemian Sketching Club.

THE good tempered sociable member of a club to whom everyone talks and whose happy garrulity is involved on all ceremonial occasions is known to everyone who has been a member of a mutual admiration society. Mr. Kutze who tells of the doings of a Rural Art Club—a Glasgow coterie apparently—writes so well that the limited interest of his subject is extended to the general reader who will—especially if he happens to be connected with any similar clique—thoroughly appreciate the somewhat bizarre doings of the club.

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"The Status of Women under the English Law." A. B. W. Chapman, D.Sc., and M.A. Chapman, B.A. Routledge. 2s. 6d. leather.

"Old Irish Folk Music and Songs." Edited by P. W. Joyce, LL.D. Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.

"Master-Painters of Britain," by Gleeson White. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 5s. net.

"The Divine Weeks of Joshua Sylvester," Edited by Theron Wilber Haight. H. Youmans, Waukesha Wis., U.S.A. 8s.

"The Humours of a Bohemian Sketching Club. Recollections by Ernest Kutze. Otto Schulze & Co. 2s. 6d. net.



BY

Our Philatelic Editor.

NEW ISSUES.

ABYSSINIA.—Two other values of the above design have made their appearance, identical with the illustration, except for the value, and native inscription representing the same.



The values and colours are : $\frac{1}{2}$ guerche rose, and 1 guerche grey green and centre orange, like the $\frac{1}{4}$ guerche. They are printed on thin unwatermarked paper, from plates made by Mon. C. Dete, from the design of Mon. Victor Marec. We understand that higher values, bearing a portrait of the Emperor Menelik, are issued, and we hope to illustrate them shortly.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—The ugly lithographic set, with head of General San Martin, is still being extended. The latest arrivals are the 4 centavos and 10 centavos; also the 12 centavos, in a dull blue instead of ochre, as recently issued. This value, which is but little used, should become scarce in the ochre colour, and collectors will do well to get their specimens before the inevitable rise in price.



The 4 centavos dull red lilac, 10 centavos drab, and 12 centavos dull blue, all watermarked with large rayed sun as usual, and the illustration i to show design only,

AUSTRIAN LEVANT. Issue with Jubilee head of Emperor Francis Joseph. The 20 paras rosy scarlet on pink paper, and the 1 piastre deep blue on pale blue paper, are now being issued on white paper, so that the tinted paper series have had but a short life. 20 paras rosy scarlet, 1 piastre deep blue.



ITALIAN LEVANT. The Italian Authorities have issued a special series of stamps for use at their various Consular Offices in the Turkish Empire. There are 8 series in all, which consist of 10, 20 and 30 paras stamps, the value and the name of each town being overprinted on current Italian stamps of equivalent value. We merely illustrate 1 value of one town,



Salonica, which will give a good idea of the appearance of all. Constantinopoli (Constantinople) 1 paras on 5 centesimi green, 20 paras on 10 centesimi dull red, and 30 paras on 15 centesimi grey black; Durazzo 10 paras, 20 paras and 30 paras on the same 3 Italian stamps. Gerusalemme (Jerusalem) 10 paras, 20 paras, and 30 paras on the 5, 10 and 15 centesimi stamps respectively. Janina, 10 paras, 20 paras, and 30 paras. Salonico (Salonica) 10 paras, as illustrated, 20 paras, and 30 paras. Scutari di Albania, name imprinted in 2 lines, 10 paras on

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5 centesimi, 20 paras on 10 centesimi, and 30 paras on 15 centesimi. Smirne (Smyrna), the same values similarly surcharged, on current Italian, and Valona, the same three values. These 3 values only represent 24 stamps in all, but there is probably worse to follow, and if they are surcharged up to the 5 lire, it will be a serious item for collectors.

MARTINIQUE.—Further values of the latest pictorial series have now appeared—in each case the stamps are bicoloured—the name,

head and value being in a brownish purple, and the rest of the stamp in another colour. The illustration is to show the design only. Values and colours are 5 centimes bluish green and purple, 10 centimes rosy carmine and purple, and 20 centimes violet and purple. We understand higher

values will be issued, but of a different design, which we hope to illustrate shortly.

NEW ZEALAND.—The penny stamp has been altered very much for the worse. It will be remembered that the penny stamp "Universal Postage" pattern was specially designed by Sir E. Poynter, and engraved by Waterlow and Sons in their best style, the first supplies being printed by them in London, the plate being sent out to New Zealand, where later printings were produced, the plate rapidly showing signs of wear. In 1904 a new plate was made, which may be distinguished from the first

plate, in that it has a minute dot between each stamp, about the middle. This does not always show, as not infrequently the perforations punch out the little spot. In 1906 such was the demand for 1d. stamps, 4 plates were made, 2 in London, by Waterlows, and two locally, with a view to seeing which lasted best, but either these plates were not satisfactory, or the Government wanted something much cheaper, and a new design was made similar to, but differing in detail throughout, and reproduced either by lithography or a very poor surface printing process. The illustration will give an exact idea of the appearance of the new stamp, and collectors can note the various differences

by comparison with an ordinary penny New Zealand stamp. The present stamp is printed in a deep carmine watermarked N Z and star sideways, and perforated 14 × 15.



RUSSIA.—Another value of the new series on surfaced paper has come to hand. The cellulose lattice bands do not show very clearly, but they are there, 1 kopee ochre. The above illustration is to show the design only. This item was crowded out last number.

RUSSIA.—A further value of the new series has also made its appearance, but differs materially in design from the other low values. The stamp is surfaced with the lattice pattern as usual, but in the specimens we have seen it is not very noticeable; 4 kopecs, red.

We understand that some of the higher values are being printed on this special "lattice" paper, but from the old plates, with no alteration in the design.

ROUMANIA.—Two other values have been issued of the permanent series, viz., 3 bani yellow brown and 50 bani orange. The illustration will serve to show the general design of both values, perforations of this issue seem to be very variable—compound, $11\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$, appears to be the normal, and some values are also perforated $11\frac{1}{2}$ and $13\frac{1}{2}$. Possibly all values exist in each variety of perforation.

UNITED STATES.—The dollar value has now been issued, and does not differ materially from the illustration.

Certain values have also been issued unperforated, for use in the automatic slot machines. When issued from these machines they are separated by a rough kind of roulette. Imperforated, 1 cent. green (Franklin), 2 cents carmine, 3 cents

purple, 4 cents. brown, and 5 cents. deep blue,



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all with head of Washington, perforated, 1 dollar grey black - also with head of Washington.

UNITED STATES.—This commemorative stamp has also been issued, imperforated for



use in the slot machines, and may possibly be scarce, as the issue is expected to be merely temporary.



SIAM.—A permanent series has now appeared for the higher "Tical" values, replacing the ugly provisional "green" series.

These stamps are beautifully engraved, and printed in two colours, both the name and value in English and Siamese being very clearly done. The central design is an equestrian figure of King Chulalongkorn, and the border in each instance is of another colour. The value illustrated has the



centre in a peculiar shade of brown orange, and the border is red lilac. Like the lower values, the engraving is of a very high class, and the printing very well done; 2 Ticals brown orange and red lilac. We hope to give particulars of the rest of the series at an early date.





MESSRS. Longmans' announcements, if not very remarkable, keep the high standard that readers have learned to expect from them.

Mr. J. H. Hobson, than whom there is no clearer thinker nor more direct and accurate writer in the field of economics, has in the press a volume to be entitled "The Industrial System." The aim of the work is to show precisely how wealth is obtained, how it is distributed and to what degree there is waste in each. The questions of unemployment and taxation are necessarily largely dealt with.

The rapid growth of Roman Catholic literature is one of the most significant features of our time. Dr. Burton has written the history of the eighteenth century - the most depressing period in the story of Catholicism in his "Life and Times of Bishop Challoner.

Catholicism in Scotland during the same period and the previous century is dealt with by the Rev. W. Forbes Leith in "Historical Letters and Memoirs of Scottish Catholics. Both these books are to appear shortly.

Professor Michael Sadler is collaborating with Mr. Bompas Smith in a work which should have great educational value "The English Scholarship system in its relation with the secondary schools for boys and girls."

The last volume but one of "The Political History of England" will have been issued by the time these notes appear. The volume deals with the period 1702-1760.

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Messrs. McMillan have commenced the issue of the "English Men of Letters" series in a shilling edition.

* *

The new publishers, Messrs. Mills and Boon, are issuing a volume of sketches entitled "Orpheus in Mayfair," by Mr. Maurice Baring whose volume on Russia attracted so much attention last year.

* *

Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode are about to issue the hand-book of the forthcoming English Church Pageant.

The announcements of Mr. Fisher Unwin are among the most important and interesting of those before us. Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, whose interest in animals is well-known, has written on "The Place of Animals in Human Thought." The attitude of the great ancient and modern thinkers toward animals is a fascinating subject and the book should be most interesting.

Another series of essays by Mr. Goldwin Smith, entitled "No Refuge but in Truth," is to appear immediately.

Mr. Unwin also announces a comprehensive and authoritative work on Mexico by Mr. Reginald Enock to which an introduction has been written by Major Martin Hume. A complete history of the country precedes a detailed description of its topography, and an account of its resources and industries to-day.

* *

The question of the great hereafter as answered by moderns such as Mr. Balfour and Professor Oliver Lodge is treated on in a work to be issued shortly by Mr. Francis Griffiths.

* *

Messrs. Chatto & Windus announce a biography of Madame Melba written by Miss Agnes M. Murphy.

* *

Mr. Werner Laurie's announcements include a work on Psychical Science and Christianity, and a volume of essays entitled "Egoists: A book of Supermen" by one of the most striking and unconventional American essayists, Mr. James Huncken.

* *

Mr. Dent is shortly to publish what should prove to be the most substantial and comprehensive life of the great Bohemian patriot and reformer John Huss.

The work is from the pen of Count Lützon, and deals with the Reformer from a Nationalist standpoint.



By J. HERBERT SLATER.

THE second portion of the celebrated Library of the late Lord Amherst, of Hackney, which, as will be well in remembrance, was sold by Messrs. Sotheby on March 24th and three following days, realised the large sum of £14,519 12s., this making, with the amount previously obtained, £32,592 11s. The whole of the books printed by Caxton were disposed of privately to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and placing the price of them at the very probable figure of £20,000, more or less, we may say that the library as a whole realised £52,000. Now this, of course, is a very substantial amount, which has only been exceeded on a very few occasions. Still, it has been exceeded, the Amherst Collection ranking fifth, as a matter of calculation, from the point of view of commercial value. First comes the Library of William Beckford, of Fonthill, partly sold in 1823 and partly in 1882-3. This realised, from first to last, £89,200. Next we have the Library of the Earl of Ashburnham, which realised £62,700, in 1897-8, then the Heber Library, sold during 202 days in 1834-7, £57,500, and finally the Sunderland Library, 1881-82, £56,000. It is not possible to compare the importance of these Libraries, one with another, from the present day standpoint of their price in the market, for the books as a whole were just of that class which during the last few years has risen in value to an extent which would hardly be credited by anyone who was not in the habit of following the sales by auction as they occur, and comparing the prices now realised for books with those which prevailed for the same books in the past. Lord Amherst was a collector of forty years' standing or more, and many of the books in his Library proved to have doubled and trebled themselves in value since he bought them, while a few seem to have broken comparisons altogether. It is said that on a moderate com-

putation the result of the sale of the whole Library shows an accretion of £15,000, though this must not be looked upon as profit, except on paper. As in all these cases, the interest on the money sunk, so to speak, has necessarily to be brought into the account, and it is just that which makes all the difference, and is responsible for the saying that there never is any pecuniary advantage to be gained from book-buying, unless each transaction is followed as soon as possible by a sale. Needless to say this is a very sordid way of looking at the book-collector's calling, and that no collector of any standing or who took the least interest in the books he had gathered together, would be influenced by any such consideration as this. I merely mention the circumstance because a great deal has been said in the daily press and elsewhere about Lord Amherst's success, so far as the formation of his Library was concerned, and it has been assumed in almost every instance that success in such matters is measured by the extent of the pecuniary gain, rather than by the knowledge, taste and ability which are absolutely necessary to the formation of every Library, great or small, which is worthy of being called by that name.

On looking over the catalogue of the books comprised in the second portion of Lord Amherst's Library, and the prices realised for them, it is seen that very many sold for small sums, and that the collector of moderate means was not so hopelessly shut out as the current reports would have us believe. On the contrary he had very fair play. He might have obtained the works in Spanish of Hurtado de Mendoza, printed at Madrid in 1613, for 14s., half Spanish calf, and the original edition of Latimer's "Sermon, preached at Stamford on the 9th of October, 1550," for 40s., bound in morocco by Riviere, though it was. Scores of

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books, good of their kind, might have been picked up for a few shillings each, and scores of others for a few pounds, many of these books being in their way and from a literary point of view just as important as many others which excited great competition, and changed hands for large sums. I mention a few of them, in order to show what might have been got at comparatively little cost. The "Theatrum Orbis Terrarum" of Abraham Ortelius, printed at the Plantin Press at Antwerp in 1592, made £5, old vellum; Peacham's "Worth of a Penny," 1647, 4to, a very fair copy in half calf, 18s.; Sir Hugh Plat's "Jewell House of Art and Nature," 1653, 4to, 20s., old calf; a fine clean copy of the same author's "Garden of Eden," 1659, 4to, 24s., original calf; the original edition of Dr. Ponet's "Shorte Treatise of Politike Power," 1556, £2 4s., calf, by Bedford; Prester John's "De Ritu et Moribus Indorum," printed without name or date (but Argent, *i.e.*, Strasburg about 1480) 8s., a very small amount for such a scarce tract; the original edition of Prynne's "Plea for the Lords and House of Peers," 1658, 4to, 12s., old calf; John Rea's "Flora, Ceres and Pomona," 1676, 8vo. 13s., old calf; Scot's "Discovery of Witchcraft," 1651, 4to, £2 4s., modern morocco; a good copy of Stevens and Liebauld's "Maison Rustique," 1600, small 4to, 38s., old calf; the "Soliloquies of Thomas à Kempis," printed at Paris in 1653, small 8vo, £2 2s., original vellum, and many more. Some of the books, indeed, realised less than they will very probably bring in case they should find their way to the auction rooms again. On the other hand, many of the works for which there is a continual demand realised very high prices. The "Questiones" of Cardinal Turrecremata, 1514, 8vo, from the joint Library of Henri II. of France and Diane de Poitiers, for which Lord Amherst paid £12 12s. some fifteen years ago, now realised £100, and many other books three or four times as much as he expended upon them.

It is not possible to leave this Library without mentioning some at least of the volumes for which there was great competition, and for which high prices were realised. As a rule it is little use referring to works of this exalted character, as years may elapse before they are met with again, but in this instance the circumstances are exceptional. It is five years since a sound copy of the first edition of the "Imitatio Christi" was publicly offered for sale, and the price then realised was £90. This was at the sale of the late Mr. W. G. Thorpe's Library at Sotheby's, in April, 1904. Lord Amherst's copy brought £200, some later editions of the same book realising amounts which varied from £47 to £3 5s. The finest collection of editions of

the "Imitatio" ever got together was formed by Mr. Waterton, and when sold in January, 1895, was bought by Dr. Copinger for £144. It comprised six ancient manuscripts and about 800 printed editions, ancient and modern, in various languages, but did not include the first edition of all, which to make the record complete I may say was printed by Gunther Zainer, at Augsburg, without date, but about the year 1471. Leaving the "Imitatio," we next come to the *editio princeps* of the "De Divinis Institutionibus" of Lactantius, printed by Sweynheym and Pannartz, at Subiaco, in 1465, folio, the first book printed in Italy, and the second for which Greek type was cast. This was a very fine copy, and realised £350, while the second edition of 1468 made £115, old russias. That Lilly's "Christian Astrology," 1659, 4to should sell for as much as £91 is explained by the fact that the book was finely bound by Roger Payne and had an original description of the binding in his hand inserted. A fine copy of Linde-woode's "Constitutiones Provinciales Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496, made £99, old calf; Milton's "Paradise Lost," 1667, with the second title-page, £75, half russias, cut down; Ochino's "A Tragedie or Dialogue," 1549, 4to, £99, contemporary Calf with the arms of Thomas Wotton; an "Ordinal" of King Edward VI, printed by Grafton in 1549, the King's own copy with the Royal Arms, £205; "The Second Prayer Book of Edward VI," E. Whitchurch, 1552, £90, modern morocco; the second issue of the same King's first Prayer Book, printed by Whitchurch in March 1549, £102, old morocco; the Prayer Book, Psalter and Psalms of 1571, finely bound in Contemporary English (Lyonnese) calf, £220; Marbeck's "Book of Common Praier Noted," R. Grafton, 1550, 4to, £140, morocco antique; the very rare first edition of "Knox's Liturgy," printed at Geneva in 1556, 8vo, £102, velvet with gold clasps and the equally rare first edition of Richard de Bury's "Philobiblon," printed at Cologne without date (but 1473) £150, modern morocco. It is necessary also to mention that a remargined example of the original edition of "A Midsomer Night's Dreame," 1600, made £65 and two imperfect copies of Shakespeare's first folio of 1623, £800. The edition of the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," printed in 32 chapters by Veldener in 1483, sold for £475, modern calf, and the last edition of Tyndale's New Testament as revised by himself and printed by Martin Emperour at Antwerp in 1534-5, £250, morocco antique, not subject to return. Thus it would be possible to go on at great length, quoting high prices realized for printed books and manuscripts at this remarkable sale, but enough has been said to shew the

IN THE SALE ROOMS

very great importance of the Library which Lord Amherst spent quite forty years in forming. The highest amount realised for a manuscript at this second sale was £1210 obtained for a vellum rendering of Wycliffe's original version of the New Testament written in long lines with ornamental pen-letters and marginal decorations in blue and red. All other MSS. of this version, with the exception perhaps of the Banister and Phillipps copies, are now in public libraries.

The last day of March witnessed a sale held by Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods, of a number of autograph letters and literary memoranda which, however, with one exception, do not come within the scope of such an article as this. The exception consists of a distinctly literary composition containing a substantially new version of Shelley's Poem "St. Irvyne's Tower," in the handwriting of the Poet himself. It will be seen on referring to any printed version that the poem consists of six verses. This MS. which realised £52 had ten; the sixth verse of the printed version was omitted, but between verses four and five were the following:

For there a youth with dark'ned brow
His long lost love is heard to mourn;
He vents his swelling bosom's woe,
Ah! when will hours like these return?
O'er this torn soul, o'er this frail form
Let feast the fiends of tortured love,
Let Hover dire fate's terrific storm;
I would the pangs of death to prove.
Ah! why do prating priests suppose
That God can give the wretch relief?
Can stop the bosoms burning woe,
Or calm the tide of frantic grief!

In the MS. the second line of verse 4 reads "The Moonbeam pours its silver ray" and the last line of verse 5, "The dark shade of futurity." No printed version of Shelley's poem can now be considered quite authentic unless the above with other additions and alterations disclosed by this important MS. are incorporated.

One or two other sales took place before the Easter Holidays but as usually happens in such cases they were of trifling importance and the consideration of them is better relegated to the next article, when a number of useful but not valuable books will be collected together and imported into a scheme for shewing what can be got, even in these days, for a small expenditure of money.





A BALLADE OF THINGS THAT WERE.

(In an article published recently in one of the newspapers a writer deplored the absence of literary merit in most of the nursery rhymes which children are taught as soon as they can speak. The following is an attempt to realise what might be the result if one of our experienced caterers for the young got to work on them.)

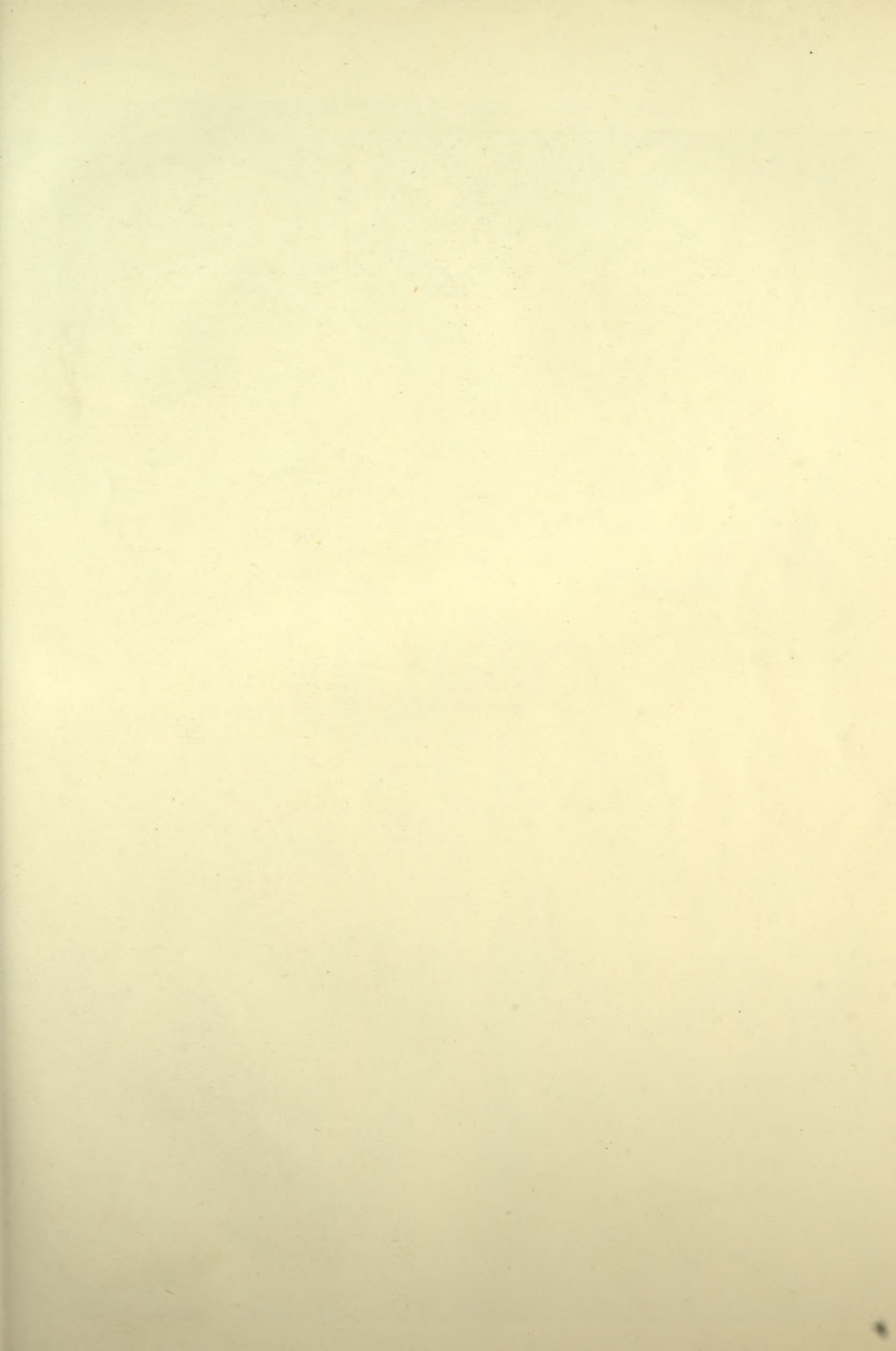
HERE was the edifice, and here
 The place where sacks of malt once lay
 Potential pints and quarts of beer —
 Where are they now ? Ah, who shall say ?
 Men tell a tale of rodents, they
 Who, e'en as Falstaff, breached their sack ;
 Tell how Grimalkin used to prey
 Within the mansion built by Jack.

A dog there was that gambolled near,
 Playing the games dogs love to play,
 Blanching the cat's nine lives with fear —
 Where are they now ? Ah, who shall say ?
 A dog can only have its day,
 And this succumbed to the attack
 Of horns whose owner munched her hay
 Within the mansion built by Jack.

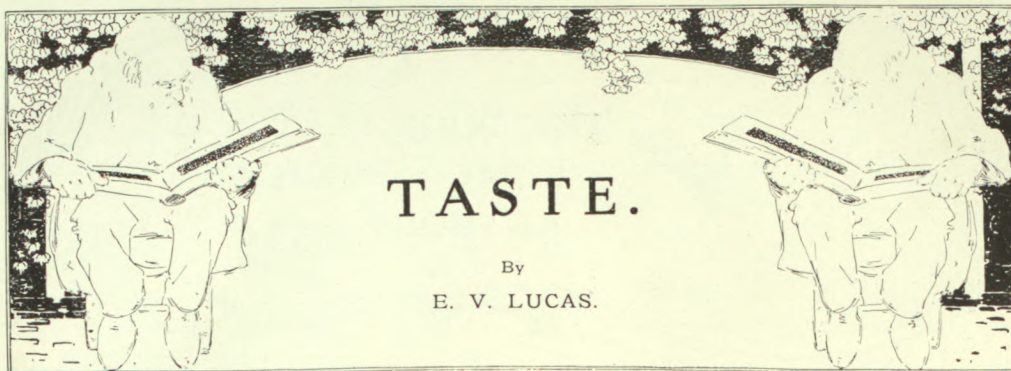
To milk the cow a maiden drear
 Adown the meadow took her way
 And met a tattered cavalier —
 Where are they now ? Ah, who shall say ?
 Chanticleer's morning roundelay
 Set a shorn priest upon their track,
 And man and maid were one for aye
 Within the mansion built by Jack.

Prince, they are fled, nor your array
 Of pomp and pride shall bring them back ;
 Where are they now ? Ah, who shall say ?
 They and the mansion built by Jack ?

C. E. HUGHES.







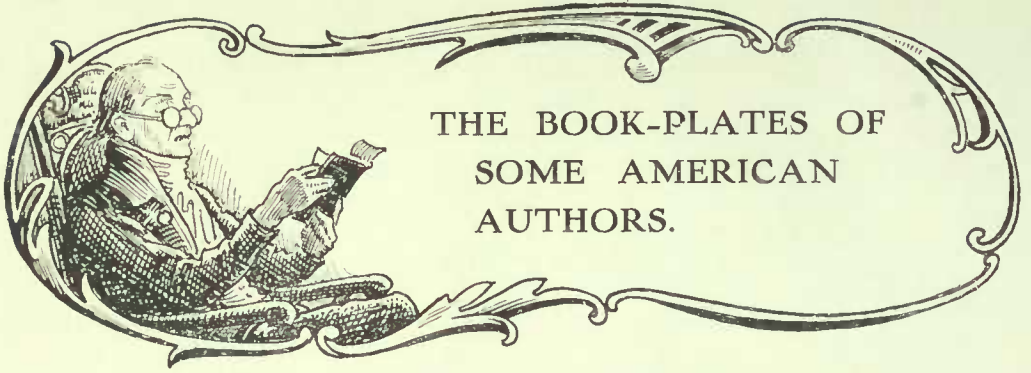
A MAN was sitting in his library before the fire, looking at nothing. He was a rich man and had all that happy people are supposed by the less happy to want. Above all he had perfect taste. His pictures, in particular, were wonderful; he never made a mistake.

There came a knock at the door, and the servant entered to say that a small packing case had arrived, and what was to be done with it. "Bring it here," said his master, "and bring the hammer and screw driver."

The box was brought in and opened: it contained a picture, which the connoisseur had bought the day before at Christie's, after a hard struggle and at an enormous figure—a small woodland scene by an exquisite master, so tender and quiet and true that even unthinking persons who saw it became for the moment hushed and gentle, and sensitive persons almost trembled, while artists waved their thumbs at it with murmurs of amazement and despair.

The man set the picture on a chair in a good light and studied it and studied it. After a few minutes he rose and went to a cabinet, from a drawer of which he took a large fat parcel. Returning to his seat before the fire he drew from the paper an oleograph representing a sunset, atrociously framed in gilt, and as crude and garish as if it had been coloured with orange peel and sealing wax. It was the first picture he had ever bought—the foundation stone of his collection. He had saved up for it when he was only ten, and for some years it had hung in his bedroom, and rejoiced him night and morning.

As he looked at it now his eyes filled with tears.



THE BOOK-PLATES OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS.

BY SHELDON CHENEY.

PART I.

THE humble book-plate collector, quite as much as the book collector or the print collector, hoards the treasures which come into his chosen field, just as carefully sifts the wheat from the chaff, and is quite as enthusiastic in specializing in the most fascinating branches of his chosen subject. Just as his wealthier brother looks with pardonable pride at his generous shelf of first editions, so the book-plate collector handles lovingly the carefully-mounted plates of his choice. He may specialize in ex-libris of a certain period, or he may gather plates of a distinct style (as the ever-interesting "book-pile" ex-libris) or he may treasure only the plates of historic characters. But certainly to him who is a book-lover as well as a book-plate gatherer, the most fascinating group will be the book-plates of authors. In the little slips of paper which writers of to-day and of old have pasted into the books of their private libraries the collector finds a charm akin to that of biographies and portraits. He finds therein personal details of taste and of whim—even true indications of the characters of the owners. And beyond that there is the trinket collector's pleasure in owning something personally used by famous men and women.

The study of authors' book-plates is a worthy branch—some scorners would

call it a twig—of the general subject of "literary memorabilia." Here one has that personal mark which the great writer has chosen to bear witness to his ownership in all the books of his library. It is something close to him, something to stand for him in the eyes of his friends. What could be more characteristic of the owner than Pepys' vain book-plate, bearing his portrait with all his finest frills and furbelows; or Jack London's grim mark of a wolf's head; or Henry Van Dyke's angling plate? Such are the congruities the collector delights in—and the occasional incongruities are no less interesting.

The authors of all countries have used book-plates, and much has been written on the subject. It is to some little-known modern American plates that the present writer wishes to call attention. A few more generally known plates accompany this first section for from the administration of the first author-president of the United States to the administration of the last author president there have been interesting writers who have used interesting book plates.

With few exceptions the early American plates are crude and lack interest artistically. But they were used by the perennially interesting men and women, pioneers, soldiers, and patriots, who made America. The

THE BOOK-PLATES OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS

plates of the early writers belong as well to patriots and statesmen. Thos. Paine, who influenced the outcome of the Revolutionary war by the pamph-



lets he wrote, and who was the author of the famous "The Rights of Man," had a book-plate. But, best of all, George Washington, who had far more to do with that same Revolution, and who is mentioned in the histories of American literature for his masterly messages, used a personal ex-libris. The collector of author's plates who stretches a point to include that of George Washington, may well be excused. It would be interesting if only for the fact of its ownership by so great a man. Beyond that, it bears those arms of the Washington family from which the United States flag was designed. Needless to say, it is the most-sought-for of all American plates.

Three other early presidents used ex libris—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and John Tyler—of whom only one, however, may be truly called an author. John Quincy Adams, besides being president, was noted as an able essayist and poet. A volume of his

poems was published in the year of his death, two of which are reprinted in Stedman's "American Anthology." This author-president designed his own book-plate, patriotically encircling the armorial part with thirteen stars. There are known to collectors four different John Quincy Adams plates, but the one described was probably the last and most used one—as certainly as it is the most interesting.

Richard Henry Dana, who succeeded in several branches of literary work, and exerted influence over the literary taste of his day, was another of the early authors who had armorial book-plates. His ex libris was made in the handsome Chippendale style by Nathaniel Hurd, who was the best of the early American native-born engravers.

Paul Revere is only a literary light as subject and not as author. But it seems worth while to mention here that he not only had a book-plate of his own, but was the engraver of several crude but interesting designs. One was for an Epes Sargent, though probably not the poet of that name.



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Between these early writers and those of the late nineteenth century there were many authors who used book-plates. But their names are too little known, or their plates too un-



George Bancroft

interesting, to warrant giving much space to them. In Charles Dexter Allen's "American Book-plates" one may find notes of all these: Alsop; Antill; Bozman, the able historian; Byrd—a very rare plate; Stith; Abercrombie; Joseph Hopkinson, who wrote "Hail Columbia"; Francis S. Key, who wrote the stirring "Star Spangled Banner"; Daniel Webster and Edward Everett, better known as orators; and of the later historians, Bancroft and Prestcott. The plate of George Bancroft perhaps deserves special mention. It is one of the finest

plates of the period and shows a cherub bearing a panel with the words "ΕΙΣ ΦΑΟΣ" engraved thereon. This motto, "Into the light," would seem an excellent one for a historian.

The first American woman to have a personal book-plate was an author. Elizabeth Graeme Ferguson, who has been remembered in several collections of American literature, had an armorial design on which appeared her maiden name.

Of all American authors' plates none is more appropriate than that of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Laurence Hutton has best described it, in his essay "On Some American Book-plates," in words well worth quoting. After describing the eccentric and witty design of Victor Hugo, he writes:

"In marked contrast with the ex libris of the French poet is that of the American professor who is doctor as well as poet, and who has travelled, in his One Hoss Shay from the Atlantic to the far ends of the land, singing Songs of Many Seasons and in many Keys, and carrying help and comfort to thousands of patients who never saw his face, but whose bruised hearts have blessed him, and still bless him, for their healing. The books in his library bear the image of 'The Chambered Nautilus,' that

" Ship of pearl, which poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer winds its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
air."

"'If you will look into Roget's Bridgewater Treatise,' said the Autocrat one morning, 'You will find a figure of one of these shells and a section of it. The last will show you the series of enlarging compartments, successively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits the shell, which is built in a widening spiral. Can you find no lesson in this?'

THE BOOK-PLATES OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS

" Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

So the Autocrat had a chambered nautilus, with its symbolic lesson, engraved on his book-plate, which he met day after day in his library. And that plate is perhaps the most appropriate of all the labels which great Americans have used.

One might expect to find a library interior, or a medallion of the beloved Horace, — in fact, anything but what actually appears— on the plate of Eugene Field. He, the unconventional, perhaps the farthest removed from pretension and show of all American writers, had an armorial book-plate. Far better would it have been if he had used that simple little design which is shown in the pages of his delightful essays, "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac." He describes it in this manner: "I was a young man when I adopted the book-plate which I am still using, and which will be found in all my books. I drew the design myself and had it executed by a son of Anderson, the first of American en-

gravers. It is by no means elaborate : a book rests upon a heart, and underneath appear the lines :

" My Book and Heart
Must never part."

It would have been an ideal plate for the writer of those intimate essays —and perhaps he had some idea of adopting it in place of the heraldic one, when he wrote the "Love Affairs." But that was his last book.

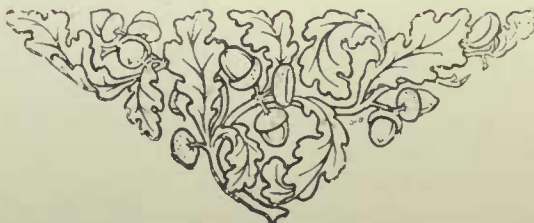
Another famous book-collector and writer about books, had a book-plate, of evident purpose. Laurence Hutton used a design in which a central niche holds a full-length figure of Thackeray — of whom, in comparison with Dickens, Hutton once said: "I long felt that Thackeray somehow in a purely personal way was the finer character and the

nobler man ; perhaps because Thackeray once patted my little red head." So Thackeray has the place of honor on Hutton's book-plate, flanked on either side by book-cases containing the owner's favorite volumes. On the top of one of the cases stands a death mask, typical of Hutton's interest in "Portraits in Plaster."

(To be continued).



Oliver Wendell Holmes.





BY GEORGE A. STEPHEN.

PARTLY as a result of acute competition and partly with the view of stimulating the artistic perceptions of the public, many publishers are now devoting considerable attention to the matter of decorative end-papers and book-covers, and increasing numbers of publishers are employing distinguished artists for these purposes. They believe that a book, like a woman, is none the worse but rather the better for having a good dressmaker. Indeed, it is not an overstatement to say that large sales of certain classes of books depend to a great extent upon the attractiveness of their "get-up."

The primary purpose of end-papers of course is utilitarian, and at first they were naturally left plain; but in course of time, as with other articles of utility, it became apparent that they were susceptible of being made ornamental, and thenceforth they came to be treated from the æsthetic point of view.

For a considerable period it has been a common practice to use decorative end-papers on leather-bound books, but it was not until about fifteen years ago that their use was extended—to any appreciable degree at least—to the ordinary commercial cloth book-covers. Since that time publishers have realised that end-papers provide a new field for the skill of the designer, and quite a large number of books

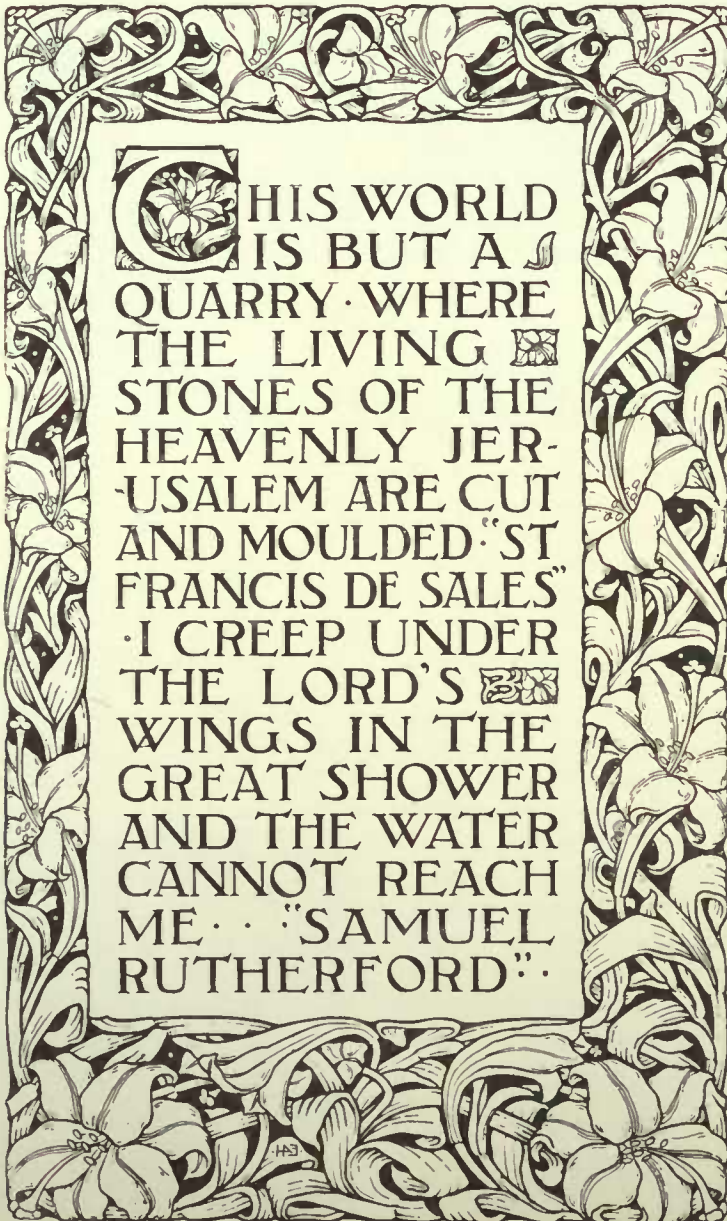
issued during the last few years have end-papers of chaste and effective designs, frequently harmonising with the colour of the material used for the covers. The scope afforded to the artist is extensive, owing to the great difference in the size, purpose, and style of books, and consequently there is to-day a very large variety in the designs of these end-papers.

It has become customary for the illustrator of a book to design the end-papers also, if they are to be ornamental, and it is not unusual for him or her to design the book-cover as well. The writer possesses specimens of end-papers designed by Walter Crane, Aubrey Beardsley, Arthur Rackham, W. Heath Robinson, Edmund Dulac, Gleeson White, Miss M. V. Wheelhouse, Miss E. A. Harrison, L. Leslie Brooke, F. D. Bedford, H. M. Brock, Arthur J. Black, George Soper, W. Hyde and Warwick Goble, besides other artistic end-papers by designers whose names have not been ascertained. Many of the end-papers are specially designed for use in a particular book, and in some instances they are in harmony with the ornaments and illustrations of the book, while in others the author's portrait or monogram, or both, enter into the design. Others are intended for a complete series of

DECORATIVE END-PAPERS

books and thus, besides being decorative, serve to show the relationship of the books in the series; examples of these are the end-papers for "Everyman's Library," "Miranda's Library," and the "Master Musicians" series, all published by Messrs. J. M.

Dent, Messrs. Jack's "Library of the Soul," and "The Quiet Moment" series, published by the Religious Tract Society, the last of which was designed by Miss E. A. Harrison, and is reproduced herein. A repeating pattern, after the manner of some wall-paper



"QUIET MOMENT" SERIES

By permission of the Religious Tract Society



END-PAPER FOR LEWIS F. DAY'S WORKS

By permission of Mr. B. T. Batsford

designs, is used with artistic effect on some end-papers, those designed by Walter Crane for "Pan Pipes" and "Ideals in Art" being noteworthy examples of this style, to which Walter Crane is very partial; the "Ideals" end-paper is in red on a white ground, and the design is made up of vertical rows of conventional laurel leaves alternating with rows of ancient lamps. Lewis F. Day's design for the end-papers of his books consists of a repeating pattern, made up of separate monograms of the author's and publisher's initials, as illustrated, the design being in white on a blue or a green ground; this example is probably unique, and pleasingly indicates the partnership in production that exists between the author and the publisher. The design of other end-papers takes the form of an ex-libris; examples of such end-papers are to be seen in Dent's editions of Jane Austen's "Duologues," Henry Fielding's "Amelia" and "Tom Jones," and some of the works of Captain Marryat and Maria Edgeworth.

Sometimes the end-paper of a book

consists of a map of the country or locality of which the book treats; E. V. Lucas's "Wanderer in Holland," for example, has a map of Holland for the front end-paper. Occasionally symbolic ornaments are used, as in Dent's edition of Francis Bacon's "Essays or Counsels, Civill and Morrell" and "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius"; each end-paper for these two books is adorned with a figure of an owl, the symbol of wisdom. Besides these there are countless numbers of pictorial end-papers, such as those used in D. Raeburn's "Hoodman Grey, Christian," consisting of a charming seascape in colours by Arthur J. Black, and F. G. Aflalo's admirable prose anthology "The Call of the Sea" (Grant Richards); the latter are both of delightful seascapes designed by W. Hyde and the beautiful coloured plate illustrating this article, which is a facsimile of the front end-paper of the book, is one of the triumphs of W. Hyde's art. Other typical examples given of good pictorial end-papers are those of Mrs. H. E. Marshall's "Our Island Story" (T. C. & E. C. Jack) W. G. Waters's "Travellers Joy" (Grant Richards), designed by W. Hyde and those designed by Edmund Dulac for his



W. G. WATERS'S "TRAVELLER'S JOY"

By permission of Mr. Grant Richards

DECORATIVE END-PAPERS

"Lyrics, Pathetic and Humorous" (Frederick Warne & Co.). Numerous other examples may be seen in some

Frequently the end-papers are clearly indicative of the subject matter of the books for which they are used, as



MRS. H. E. MARSHALL'S "OUR ISLAND STORY"

By permission of Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack

of the excellent children's books published by Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack, Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., and Frederick Warne & Co. Many of these pictorial end-papers are really supplementary illustrations to the books they adorn, as the end-papers designed by W. Hyde for Maurice Hewlett's "The Spanish Jade" and those for Sir Harry Johnston's "The Uganda Protectorate"; the latter, as stated in the text of the book, are additional illustrations of the Ekirikiti Tree in flower.

those in Oliver G. Pike's "Adventures in Birdland," which depict two birds' nests, and those in Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Melville's anthology entitled "London's Lure," which have two scenes of the River Thames, by Miss M. V. Wheelhouse. In some end-papers the two opposite pages are treated as single pages, each having a separate design. This method is very satisfactory, because when the design is spread over both pages its appearance is marred to some extent by the objec-



EDMUND DULAC'S "LYRICS, PATHETIC AND HUMOROUS"

By permission of Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co.

THE BIBLIOPHILE

tionable break at the hinges, which must inevitably occur.

Difference of opinion exists as to the principle which should govern the designing of end-papers; some artists evidently favour a design which is manifestly intended to reveal as much of the purport of the book as possible; others prefer a design which is merely suggestive. It may therefore be apposite to quote the opinion of one of the greatest living designers. In his book treating "Of the Decorative Illustration of Books, Old and New," Walter Crane says regarding end-papers: "Here the problem is to cover two leaves in a suggestive and agreeable, but not obtrusive way. One way is to design a repeating pattern

simile, Walter Crane would have the end-papers stand in the same relation to the book as the overture stands to the opera.

Regarding another style of end-paper, with which his name is specially associated, he says: "If we are play-



E. V. LUCAS'S "ANOTHER BOOK OF VERSES FOR CHILDREN"

By permission of Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.

much on the principle of a small printed textile, or miniature wall-paper, in one or more colours. Something delicately suggestive of the character and contents of the book is in place here, but nothing that competes with the illustrations proper. It may be considered as a kind of quadrangle, forecourt, or even a garden or grass plot before the door." To use a

ful and lavish, if the book is for Christmastide or for children, we may catch a sort of fleeting, butterfly idea on the fly-leaves before we are brought with becoming, though dignified curiosity, to a short pause at the half-title. Having read this, we are supposed to pass on with bated breath until we come to the double doors, and the front and full title are disclosed in all their splendour." The end-papers for Walter Crane's "The Baby's Own Bouquet," printed in green on a white ground, give one a good idea of this view of

Walter Crane; these end-papers have a repeating pattern made up of a festoon, a basket of flowers, and a child with wings. The love of children for pictures is insatiable, and decorative end-papers seem to be particularly appropriate for children's books; indeed, by some publishers who specialise in children's books they are regarded as a necessary adjunct to

DECORATIVE END-PAPERS

such books. Generally these end-papers are pictorial, and are frequently designed by the illustrator of the book. Amongst other artists in this branch of illustration, L. Leslie Brooke, F. D. Bedford, and "A. Nobody" (who prefers to conceal his real name) have

Rhyme Book," edited by Andrew Lang, which is here illustrated, has figures suggesting the verses of Four-and-twenty blackbirds, Ride a cock-horse, Little Jack Horner, Three blind mice, Little Miss Muffet, and Mother Goose.



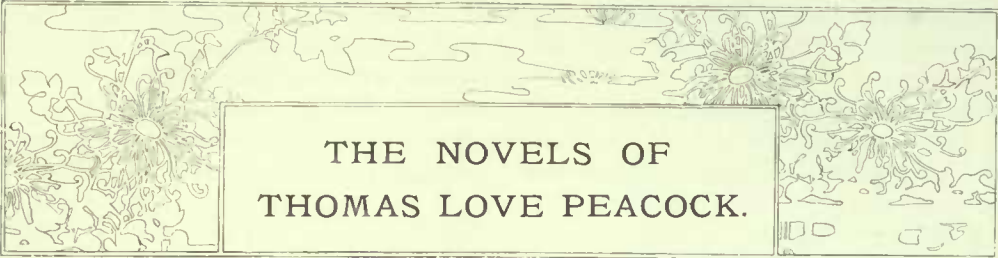
A. LANG'S "NURSERY RHYME BOOKS"

By permission of Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co.

designed pleasing pictorial end-papers for the books they have embellished with illustrations. The examples given of F. D. Bedford's work are illustrations of the end-papers of E. V. Lucas's "Another Book of Verses for Children" (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.) which are designed to stimulate the curiosity of the youthful readers of the book. L. Leslie Brooke's design for the end-papers of "The Nursery

In opening a book the reader's eye immediately notices the end-papers, and if these be appropriate and attractive a natural interest will be instantly aroused, and they will have the desired effect of prompting the reader to a perusal of the book. Decorative end-papers have a rightful use in a book, and it is a matter for congratulation that many capable artists are identified with the designing of them.





THE NOVELS OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

By H. D. WOOSTER.

"All philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind,
In every part to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit."

SO runs the motto of "Headlong Hall," and the couplets well express the aims of Thomas Love Peacock's Novels. Like the Irishman in the brawl, wherever he saw a head he hit it. Gifted with rare powers of sarcasm, he used them freely to bludgeon folly, and although time has not justified many of his critical opinions (such as his lack of sympathy for the Romantic Revival), the bulk of his satire, in which there are many curiously modern notes, remains unweakened.

Peacock was born at Weymouth, in 1785. On the death of his father, three years later, he was adopted by his maternal grandfather, Thomas Love, who commanded a ship under Rodney, at Martinique, in 1782. Although sent to a private school in Englefield Green, where "the master was not much of a scholar, but he had the art of inspiring his pupils with a love of learning; and he had excellent Classical and French assistants," Peacock's real schooling was obtained at the British Museum, which he began to frequent when about 16 years old. It was here that he became imbued with the classical thought and style which subsequently in-

fluenced his own literary efforts. Under no obligation to work for his living, so long as he remained unmarried, his first ambitions tended to poetry, and accordingly volumes of verse appeared in 1806 and 1810. The result of a ramble in the Thames Valley with Shelley, however, was to convince him that his peculiar bent was not poetry, and he turned his attention to novel writing. The first, "Headlong Hall," appeared in 1816, and the seventh and last, "Gryll Grange," in 1860, nearly thirty years after its immediate predecessor, "Crotchet Castle." This long period of quiescence was consequent on his acceptance of an appointment under the East India Company to enable him to marry. He proved an extremely efficient servant of the Company, and when he retired in 1856, he received a pension of £1,000 a year, which he lived to enjoy for ten years. His death was hastened by the excitement of a fire, which threatened his much-loved books. In reply to a neighbourly offer of shelter on this occasion he replied, "By the immortal gods, I will not move!"

Peacock's fame rests on his novels, five of which, "Headlong Hall," "Nightmare Abbey," "Melincourt," "Crotchet Castle" and "Gryll Grange" are satirical, and the other two a

THE NOVELS OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

species of burlesque, one founded on the Robin Hood Legend, and the other on a story in the "Mabinogion," contemporary with the Arthurian cycle.

In the satirical novels the constructive qualities are somewhat unconventional. The thinnest thread of incident suffices for plot, and caricature displaces characterisation. As a rule, too, the dialogue is given in drama form, with very slight indication of the actions of the speakers and even less analysis of the motives originating their words. The highest form of dramatic conception, in which, as in the play scene in "Hamlet," events tend in an inevitable crescendo to one stupendous climax, is wanting, but there is considerable evidence of that lesser conception which forms incongruous groups of antithetical humours and dispositions.

Such a group is that in the first chapters of "Headlong Hall." Four of Squire Headlong's visitors, previously unknown to one another, meet on the coach :

"These four persons were Mr. Foster, the perfectibilian ; Mr. Escot, the deteriorationist ; Mr. Jenkison, the statu-quo-ite ; and the Reverend Dr. Gaster, who, though of course neither a philosopher nor a man of taste, had so won on the Squire's fancy by a learned dissertation on the art of stuffing a turkey, that he concluded no Christmas party would be complete without him."

In the conversation which follows, wonderful conclusions are deduced from wonderful premises and supported by still more wonderful proofs. The Reverend Doctor stolidly asserts that all animals are created solely for the use of man, even when the tiger devours him. By a succession of quibbles Mr. Escot proves that facts do not substantiate the Doctor's assertion, whereupon the latter replies, "It

is a mystery." At the next inn the conversation turns on the subject of meat eating, which Mr. Escot condemns vehemently while discussing with evident enjoyment a huge slice of beef.

This typical scene shows the scathing, yet kindly, strength of Peacock's satirical onslaughts upon the queer companies of cranks which he assembles at dinner at Headlong Hall, Nightmare Abbey and Crotchet Castle. Poets, parsons and pessimists, optimists and reviewers, metaphysicians and artists are herded together by such delightful types of the "old school" as Squire Headlong, Squire Crotchet and Mr. Hilary. They are, indeed, among the most delightful examples of such men, and, while perhaps not so intimately drawn, are comparable with Squire Western, Sir John Middleton in "Sense and Sensibility," or with the strenuous Tory Squires of Meredith's novels. They are broadly drawn, and appeal to the reader as red faced, full paunched, bluffly courteous and heartily hospitable men, neither nigardly with the bottle, nor deficient in genial common sense.

Yet finely depicted as this squirearchy is, the types are not original, nor do they stand out with the stubborn individuality of Peacock's parsons. The Reverend Doctor Gaster, the Rev. Mr. Larynx ("Nightmare Abbey"), the Rev. Doctor Folliott ("Crotchet Castle"), the Reverend Mr. Portpipe ("Melincourt"), and the Reverend Doctor Opimian ("Gryll Grange") are unrivalled examples of the Georgian cleric. All somewhat similar in general outline, the different details of their dispositions give to each a distinctive individuality. All are epicures and models of mediocre orthodoxy ; but each has a handle for the memory to grasp : one can carve a turkey ; another excels at after-dinner songs ;

THE BIBLIOPHILE

Doctor Folliott has histrionic tastes; and Portpipe was a judge of wine, while the pick of the bunch, Doctor Opimian, adored Paganism. It is easy to forgive such real men their failure to be ideals of their calling. To them Peacock has given some of his most exquisite touches. The pompous speech of Mr. Portpipe forces a mental vision of the man :

"There is my Library: Homer, Virgil, and Horace, for old acquaintance sake, and the credit of my cloth: Tillotson, Atterbury, and Jeremy Taylor, for material of exhortation and ingredients of sound doctrine: and for my own private amusement in an occasional half-hour between my dinner and my nap, a translation of Rabelais and 'The Tale of a Tub.'"

The worldly old parson could not be better described, and the later remark, when Mr. Forester takes down Homer, seems almost unnecessary:

"'Take care how you touch him,' said the Reverend Mr. Portpipe: 'he is in a very dirty condition, for he has not been disturbed these thirty years!'"

The sympathy lavished on these men suggests that not a little of Peacock's own disposition went to the making of the characters.

The squires and parsons make splendid foils to the cranks, extremists and faddists in the novels. Undoubtedly Peacock drew much from living men. Conservative to the backbone, he had not much sympathy with such a revolutionary movement as the Romantic Revival, and none whatever with the lordly Edinburgh Reviewers, or with the metaphysicians and philosophers of the day. The somewhat didactic school of Pope on which he modelled his verse, at once hardened his prejudices and stimulated them to an onslaught on the movement, which drew so sharp a distinction between

the verse of the 18th and the poetry of the 19th century. Even Shelley, whose friend and, for a short time, pensioner Peacock was, is depicted as a lugubrious and also ludicrous young man, Scythrop, in "Nightmare Abbey"; in which work Byron, Coleridge and Southey are identified with Cypress, Flosky and Sackbut. So in "Headlong Hall" the Edinburgh Reviewers are pilloried as Mr. Gall, Mr. Treacle, Mr. Nightshade and Mr. MacLaurel.

But Peacock's satires are not solely directed against individuals, as representing tendencies or streams of thought. There are passages in which he deals with social and political evils, although unfortunately for his own reputation his standpoint is generally retrograde. He said of Educational Reform that if all the nonsense talked about education were placed in one pan of the balance, and all other nonsense in the other, the latter would kick the beam. In "Melincourt," on the other hand, he attacks the Rotten Boroughs furiously, and earnestly advocated the necessity of a revision of the franchise. His description of the social conditions of his time does not make pleasant reading:

"Commercial prosperity is a golden surface, but all beneath it is rags and wretchedness. It is not in the splendid bustle of our principal streets . . . but it is in the mud hovel of the labourer—in the cellar of the artisan—in our crowded prisons—our swarming hospitals—our overcharged work-houses—in those narrow districts of our overgrown cities, which the affluent never see . . . that we must study the true mechanism of political society."

This indictment reads like modern socialism. Peacock, however, was no constructive politician; nor did he find a panacea in Whig projects, which struck him as full of benevolent words,

THE NOVELS OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

but void of practical purpose. The progress of mechanical arts and of commercial enterprise was, in his eyes, the cause of many social evils. While, then, blaming the methods of others, he does not suggest alternative remedies, unless his sighs after old feudal tenancies and dependence are to be taken seriously.

His political tirades are the most tedious portions of his work and they have made "Melincourt" the most tiresome of his novels. The interest is topical, and therefore evanescent. A word or two of the Reverend Mr. Portpipe, in the novel referred to, has the piquancy of cheese after sweets :

"When I open the bottle, I shut the book of Numbers. There are two reasons for drinking : one, when you are thirsty, to cure it ; the other, when you are not thirsty, to prevent it !"

A superb sophistry so humorously served, excuses many dull pages.

Turning from the satirical to the mock-romantic novels, a curious surprise awaits the reader. Using two legends, one drawn from the Robin Hood period, and one from the "Mabinogion," Peacock has written a couple of delightful fantasies, in which the skilful dialogue and clever characterisation are amplified with splendid description and fine lyrics.

In the earlier of these two novels, "Maid Marian," the well known Robin Hood Characters appear and one at least, Friar Tuck, rivals all other sketches of the character. Peacock has made of him a fine, rollicking, old scamp, full of humour and rough and ready philosophy ; equally fond of a pretty face, a fine song, a full bowl and a good fight. Some delightful speeches fall from the mouth of this unholy friar—speeches pregnant with fancy, and phrased to perfection ; thus :

"Let my frock answer for its own sins. It is worn past covering mine.

It is too weak for a shield, too transparent for a screen, too thin for a shelter, too light for gravity, and too threadbare for a jest."

And

"My little brother here is most profound in the matter of trout. He has marked, learned, and inwardly digested the subject, twice a week at least for five-and-thirty years. I yield to him in this. My strong points are venison and canary."

As usual, Peacock lavishes his kindest and keenest humour on wine-bibbing, old reprobates. If ever he tends to draw an ideal character, it is the man who stands by his beef and his bottle staunchly, and yet has a Pagan sympathy with all aspects of Nature. In "The Misfortunes of Elphin," the second of these burlesque romances, Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi, the third of the three immortal drunkards of the Isle of Britain, disappears and reappears in the tale, like a Pagan Puck, giving piquancy to the restless satire. He would have been the aristocrat in the democracy to which Trinculo, Stephano and Caliban belong :

He roared aloud, "You are welcome all four."

Elphin answered, "We thank you ; we are but two."

"Two or four," said Seithenyn, "all is one. You are welcome all. When a stranger enters, the custom in other places is to begin by washing his feet. My custom is to begin by washing his throat. Seithenyn ap Seithyn Saidi bids you welcome."

The other characters of these burlesques are depicted with a like quaint humour. In "Maid Marian" the choleric old Baron, dragged by common sense to the one side, and to the other by love and admiration for his gallant daughter, Maid Marian, is thoroughly in keeping with the squires of the other novels. The timid Abbot, the un-

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soldierly Sheriff, and other minor characters form an animated company. In "The Misfortunes of Elphin" the bard-ridden little courts of the Welsh tribes form the satirical background, and although these is perhaps no character, except Seithenyn, in whom is vested Peacock's bibulous paganism, the various parts are finely sustained.

There is nothing quite like these two novels in the English language. As in all Peacock's works, the narrative thread is slight; there is no attempt at romantic or ideal characterisation, all the characters being grotesque, humorous and robust; the dialogue is a glittering chain of wit and metaphor; and the whole is richly framed with descriptive passages and lightened by some really delightful lyrics.

The descriptive passages, so rare in the satirical novels, show that Peacock, had he wished, could have rivalled the greatest of writers in this class of prose. Modelled on the pioneer prose of the eighteenth century, his style has all the restraint and coldness which settled and made famous the English language. Perhaps Peacock's only peer of the 19th century in this precise, faultless style was the eccentric and original author of "The Bible in Spain." There are passages in "The Misfortunes of Elphin" which recall scenes in "Wild Wales"—passages which eat like frost into the brain.

Peacock, until his ramble with Shelley, in the Thames Valley, aspired to poetic fame, but his subjection to the School of Pope, in which sentiment is substituted for soul, from the first made his ambition a failure. But, although he abandoned Calliope and Melpomene he remained faithful to Erato, and, freed from the highest ideals, his natural vivacity of fancy and considerable metrical skill found expression in the light lyrics and ballads, in which the novels abound.

These verses vary from a fine drinking or hunting song to a tender ballad, with here and there a little bevy of lines, packed full of whimsies and frail fancies:

"The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble,
Dn'th make a jest
Of silken vest.

That will through greenwood scramble;
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble."

The following is part of a glee in "Melincourt":

"In life three jolly friars were we,
And now three friarly ghosts we be.
Around our shadowy table placed,
The spectral bowl before us floats
With wine that none hut ghosts can taste
We wash our unsubstantial throats.
Three merry ghosts—three merry ghosts—
three merry ghosts are we:
Let the ocean be Port, and we'll think it good
sport
To be laid in that Red Sea."

Once or twice only, however, does his verse rise to any great height. If Peacock could have written always with the deep pathos and superb restraint which he displayed in "The Death of Philemon" ("Gryll Grange") he might have attained to no inconsiderable poetic fame. The words of the messengers, who tell the audience awaiting the completion of the interrupted play that Philemon is dead are wholly grand:

"Struck by so fair a death, we stood
Awhile in sad admiring mood:
Then hastened back, to say
That he, the praised and loved of all,
Is deaf for ever to your call:
That on this selfsame day,
When here presented should have been
The close of this fictitious scene,
His life's true scene was o'er:
We seemed, in solemn silence awed,
To hear the 'Farewell and applaud,'
Which he may speak no more."

Such are Peacock's novels. Their keynote is satire, and this is an exotic quality in novels because it will with equal indifference ridicule the two poles of Realism and Idealism. The unconventional, almost crude construction of these novels forms an excellent vehicle for Peacock's satire, which gathers strength from its geniality. For satire without bitterness is at all times rare, and in the novel is nearly unknown; and, therefore, it cannot be

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said that Peacock's influence on the great institution of the English Novel has been material. One novelist, however, at any rate in his earlier efforts, was avowedly influenced by Peacock's work. There is, indeed, much similarity in the godlike banter of Meredith's Comic Muse, and in the indiscriminate thwacks of Peacock's satiric bladder.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the geniality of the satire. His works, it is said, made him no enemies, and yet the pictures he drew of the Romantic poets do not err on the side of flattery. Flosky, Scythrop, Cypress and Sackbut are not an entrancing quartette of men. Undoubtedly he disliked the school, especially that group known as the Lake Poets, and being above all things an outspoken self-opinionated man, he did not hesitate to give his thoughts full play. Although the world has voted his judgment wrong, there is no reason why Peacock should be put aside because he showed the shadows, which a genius, like any other mortal, casts. But in his verdicts there is no vindictiveness. He was too broad-minded, too open-faced to nourish feeling. He seemed to sit cross-legged on the heights, and, between great draughts from the joyous bowl of Life, to laugh at the struggling world he surveyed. He was indeed a god of golden mean, twitting with a like whimsical vehemence the revolutionary and the reactionary, and this humdrum thread the reader will find burnished often to a quite astonishing brightness by his satiric genius.

There remains his style. The ineradicable influence of eighteenth century literature, which ruined his poetry, has given his prose splendid vitality. It has all the best academic qualities. It is not the prose of the poet; purple

patches do not seduce the senses at the expense of reason; paradox does not usurp proverb; comparison and simile are not merged in perpetual metaphor; nor does epigram reign in the place of reasoned conclusions. The language is clean and concise: the Latin derivatives are freely used without unnecessarily displacing words of Saxon origin; the longest sentence and paragraph are symmetrical and rhythmic. Unnecessary verbiage is eliminated, and it is not to be wondered at that such a precise style has splendid stability.

Yet Peacock, in the broadest sense, never wrote a novel. For the novel depicts life, which is, after all, much more a pageant of emotions than an encyclopædia of reasonable motives, and the only possible conclusion which can be arrived at about a writer who appeals by means of satire, no matter how genial, to one emotion only, that of intellectual laughter, is that he has not chosen the best vehicle for the expression of his genius. Nevertheless Peacock will always have his audience, small it may be, but intellectual. The man in the street cannot be expected to appreciate olives. It is true that Peacock has added no type to the great gallery of English fiction, but he has produced distinctly original work. At heart a satirist, he neither crossed that shadowy and indefinable line which separates wit from humour, nor entered the groves of poignant pathos. His turn of mind was too prosaic, and neither circumstances nor temperament urged him up the slopes of Parnassus. Considerable was his grasp of life, but too analytical and pedantic, and by his failure to go down into the mud, he failed to grasp the great truth that man is "an abortion of filth and fire."



No. 4.—THE LIBRARY OF THE REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.

By SAMUEL CLEGG.

NO! he had never known Wordsworth, was Mr. Stopford Brooke's reply. It was the slightest possible intonation of the voice in the answer which suggested to me that he was in fear lest my next question might be—had he enjoyed the acquaintance of Beowulf?

But even for that there would have been the justification that my own introduction to our oldest poetry was years ago through Mr. Brooke's "History of Early English Literature," and the hundred thousand students whose first leading in the delightful paths of literature was by that best of all lesson books the—"Primer of English Literature"—a lesson book whose interest made it in comparison with all others "*velut inter ignes luna minores*" will sympathise with me in the disappointment of thus subconsciously realising that Mr. Brooke after all had never really known in the flesh Caedmon or Burns, Marlowe or Byron.

We were chatting in the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke's Library, where I had found him occupied—absorbed, perhaps, would be the better word—in painting.

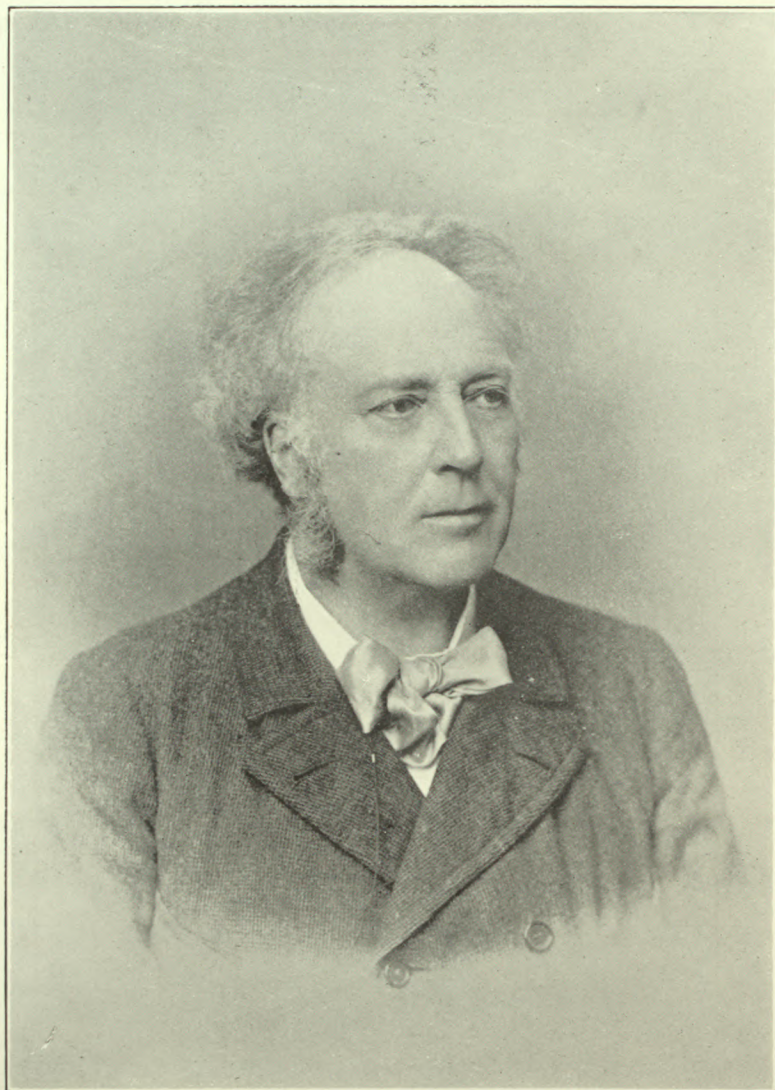
"I took up painting," he said, "some years ago for the pleasure of some variety in life, of having something I

cared very much to do when I was weary of writing and reading. The pleasure it gives an ignorant amateur is the pleasure of pursuit, of finding out the possibilities of a new world, and above all of knowing more of the beauty of the earth and sky. And this pursuit is an absorbing pleasure. But you wish to talk of books. Light a cigar and sit down."

A Library is as organically and serviceably the expression of its owner as is the shell of the mollusc. In other rooms other wills and other hands often determine. Personality struggles but faintheartedly for expression against the allied compulsions of purchase and present in home-making.

The choice and arranging of one's books are less often challenged and so bewray the owner. Scholar, critic, author are all betokened in the learned array of the shelves of Mr. Brooke's library. There is the sense of purpose in its readiness of resource and perfected convenience.

But instead of the refined ugliness characteristic of modern library fittings there is the quiet beauty of fine old English furniture, and nice disposition of choice and beautiful things which in



REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.

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strong and yet restful charm differs as much from the repellant crudity of the office as it does from the boudoir litter of elegancies.

However, when I asked about editions and copies, Mr. Brooke said

of strange and almost sacred beauty ; and on the right a rare old bureau, like a shrine, encased treasures of which more anon.

And so we opened the cases. "Shelley ! Yes—an early love—and a con-



DRAWING BY D. G. ROSETTI
"FOUND"

"Come into my bedroom, I have some books there." And so he had, and all manner of precious and beautiful things too.

It was the bedroom of a true book-lover. Bookcases filled with the books that the bookseller lists in capitals and double columns lined the long wall ; over the fire was an old Italian picture

stant one. I read Shelley," said Mr. Brooke, "instead of working at school ; yes, and instead of play, too."

Among the rare Shelley items was a "Refutation of Deism," in a unique state. I quote the description of this rare book given to Mr. Brooke by an expert. He states that only three other copies exist. But that was in

THE LIBRARY OF THE REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.

1894; and Mr. Brooke says that he believes others have since then been discovered. This copy was given to him on his birthday by Lady Shelley—November 14, 1894.

"This book is evidently the proof copy of the book, for the following reasons.

1. The paper is proof paper, quite different from that of the other copies, three only of which are at present known to exist.

2. The printing, although from the same type, is more roughly executed, and the marks of the printing "furniture" are to be seen in many places, viz., on the half-title, title-page, 1st, 3rd and 4th pages of preface, and pages 97 to 101 of the book itself.

3. There is no list of errata (17 in number) such as is printed after the preface in the other copies.

4. These have no half-title, it being dispensed with to allow of the errata being printed on the same half sheet of paper folded in 4, making 8 pages in all.

This copy has

Half-title page (1)

Title — (3)

Preface — (i), ii, iii.

The others,

Title-page page (1)

Preface — (iii), iv, v.

Errata — (vii).

It is probable that Shelley on receiving this proof jotted down some of the errors (6 in number, which he has corrected in the text with ink) on the blank page at the end, which he may have torn out and sent to the printers for correction.

The printer's name and address on this title-page is on one line—whereas the other copies have it on two lines.

This is the tallest copy possible, the others are much cut down and bound.

One in the British Museum.

One in Professor Dowden's possession.

One in Mr. Wise's possession.

This last was given by Sir P. Shelley to Dr. Garnett, who sold it after Sir Percy's death to Mr. Wise for 42 guineas.

The Museum copy cost 33 guineas at Sotheby's some years ago.

Professor Dowden's copy was bought for 2d. off a street stall."

When he had shown me this, he put into my hands first editions, uncut, of *Laon and Cythna*, *Prometheus* unbound, *Alastor*, *Rosalind and Helen*, the *Cenci*. Alas, he said, I have not got the *Adonais*. Then I saw first editions of all the poems of Keats, in beautiful condition, of Coleridge, of Wordsworth, of most of Byron, of Tennyson and of Browning, and among these, all the numbers of *Bells and Pomegranates* (including the rare number), the most part of which issue was destroyed by fire. Then I saw all the editions of Omar Khayyám. The first edition was bought many years ago by Mr. Brooke for seven shillings and sixpence. I was glad to see an immaculate set of "The Germ," in parts. "I once bought a set," said Mr. Brooke, "for seven shillings and sixpence, at old Mr. Rimell's, one of the finest of the old school of booksellers. True, it was a bound copy, but I had just purchased it as a gentleman came in—breathless—to ask for it. He was told that it had been sold, and went out violently—he was very cross indeed. Then I asked Mr. Rimell why he had sold me a book he knew was worth many times what I had paid." 'My son priced it in my catalogue,' was his answer, 'and so I must sell it for that.'" Of Rossetti Volumes Mr. Brooke has all the first editions, as well as the full set of the large paper copies of Rossetti and of Morris, twenty-five sets only of which were published by Ellis, of Bond St., and among these large paper copies, Swinburne's *Songs of Sunrise* and D. G. Rossetti's copy of the *Atalanta* with his

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autograph. He possesses also the privately printed copies of *Sir Hugh the Heron*, of *Hand and Soul*, and the Verses of Cristina Rossetti published privately at the Polidori press. Among other Rossetti treasures I have been allowed to photograph the MS. of two sonnets by Rossetti, and the earliest

design for his picture of *Found*, a lovely drawing. "When I bought this," said Mr. Brooke, "I showed it to Burne Jones who said that he remembered well the evening when Rossetti brought him this very drawing, and talked over the future treatment of the subject." I hope the reproduction of this draw-

What is the lie from that
the we down —

~~Before we have aspin after no there~~
beid & abstract perfection in
the amelioration of our political
state; before we ~~approach~~ can
approach to it is necessary that
we possess those adyant eyes
which ~~too so far~~ have been we
have been cheated of, & which
the experience of modern
times has proved that the
nation ^{you} under the present
are uncapable of these we

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ness and force, as well as in its contrast with the artistic side of Shelley's nature, it may be said to bear the same relation to his poetry as Ruskin's "Unto this Last" to his works on Art and Architecture.

This MS. was given by Lady Shelley to Mr. Brooke, and is of the highest interest. Many extracts from it were published, with Lady Shelley's consent, by Professor Dowden in his remarkable *Life of Shelley*. Two pages

(2) We would establish some form of government which might secure us against such a series of events as have conducted us to a persuasion that the forms according to which it is now administered are inadequate to that purpose—

We would abolish the national debt.

We would disband the standing army.

We would, with every possible regard to the existing interest of the holders, abolish tithes, and make all

The Day-Dream. (for a Picture.)

*The thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore
Still ~~hedge~~ young leaflets kept the summer throng!
From when the robin gained the sun-hidden bled,
Perched dark, till now, deep in the leafy cove,
The embowered throats' urgent wood-notes soar
Through summer silence. Still the leaves come red,
Yet never rory-thatched ~~and~~ those which drew
Their spiral tongues from Spring-buds heretofore
Within the branching shade of Reverie
Dreams even may spring till autumn; yet ~~none~~ ^{none} be
Like woman's breeding day-dream spirit-fondle
Lo! how'd deep skies, not deeper than her look
The dreamer; till now on her forgotten book
Drops the forgotten bopom from her hand*

SONNET BY D. G. ROSETTI

of it are here reproduced and they show the careful composition of Shelley's prose. They run:—

(1) "What is the Reform that we desire?" Before we aspire after theoretical perfection in the amelioration of our political state, it is necessary that we possess those advantages which we have been cheated of, which the experience of modern times has proved that the nations even under the present are susceptible.

religions all forms of opinion respecting the

At a time when social reform is occupying so much attention in and out of Parliament, it would be interesting to see how much of Shelley's ideal is, and how much is not, realised. The desires and hopes of that rare and extravagant spirit would even in our brighter to-day be still an inspiration.

The decoration of the covers of the MS., which is reproduced in facsimile



DRAWING BY SHELLEY ON
FRONT COVER OF MS. OF
"A Philosophical View of Reform."

in the colour-plate, shows Shelley as artist. It was one of his habits to make drawings like this in ink on the vellum covers of the note books—the common Italian note books sold on every stall—which he carried in his pocket when he walked in the woods of Pisa or on the hills near Lucca; and this drawing is one of the best. None of them were good.

known part. "It made his art the weightier, but I always doubt," he said, "whether great artists, or men of any great genius, should not be kept back by the State from the chances of death in war. It is right for them to offer themselves to death for their country, but it is not right that the State should allow so much to be lost to the world by a flying bullet. How-

Proserpine.
(*For a Picture*) P

Afar away the light that brings cold cheer
Unto this wall, — one instant and no more
Admitted at my distant palace-door.
Afar the flowers of Euna from this drear
~~far~~ fruit, which, tasted once, must thrill me here
Afar ~~that~~ ^{those} ~~from~~ ^{that} this Tartarean grey
~~What, say, is~~ ^{What, say, is} ~~mine~~ ^{me} : and afar, how far away,
The nights that shall be from the days that were
Afar from mine own self I seem, and wing
Sad wings in ~~thought~~ ^{thought} and listen for a sign:
And then still some heart unto some soul doth pine
(~~Whose~~ ^{Whose} ~~sounds~~ ^{sounds} mine inner sense ~~the~~ ^{is} ~~sound~~ ^{to} ~~doth~~ ^{doth} ~~bring~~ ^{bring},
Continually together murmuring) —
"Woe's me for thee, unhappy Proserpine."

SONNET BY D. G. ROSETTI

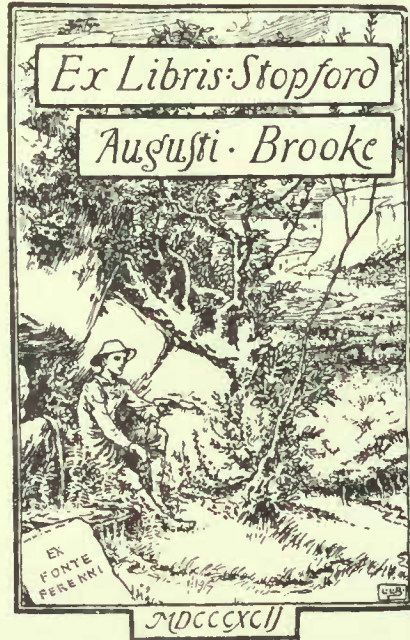
We go back to the Library, the walls of which are hung with first states of Turner's Liber Studiorum, with drawings by Crane, etchings by Whistler, Méryon, and with pictures by Costa. I fell to admiring these last, and Mr. Brooke, who knew the artist well, and has some noble pictures of his in other rooms, told me of his faithfulness as an artist, and his equal faithfulness to his country's strife for liberty, in which, as a Volunteer, he took a well-

ever, Costa, though wounded, escaped, and lived to form a fine school which to this day protests in Italy against the careless impressionism which has too much collared art in Italy." I asked Mr. Brooke whether he liked Turner or Costa best. "I like each," he said, "for what each man was and did. They are not to be compared; but Costa acknowledged Turner's greatness and impulse. One day when some one was decrying Turner in my

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room, Costa turned round sharply and said "You cannot cry him down; all we artists in landscape have Turner in our blood."

from the first number—is one proof of that." I ask Mr. Brooke for a portrait for this article, and the request discovers at last the poverty of

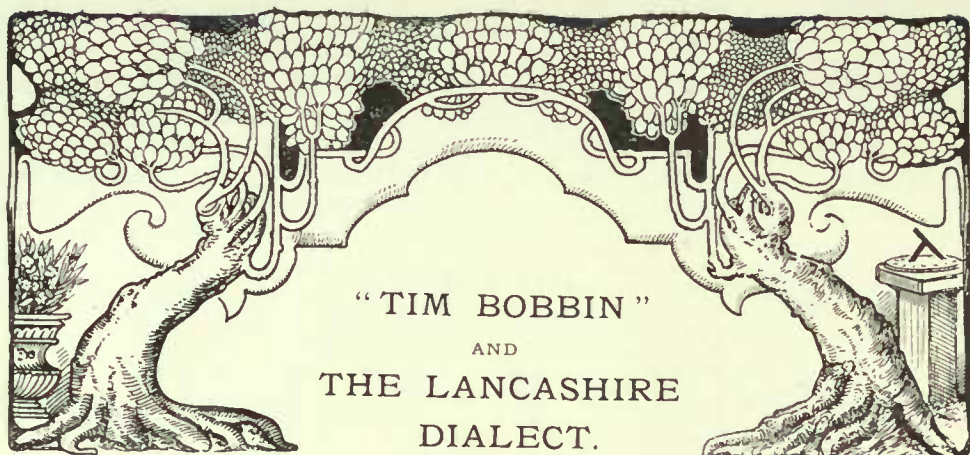


This pretty and imaginative book-plate, with its expansion into landscape of the Brooke motto, *ex fonte perenni*, is the work of Mr. Leslie Brooke.

I rose to go, but asked, "Do you think there is a growing appreciation of the right and the beautiful in art?" "To be sure," he answered, "the *Bibliophile*, which I have taken in

those richly-laden shelves. Twice—three times does Mr. Brooke try to find copies of his own likeness, but in vain; and with a promise of photo and book plate later, I am bidden good-bye.





BY J. H. CRABTREE.

THE bicentenary of John Collier's birth has aroused more than ordinary interest, in Lancashire and counties adjacent more especially, as the complete rôle of the dialectician's work has been brought into prominence.

John Collier, or, to give him his self-styled pseudonym, "Tim Bobbin" was the first Lancashire litterateur who translated the native dialect into a written language, with rules and a vocabulary of its own.

Dialects are common enough. Every county, every town has some distinctly characteristic expressions. Collier unified these so far as South East Lancashire is concerned, committed his efforts to the press, and made popular once for all what had never appeared before in book form "The Lancashire Dialect."

From his earliest years Collier had a liking for books. Born at Flixton, the son of a curate and schoolmaster who had to maintain seven persons with a salary of "under £30 per annum," his facilities were indeed meagre. He was intended for the church with which his father was intimately connected, but total blindness came to Collier *père* at the early age of forty, and Collier *fils* was sent

from Flixton to Newton to learn the drudgery of hand-loom weaving.

To the growing lad this was the equivalent of slavery. He objected, rebelled, absconded, not with a view to inflicting pain upon his parents, but from an ardent determination to plough his way in the world with greater liberty.

He borrowed his father's classics, persistently studied these, and committed much to memory.

Teaching appealed to his sympathies far more than weaving woollen cloth, and he hired himself to well-to-do families in Rochdale, Oldham and Manchester Districts, for the purpose of giving instruction to their children in the three R's, with a smattering of Greek and Latin.

This experience as itinerant schoolmaster is answerable for Collier's *débüt* as an author. It was while travelling among the country-folk, hearing their strange brogue, catching their crude phrases, that he conceived the idea of writing his best book, "A View of the Lancashire Dialect by way of Dialogue between Tummus o' William's o' Margit o' Roaph's, and Meary o' Dick's o' Tummy o' Peggy's; showing in that speech the comical adventures and misfortunes of a Lancashire clown—

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by Tim Bobbin, Fellow of the Sisyphian Society of Dutch-Loom Weavers, and an old adept in the Dialect."

This issue in 1746 met with a popular welcome. The first edition was

of the "Dialect" appeared in several manufacturing towns. These copies gave Tim much anxiety for a time, as he was unable to discover their source. As they were flooding his



TIM BOBBIN
(ENGRAVED BY HIMSELF) FOR HIS
COLLECTED WORKS IN 1773

sent in small lots to the principal booksellers in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and was bought up within a few weeks. Another impression was equally satisfying, both to Tim and the reading public. Then the pirate came on the scene, and spurious copies

"market" to the detriment of genuine productions, he waxed indignant, and declared that he "did not believe there was one honest printer in Lancashire."

How could he best these pirates? This was the problem to be solved, as he was losing royalties weekly. Tim

"TIM BOBBIN" AND THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT

had taken up the practice of etching, and decided to include some characteristic engravings in his third edition with a view to checking this serious inroad on his literary property. It was easy enough to copy his letterpress. To manipulate his etchings, line by line, was next to impossible.

Tim was now tolerably safe from literary robbery. All copies now sold contained the engravings; and these soon attained a high premium.

"Tummus and Meary" was described as consisting chiefly of "a corrupt pronunciation of known words with few originals."

But notwithstanding this and other criticisms more or less frosty the third edition made considerable headway, and Tim, finding that "pictures" were opening before him channels of success, devoted all his available time to a special collection of the most ludicrous productions of the engraver's tool.



TIM BOBBIN'S SCHOOL, MILNROW,
AS IT IS TO-DAY

The illustrations were indeed curious examples of the engraver's art, but they served to intoxicate the popular fancy just as much as the letterpress.

Further, by way of elucidation for any readers who might be unacquainted with the dialect, Tim included in this edition a Glossary of "all the Lancashire words and phrases therein used." This was necessary as Tim's productions were not too well understood in towns remote from Manchester and Rochdale.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for October, 1746, Tim's dialogue of

He painted, made drawings, completed etchings to suit all clients whether inn-keepers, book-sellers, cotton-masters or woollen-merchants. His subjects were drawn from all ranks. He caricatured ministers, the clergy, businessmen, as well as "grinning old fellows and old women on broomsticks."

In his "Human Passions delineated," published in 1773, we have over 100 figures, droll, satirical and humorous, setting forth Tim's ideas of the eccentricities of his fellow-men.

Humour and satire were, throughout his 75 years, strong veins in his char-

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acter. One of his earliest published rhymes, "The Blackbird," boldly attacked Justice Edward Cheetham, then in residence at Castleton Hall, some two miles away from Tim's school-

Chronicle of the present times," appeared in 1757 and created much excitement among the Belials of Manchester. Here Tim played off their characteristics for money-seeking to a nicety, and showed himself to be a master of pure English.

His letters in prose have been carefully preserved in the public libraries of Rochdale and Oldham. During the year's bicentenary celebration these have been collected for public inspection in the Free Library of Rochdale. The exhibition includes all the editions of Collier's works and many of his original letters in manuscript.

Of his poetical pieces the most popular is "The Battle of the Flying Dragon and the Man of Heaton." In this Tim figures a Lancashire *beau* being in London enamoured of the large pigtails and ear-locks then used by the nobility and gentry. On his way home by sea the young merchant calls at Sunderland, where, "owing to



TIM BOBBIN'S ENGRAVING
IN "TUMMUS AND MEARY" (EDITION 1773)

house at Milnrow. Tim, however, kept free from the Judge's Court.

Equally caustic were his "Curious remarks on the History of Manchester" when he levelled his keen criticism on Dr. Whittaker's important work. His "Truth in a Mask or Shude-Hill Fight, being a short Manchesterian

the day being uncommonly boisterous his pigtail rolls on his shoulders till the blasts blow away both that and the ear-locks." A rustic passing along a country lane takes the French medley for a Flying Dragon and resolves to destroy it with his stick. Three battles ensue, until the Rector of Hey-

"TIM BOBBIN" AND THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT

sham appears on the scene to unravel the mystery.

The whole of Tim Bobbin's literary output emanated from his little school-house at Milnrow. During his teaching itinerancy news came that the Rector of Milnrow desired an assistant for his free school. John Collier was early on the scene and secured the appointment from the patron, Colonel Townley of Belfield Hall. For nearly a year he removed to Kebroyd, near Halifax, to serve as a factory-clerk; but the ledger and the desk were not for Tim and he returned at the earliest opportunity to his old home, where he could write, paint, draw and sketch at his pleasure. His salary of £10 a year provided little for the growing demands of his family; but he worked assiduously with his pen and made up the deficiency.

His wants and means were for long meagre. The £300 which came to him as his wife's dowry on their marriage disappeared in record time, owing to Tim's early extravagance. Afterwards, however, he settled to serious work and minished his libations. He added to his literary proceeds by painting the panels of coaches; he decorated altar-pieces in churches with paintings of patriarchs. He completed passable portraits in oils of the neighbouring gentry; and flourished the walls of several hostelryes with curious creations of his imagery. Often enough he was his own book-

seller, carrying his books in a wallet over his shoulder. If money were not forthcoming he made convenient exchanges. His accounts show that he "delivered a book of prints for a hat to fit." "Exchanged a book of



TUMMUS & MEARY
ENGRAVED BY TIM BOBBIN 1773

Human Passions for 3lbs. of thread at 3s. per lb.; blue tape $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard; a gross of laces." "Paid John Kenyon a book for a wig." "Sold Mr. A. 12 Lord's Prayers at 2s. each, very small."

Such entries indicate that Tim was desirous of turning his own and other

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books to good account, even for common materials.

At 70 his literary work drew to a close. He lived five years longer in peaceful retirement at Milnrow. His works were re-issued in 1818,—32

verse, with a memoir of the author by John Corry." Simultaneously from the same publishing house came "Tim Bobbin's Human Passions delineated, from the original plates, with explanatory notes, &c.,—a real curiosity."



Tim Bobbin, del. et sculp.

FIGHTING THE FLYING DRAGON
ENGRAVED BY TIM BOBBIN 1773

years after his death—in Manchester. "The Human Passions" engravings were reproduced in 1810 in London, and in 1820 at Rochdale. In 1862 Mr. John Heywood published "The Works of Tim Bobbin, Esq., in prose and

When these latter issues became "out of print," Tim's productions lay fallow for a time until revived in a magnificent volume edited by Colonel Fishwick, and published in 1894.



A LITTLE country that has loomed largely in the public eye lately is Bosnia, and its fate both politically and philatelically is a matter of widespread interest. Politics and postage stamps have a good deal more in common than would occur to the everyday mind—for as a matter of fact a well arranged collection of European stamps present in condensed form a history of the political changes that have occurred since the introduction of postage stamps.

The subject of this little sketch "Bosnia" includes the adjacent province of Herzegovina and has practically no history till modern times—in its early days it was peopled by migrants from Serbia and was subject to that State. Later it was subjugated by Croatia and later still had semi-independence under native rulers—until in 1463 it was finally conquered by Turkey and remained a vassal State until 1878. Internal troubles were constant during the Turkish regime, owing to racial and religious antagonism. In that year (1878) at the Berlin Congress, Austria was given the right to administer the provinces, still under the very nominal suzerainty of Turkey.

The development immediately commenced and postage stamps were issued in April, 1879—the remarkable

feature of which—so far as the issues prior to 1900 are concerned—is that they bear no inscription or word of any kind, merely a figure or figures representing the value, and a very "fine and large" double headed eagle significant of the domination of Austria.

Notwithstanding the exceeding simplicity of design, a well ordered collection consists of many specimens—the shade varieties owing to numerous small printings, being particularly abundant, added to which is the fact that perforations are produced by several different machines and that two different plates were used for each value excepting the $\frac{1}{2}$ Kr. (which only occurs from plate 2)—and the 5 Kr. which has been printed from 3 plates, at different times.

It will thus be seen that there is abundant scope for research by the philatelic student.

The stamps of the early printings from plate I. are noticeable for their extreme clearness of execution, the lines in the background being sharp and well defined and the whole stamp being clear and crisp in every detail. The figures of value do not materially differ in this plate, except in the case of the 15 Kreuzer, which in the earliest printings appeared with thick figures, which later on were redrawn very much thinner.

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A further notable characteristic of plate I. is that the eye of the lion is either in its normal position or absent—and the 3 white spots on the right side of the shield—which by the way are intended for heraldic eagles—are absolutely clear without any markings on them.



Plate 1.

To help the student we reproduce a typical stamp of plates I., the 5 Kreuzer, also the figure 2 of the 2 Kreuzer value which is always with a curly tail



Type 1.

in the first plate and a straight tail in plate two—and separate impressions of the two varieties of the 15 Kreuzer, all much enlarged so as to bring out the salient features.



Type I.



Type II.

Apart from these regular differences in the plates there are many minor varieties showing flaws in the figures and little scratches and defects in the plates themselves—but only one variety is worthy of special notice in this article and that is the so-called Q

variety in the 10 Kreuzer of the first plate in which a distinct bar is drawn across the 0 of the left hand 10—it occurs in the early perforations only—viz. $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 and $12\frac{1}{2}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$, so was evidently corrected in later printings.



Q Variety.

We illustrate this as well on an enlarged scale, it being an interesting variety to search for.

Before passing to the consideration of the second plate we give a list of principal shades and perforations of the first plate.

The stamps were printed in sheets of 100 on paper watermarked with the word "Briefmarken" in large double lined capitals, and the values, colours, and perforations are as follows—

(1.) Perforated $12\frac{1}{2}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$, irregular, the perforations not being in line and varying in distance between the needles.

- 1 (Kr) grey
- 1 „ pale grey
- *1 „ lilac grey
- 2 „ orange. Type I.
- 2 „ yellow „ I.
- 3 „ yellow green
- 3 „ dull green
- 3 „ deep green
- 3 „ blue green
- 5 „ pale rose
- 5 „ rose red
- 5 „ scarlet
- 10 „ pale blue
- 10 „ blue
- 10 „ deep blue
- 15 „ pale brown. Type I.
- 15 „ „ „ „ II.
- 15 „ deep brown „ II.
- 25 „ purple
- 25 „ bright violet
- 28 „ mauve

(2.) Perforated $11\frac{1}{2} \times 12$ irregular. See note above.

- 1 (Kr) grey
- 1 „ pale grey

BOSNIA AND ITS STAMPS

*1 (Kr)	lilac grey
2	orange yellow. Type I.
2	yellow. Type I.
3	green
3	deep green
3	bluish green
5	pale rose
5	rose red
5	scarlet
10	pale blue
10	blue
10	indigo
15	pale brown. Type I.
15	" " " 11.
15	deep brown. " III.
25	purple
25	brown violet.
25	mauve.

The perforations of the $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 machine gauge much more accurately than the $12\frac{1}{2}$ $13\frac{1}{2}$ machine—generally $11\frac{1}{2}$ or 12 true—but the alignment is equally irregular.

* The 1 Kreuzer lilac grey stamp is comparatively common, unused but cancelled with blue chalk lines—uncancelled or postally used it is rare—it is considered by many never to have been issued but that for some reason the printing was rejected, the major portion being cancelled as noted above.

(3.) Perforated $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 $\times$ $12\frac{1}{2}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$ or $12\frac{1}{2}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$ $\times$ 11 to 12.

Some few printings include specimens perforated by both machines—but they are so scarce even in a used state that for the most part they probably occurred through partially perforated sheets being finished on another machine. The known values with this perforation are:—

1 Kreuzer	pale grey
2	yellow
3	green
5	pale rose
5	rose red
5	red
10	blue
15	pale brown. Type I.
15	" " " Type II.
25	bright violet

In 1890 small quantities were perforated by old perforating machines in the Austrian Government Printing Office—gaging respectively $9\frac{1}{2}$ (about) and 11—the characteristics of these perforations are the large holes and perfect alignment.

(4.) Perforated $9\frac{1}{2}$. Issued 1890.

5 Kreuzer	rose red
10	blue

So far no other values have been found with this perforation.

(5.) Perforated 11. Large holes.

1 Kreuzer	grey
2	orange yellow
3	green
3	dull green
5	rose red
5	red
10	blue
15	brown. Type II.

(6.) Perforated $10\frac{1}{2}$. Issued 1890.

The paper from this time onwards was watermarked ZEITUNGS MARKEN.

1 Kreuzer	grey
1	pale grey
2	orange yellow. Type I.
2	yellow " II.
3	green
5	rose
5	rose red
5	red
10	pale blue
10	dull deep blue
15	brown. Type 2.
20	dull olive green
20	yellowish olive
25	lilac rose
25	mauve

With this issue the new 20 Kreuzer appears for the first time.

(7.) Perforated $11\frac{1}{2}$ regularly.

1 Kreuzer	pale grey
2	mauve
2	yellow
3	deep green
3	grey green
5	rose red
5	scarlet
10	blue
15	Type 2, grey brown
15	" yellow brown
20	olive green
25	violet
25	red lilac

(8.) Perforated compound $10\frac{1}{2}$ $\times$ $11\frac{1}{2}$.

The 2 Kreuzer yellow, 5 Kr. rose, and 10 Kr. deep blue, are known with this perforation, but are very uncommon.

With this issue the use of Plate I. terminates. Below are enlarged blocks from Plate 2 and Plate 3.

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PLATE II.

The outstanding characteristics of Plate 2 are: (1) the eye of lion is shifted to the top of his head; (2) the



Plate 2.

heraldic eagles have the lower one with a coloured line across it, which in some cases may be found extending into the middle one, the execution is much coarser, and the corner numerals



are all redrawn, and in the case of the 2 Kreuzer (illustrated) the tails of the 2 are always straight instead of curly as hitherto.

(1.) Perforated 11, large holes; $\frac{1}{2}$ Kreuzer, black. This is the sole known value of plate 2 occurring with this perforation.

(2.) Perforated $10\frac{1}{2}$

$\frac{1}{2}$	Kreuzer black
1	" grey
1	" pearl grey
2	" yellow Type II.
2	" orange " II.
3	" dull green
3	" dull blue green
5	" rose red
5	" scarlet
10	" blue
10	" deep blue
15	" Yellow brown Type 2
20	" yellow green
25	" dull mauve

(3.) Perforated $11\frac{1}{2}$ regular

$\frac{1}{2}$	Kreuzer black
1	" pearl grey
2	" yellow Type II.
3	" yellow green
3	" blue green
5	" rose red

5	Kreuzer scarlet
10	" dull blue
15	" Type 2, yellow brown
20	" olive green
25	" rosy lilac

(4.) Perforated $12\frac{1}{2}$ regular.

1	Kreuzer pearl grey
2	" orange yellow Type I.
2	" yellow " II.
3	" dull blue green
3	" yellow green
10	" deep blue
10	" blue
15	" Type 2, yellow brown
20	" olive green
25	" red lilac

5. Perforated compound $10\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$ irregular.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Kreuzer black, this is the sole value of plate 2 so far discovered with this perforation.



Plate 3.

PLATE III.

The only value to appear from this plate has been the 5 Kreuzer, it was probably required owing to the very considerable need for this value and possible wearing of plate II. The principal characteristics are—that the shading of the eagle throughout, is redrawn and altered and the tail is a trifle shorter, barely reaching in most cases the inner line of the border. A comparison of the illustration with the other plates will reveal many little points of difference.

The 5 Kreuzer value from this plate may be found perforated $10\frac{1}{2}$, $11\frac{1}{2}$, $12\frac{1}{2}$, and $10\frac{1}{2} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$ in shades of rosy red and scarlet.

After this issue there is nothing particularly noteworthy. The currency was changed to Heller and Kroners, but if of sufficient interest the remaining issues of this little province may find subject matter for another chapter.



SOME TRAVEL BOOKS.

THE excellent little essay by M. Georges Leygues which prefaces this interesting book is so arresting in its significance that it is with some difficulty that one passes from its pages to the book proper.

Admirable in itself, as a preface the essay is misplaced. Served up as a curry it would have been excellent. As a *hors d'œuvre* it disturbs the appetite.

Major de Lacoste's book concerns itself but slightly with politics, his mission was entirely that of the curious traveller. Forbidden Afghanistan, he would at least look over the garden wall; hence his circum-ambulation of the country and this book. Persia, Turkestan China, Thibet, India, and Baluchistan were in turn visited, and since those parts of each of the countries which are not in the itineraries of Cook or the track of the trader were passed through the book has the attraction of freshness. Written by a Frenchman it, as a matter of course, has the additional attraction of vivacity.

Counted to the writer for righteousness is his sincere appreciation of England's work in the East.

Again and again one meets with such remarks as—"in what a practical way the English know how to organise everything."

A word of praise should be given to the translation. The book is French in spirit throughout, but the garments of its speech are English. Slight exception may possibly be taken to a nomenclature which permits Count d' Apchier le Maugin on one page and Mr. d' Apchier le Maugin on the next.

* * *

IN this book Mr. Beadnall gives a very readable description of the Oasis of Kharga, in the Libyan desert, which has been recently connected by railway with the Nile valley and Cairo.

The well-drawn views, which are a most important part of the book, give a very clear idea of the scenery of the oasis, with its numerous villages and ruined temples.

Mr. Beadnall considers that the floor of the oasis was at one time occupied by two great lakes, the larger of which was 50 miles long; from the pottery and bones found along the margins of these extinct lakes, he believes that they existed well into the historic times.

Of special interest at the present time are the chapters dealing with the water-supply of the oasis, which is entirely artesian in character. This is a field of investigation of which the author has made particular study, having been for three years in charge of the extensive boring and land reclamation works which have been undertaken by the Corporation of Western Egypt Ltd., with the object of enlarging and developing the cultivated lands of the oasis. The entire output of the artesian wells of the oasis is estimated at 8,000 gallons per minute, the flow from a single well varying from 20 to 700 gallons per minute. A large number of new wells have been recently bored, and practically all have been successful. The water is tapped by borings several hundred feet deep into sandstone, whence it rises in the bore and overflows at the surface at an average rate of 70 gallons per minute from each well. Mr. Beadnall records the results of some interesting experiments on the mutual interference of adjacent wells, and discusses the flow of water through porous rock. Like all other investigators in this subject, he has been impressed by the great influence of temperature on the flow, and he hazards the suggestion that the water, when below a certain temperature, deposits its mineral contents in the pores of the rock, so as to block the passages; but he appears to neglect the well-known rapid variation of viscosity of water with change of temperature, which is quite adequate to explain fairly large fluctuations of the kind he describes.

The encroachment of drift-sand, the great enemy of the cultivator in the oasis, is illustrated by some interesting views. Though the motion of the sand-dunes may be retarded in various ways, there appears to be no satisfactory way of arresting their progress, and some of the villages are threatened with destruction from these accumulations.

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ETHNOGRAPHY is a field neither crowded nor common as yet and each new intrepid explorer has opportunities which are much farther to seek in other more trodden grounds.

Dr. Weule's book, though of more immediate interest to Germans as dealing with a German colony—(really some European nations when they acquire a foreign possession are as pleased as the boy who pockets his first watch and are as anxious to see the wheels go round)—because of its scientific thoroughness as well as its other-point-of-viewness is also of general interest.

Marching S.W., Dr. Weule's expedition—a very small one and including but one other European—followed the valley of the Lukuledi to Masai, then to Chingulungulu and to the Rovuma. The return was made over the Makonde plateau.

Dr. Weule evinces greatest interest in tribal customs such as the dances, and in the ways in which at the dictates of fashion the natives adorn and deform themselves. Most notable are the '*keloids*' or patterns of raised skin scars, the outrageously prominent *pelele* (a peg or flat disc in the upper lip which causes it to protrude two or three inches) and the *chipini* or nose pin for which Dr. Weule has to confess, if not a partiality, at least very slight distaste. His words are "once the beholder is accustomed to its effect it becomes quite pretty and attractive, lending a coquettish touch to the brown face it adorns."

The reproduction of language and songs by the phonograph was made much of, and Dr. Weule shews not only scientific thoroughness but what is at least as important, the sense of humour in the native drawings which he busied himself in securing.

To the English reader the strange part of the tale is its continual reference to personal ailments and failings of the explorer himself.

These in the original evidently received greater emphasis, and the translator, who in her introduction deals very faithfully with Dr. Weule, where she differs from him, has apparently taken considerable liberties with the text for which she deserves thanks.

* * *

WELL-NIGH five hundred and fifty pages of the garrulity of an American lady traveller, would be a description of this book that would and would not be unfair. It would be unfair because it would be true; it would be unfair because the reader would call up from the depths of his memory horrid recollections, of fearsome persons met in the spas of Europe, whose strident tones and plentiful lack of graces had been the tortures of his worst dreams. For strangely enough this is a remarkably good

book. It is chaotic, indiscriminate, careless and foolishly egotistic. It is also by way of compensation—candid, shrewd, vivacious, informing and astonishingly interesting.

The chatter prattles along page after page, interspersed with plenty of fine pictures, and the reader feels that he is being talked to by a lady who can talk, who knows she can, and intends to talk.

Perhaps Alaska cannot be anything but interesting. Certainly that is the impression left on closing the book. The nearness of that elemental pioneering life, the claws and teeth of our naked human nature, shewn but a yesterday of ten years ago is also something that cannot but be interesting.

The daring and skill of the marvellous engineering feats which have brought this Ultima Thule into the category of holiday resorts and the glamour which seems always to be about the lands of gold, are yet other reasons for the interest of these pages which, despite a thousand faults, are never for a moment tedious, and are not seldom entrancing.

J. L. McTAGGART.

"Around Afghanistan," by Major de Bouillane de Lacoste. Pitman. 10s. 6d. net.

"An Egyptian Oasis," II J. Llewellyn Beadnell. John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

"Native life in East Africa," by Dr. Karl Weule. Pitman. 12s. 6d. net.

"Alaska," Ella Higginson. Bell. 7s. 6d. net.

* * *

CONVENIENT and representative perpetuity for the best of the work in black and white, which appears in modern-day illustrated magazines, is the main idea of Messrs. Black in the series of books of which this is the third.

Tom Browne, though he has won premier laurels as a laughter-maker, has his serious side as an artist, and the book before us is representative of him in both *roles*.

Tom Browne, the humourist, is described—and correctly—as the pictorial expression of the popular mind. "He represents the normal notion. If the man-in-the-street could draw at all, his instinct would be to draw like Tom Browne."

Tom Browne, the painter and the discoverer and exploiter of the picturesque Dutch, is represented in the book by sketches and pictures which convincingly attest his powers with brush and canvas.

That the book is good from cover to cover, and is remarkably good value, goes without saying.

REVIEWS

MR. JAMES GUTHRIE'S second book of drawings is accompanied by a gracefully-written appreciation from the pen of Mr. Edward Thomas. Mr. Guthrie's admirers will find much to confirm their minds in the personal singularity of the work in these pages. "A Castle in Spain" is as fine in its way as a Cameron etching, but utterly otherwise. "The Rainbow" brings bigness into a five inch of black and white. "The Sower" is, perhaps, reminiscent of Fredk. Walker, but is a fine and convincing composition.

R. DEAN BROOKE.

"Tom Browne, R.I." By A. E. Johnson. A. & C. Black. 3s 6d. net.

"A Second Book of Drawings," by James Guthrie. T. N. Foulis. 2s. 6d. net.

* * *

LITERARY ESSAYS.

THE volume of essays which the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford has collected is singularly representative of its source. Had it emanated from Heidelberg or Berlin it would have been at least five times the bulk, would have been composed as regards two-fifths, at least, of *scholia* and bibliography, and would have been altogether most ponderously learned.

The range of Dr. Warren's *dicta*, which are easily discursive and unaffectedly authoritative, is from Sophocles to Tennyson. There is no index to the volume, but had there been one we fancy that its evidences of almost universal acquaintance with the "Souls of poets dead and gone" would have been as interesting as anything in the book. An easy and serene mastery, rather than any demonstrated erudition conveys the sense of sufficient and dignified authority, for where we would differ and this is not seldom we are always compelled to respect.

Polemic is eschewed, though two essays may possibly be said to express thought ranged in battle array. These are "The Art of Translation" and "Ancient and Modern Classics as Instruments of Education." Dr. Warren is too generous and ripe a scholar to make a fiery disputant. He leans always to a sweet reasonability. He would always be a gentle enemy. He would see both sides—especially the other side. So although he—of course—stands for the classics as essential in any scheme of liberal education, his admissions are more dangerous to his contention than any opposed argument could be. After admitting the impossibility of a *general* education in the classics, he urges for the many "Teach them their own tongue. Be it remembered that the Greeks learnt no other. The French, the most literary of modern nations, till the other day learnt no other."

And in those admissions he deals the most fatal blow at the structure of the argument for a classical education to-day.

* * *

PROFESSOR Wilkinson, whose magisterial *dicta* are pronounced from the Chair of Poetry and Criticism of the University of Chicago, permits himself the luxury of difference from not a few accepted literary valuations. The essays included in this volume are somewhat finical. To call them carping would be harsh but not wrong, for though Professor Wilkinson shews his abundant knowledge of the English classics—notably Milton and Tennyson—his two-century-old Puritanism, and his rigid and intolerant insistence, on his own moral and doctrinal standard, considerably minimize the value of what otherwise would be at least pertinent criticism.

The reputations of Matthew Arnold and John Morley on this side the water, Howells and Stedman in the other side, are marked down for slaughter, and with much enjoyment on the part of Professor Wilkinson duly attacked.

Separate essays deal with Tennyson and Tolstoy.

Wherever Professor Wilkinson finds a superlative epithet applied in criticism he scents fair game and by means of patient and meticulous search he succeeds always on showing that a poet is not always at his best, a not too wonderful discovery.

This service, however, he does incidentally. Applying rigid tests he succeeds in marking out beyond any question the purple patches, and by means of apt quotations shews the part that enthusiasm plays in carrying the reader's mind over the tracts of bathos which lie about the oases of finely-phrased fancy.

L. D. RAMIES.

"Essays of Poets and Poetry Ancient and Modern," by T. Herbert Warren, D.C.L. John Murray, 19s. 6d. net.

"Some New Literary Valuations," by W. C. Wilkinson. Frenk & Wagnalls. 6s. net.

* * *

THE TUDOR TRANSLATIONS.

LONG since passed from the tourney ground of criticism, the Tudor Translations appear at intervals, as it were to permit a renewal of the chorus of praise with which they were first greeted.

Volumes XLI. to XLIV. are what has been awaited long, a definitive edition of the Decameron. Mr. Nutt's good fortune or good management—they are near relations—in the matter of editors is extraordinary.

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To have been associated with such an enterprise must have been one of the greatest joys of Henley's life.

Mr. Hutton has done much good work already, — for his years — for he is no ancient. We recall especially a book on the Cities of Northern Tuscany, from his pen, which last year moved us to ungrudging admiration. That was a book written in the full flush of that love of Italy which must come some time in life, whether to the fifth form boy repeating his "*qui primus ab oris*" or to who reads later at the behest of the great Florentine "*Le dolci rime d'amor.*"

But after and beyond Vergil or Dante, or Petrarch comes Boccaccio, not the Boccaccio of the *Filocolo* or the *Corbaccio*, but of the book in which he wantonly told of the world and the flesh and the devil in the perfect prose of the *Decameron*, the first great novel of Italy and of the world.

The introduction to this edition of the *Decameron*, which Mr. Hutton has written, must henceforward be reckoned as the authoritative account in English of Boccaccio's time, life and work. In saying this, we do not forget the brilliant sketch by the late John Addington Symonds, which, however, does not in any way enter into competition with Mr. Hutton's correct and critical monograph.

Of the highest worth as a reprint this edition of the *Decameron* becomes multiplied in value by the inclusion of so valuable a factor as this introduction, which in the present review we would rather speak of than of the book itself, for of the *Decameron* we are willing to allow that for the present the last word has been said.

Mr. Hutton well compares Boccaccio with Chaucer and Shakespeare at the commencement of his essay. He concludes by contrasting the *Decameron* with the *Canterbury tales*, and sweeps into this representative contrast all Latin and English art.

Each of Chaucer's pilgrims, he points out, is a complete human being. That is quite true. It might well be questioned whether of the thousands of Chaucer students there are fifty who could remember a tithe of the tales, while remembering vividly the very mien and garb of most of the tellers.

Mr. Hutton well says "In Chaucer the tales often weary us, but the tellers never do; in Boccaccio the tales never weary us, but the tellers always do."

Then with swift application to our own time, "It is the same to-day as yesterday. In the work of D'Annunzio, as in the work of the French novelists of our time it is always an affair of situation, that is to say the narrative or drama rises out of the situation, rather than out

of the character of the actors, while even in the most worthless English work there is, as there has always been, an attempt at least to realise character, to make it the fundamental theory in the book from which the narrative proceeds and by which it lives and is governed."

This is modern-day criticism at its best, and we very heartily congratulate Mr. Nutt on this splendid issue.

May we attempt to find one single fly in the ointment.

Is not the initial O of the introduction upside down?

J. W. MAKARNES.

"The *Decameron* of Boccaccio," with an introduction by Edward Hutton. David Nutt. 4 vols. £3.

* *

Milton Memorial Lectures.

THE symposium is the most hazardous of forms of publishing, and the editor is in general much to be commiserated.

No pity need be wasted, however, upon the editor of "*Milton Memorial Lectures*," for his labours — quite evidently of love — come to abundant and deserved success in this handsomely produced and wholly interesting volume. In an introduction studiously reserved and of a rare modesty Mr. Ames succinctly sketches those broad features of the life and work of Milton, which are elaborated in turn by the essayists.

In literary merit all the contributions stand high, and it is the best praise of each including introduction — to say that it is worthy of its place.

The lectures were delivered under the ægis of the Royal Society of Literature in the autumn of 1908, to commemorate the Tercentenary of the birth of Milton, and are seven in number.

"Milton's knowledge of Music," by W. H. Hadow, Mus. Bac., comments agreeably on Milton's reference to Music in the poems.

The shorter poems of Milton receive their meed of praise in Mr. Hartley Coleridge's lecture.

Dr. Axon's vigorous lecture deals with Milton and the Liberty of the Press.

The Satan of the *Paradise Lost* and of the *Inferno* is discussed by Mr. E. H. Pember, K.C.

Professor Saintsbury — as always pontifical — pronounces upon "*Milton and the Grand Style*," a congenial theme to which he does full justice.

The longest contribution discusses Milton's religion and polemics, and is by Dr. Rosedale.

Professor Dowden's brilliant lecture on Para-

REVIEWS

dise Regained is followed by short contributions by Sir Edward Brabrook and Professor Vambéry.

A word should be said of the excellent portraits which illustrate the book and which are described in a note by Dr. G. C. Williamson. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the fine portrait of Milton at the age of ten by Janssen, now in the possession of Mr. Passmore Edwards. This has recently been reproduced in a perfectly marvellous facsimile by the Medici Society. Its value and interest as a likeness are at least equalled by its charm as a picture.

The Ether of Space.

THE stimulating character of the successive volumes in Messrs. Harpers' "Library of Living Thought" intensifies with each succeeding volume. "The Ether of Space," by Sir Oliver Lodge summarises in the smallest of octavos numerous important papers given before learned societies and sets down in every-day language their conclusions.

Of these, two will show the startling significance of this book which almost compares with that most wonderful of popular scientific handbooks, Clerk Maxwell's "Matter and Motion."

"Every cubic millimetre of the universal ether of space must possess the equivalent of a thousand tons and every part of it must be squirming internally with the velocity of light."

"If one thinks that the ether with all its massiveness and energy has probably no psychical significance I find myself unable to agree with him."

Shakespeare's Early Works.

ETONIANS chiefly—all students of bibliography only less—will be interested in the beautifully-produced descriptive catalogue of Shakespeare editions in the Eton College Library.

Mr. Greg has compiled and Mr. Frowde publishes a work that ought to have two quite distinct and separate results.

The first result will be a certain sense of satisfaction at the considerable and valuable early Shakespeareana in the possession of the school.

This result will possibly suggest a second.

The old Etonian, proud of the library of his school, and wishful to increase its importance and usefulness, will from the omissions in this book be able readily to discover books that will be thankfully received. A really good copy of the First Folio for instance would—we dare certainly affirm—not be refused. The present copy

is a made-up one from two different copies, one of which was half-an-inch shorter than the other. The third folio, too, is disagreeably described as a poor stained copy.

The list of Quartos is an imposing one, but there are several serious gaps.

Heraldic Art.

ILLUMINATING and Missal Painting," published by Messrs. Crosby, Lockwood & Son, should be renamed. It gives what has long been needed, the directions of a specialist in Heraldic art. Blazoning is not quite the same art as illumination, and hitherto for any instructions in this art general treatises on illumination have alone been available.

Mr. Whithard has a sort of revenge, for while the kernel of his book is Heraldry he treats discursively on illumination in general.

The most important feature in the methods he treats on is his use of flat opaque colour.

Excellent bibliographies enhance the value of this serviceable little book.

Art Prices Current.

ART Prices Current makes its first appearance in the volume for 1907-8, and the intention of the publishers is to issue each year a summary of Messrs. Christie's sales.

As the King Street Galleries are undoubtedly the chief mart for artistic property this volume, which is well produced and of handy reference size, achieves its purpose as an index of current art values.

Polyglot Phrases.

VOULEZ-VOUS faire une chose, faites-la" are the opening words and the motto of "Polyglot phrases," which is a collection of 2,641 sentences, each given in English, French German and Italian.

It is sufficient to say that the renderings are in all cases idiomatic and the sentences chosen of an entirely useful every-day character.

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"Milton Memorial Lectures, 1908," edited with introduction by Percy W. Ames. Henry Frowde. 6s. net.

"The Ether of Space," Sir Oliver Lodge. Harpers 2s. net.

"A descriptive catalogue of the Early Editions of the works of Shakespeare, preserved in the Library of Eton College." Compiled by Walter W. Greg. Oxford University Press. 3s. net.

"Illuminating and Missal Painting," Philip Whithard, Crosby, Lockwood & Son. 4s. net.

"Art Prices Current." Offices of the Fine Art Trade Journal.

"Polyglot Phrases," L. N. Workington, M.A., M.D., Geo. Bell & Sons. 6s. net.



BY

Our Philatelic Editor.

NEW ISSUES.

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY.

—For some years the vast territories under the dominion of the Chartered Company have been known in the aggregate as "Rhodesia," a tribute to that great Englishman, Cecil Rhodes, to whose personal foresight and energy their British ownership is due. In future any new stamps issued will have the name "Rhodesia," instead of the Companies "title," as being more appropriate.



For the present all stocks of stamps will be overprinted with the new name in type as shown, and certain provisional values that are required have been created by overprinting on other values.



Of the ordinary series, illustrated by the 1d. and 1s. values, we have seen the ½d. green, 1d. rose red, 2d. dull brown, 2½d. a bright blue, 3d.

pale mauve, 4d. sage green, 6d. lilac, 1s. yellow brown, and 5s. orange, but other values probably exist.

Of the provisional series, illustrated by the 7½d. and 2s., there are issued 5d. on 6d., lilac; 7½d. on 2s. 6d., blue grey; 10d. on 3s., deep violet; and 2s. on 5s., brown orange.

We understand that these issues are purely temporary, and collectors should not delay too long in getting such specimens as they may require.

LIBERIA. We have much pleasure in introducing to our readers an entirely new series of stamps that is about to be issued for this country. The stamps, fortunately for collectors, stop short of the dollar values, which are really quite unnecessary in these days of cheap postage. There are two series in the issue, one for general public use, the other, of exactly the same designs, but differing in colour, and overprinted additionally with the "mystic" o.s. in black or colours, for official use. As a series they present some of the most beautiful specimens of the engraver's art, and in colouring and finish they reflect great credit on Messrs. Perkins, Bacon & Co., who have produced them, and



STAMPS

who, it will be remembered, produced our first postage stamps.

All the stamps of the series, excepting one value, the 30 cents., are bi-coloured, and the general details of design are as follows : The 1 cent. value gives a view of a coffee estate, interspersed with palm trees, and low hills in the distance. The little angles to the right and left of the word *Liberia* enclose some coffee berries. The 2 cent. stamp gives a faithful likeness of the negro ruler, President Barclay, reproduced from a portrait by Fradelle and Young, which we believe was specially taken for the occasion.



The 5 cent. stamp gives the Liberian "Fleet," the little gunboat "Lark," whose sole duty is to see that merchant steamers respect the local Customs Laws. Quite recently she had to "reason" with a German liner, whose captain was trying to evade the regulations. This stamp is very aptly designed, the framing consisting of ships cables, and the figures of value are surrounded by a lifebuoy in each instance.



The 10 cent. stamp is a departure from the normal, and is not only triangular in shape, like the early Cape stamps, but is rouletted, as there are difficulties in the way of perforating such stamps. The central design is officially stated to be a figure of commerce, but bears a striking family likeness to that of Hope in the triangular Cape stamps produced by the same firm so many years ago.

The 15 cent. stamp shows a native woman preparing cotton for weaving purposes, surrounded by palms and foliage plants.

The 20 cent. stamp gives a specimen of the "Malaqueta," a species of pepper plant found in Liberia.

The 25 cent. stamp has a small view of a village in the interior.



The 30 cent. stamp (the only one printed in a single colour) gives an enlarged variety of the portrait of President Barclay on the 2 cent. stamp, already described.



The 50 cent. stamp shows a river view, with a canoe in the foreground, a rather pretty little vignette, bordered right and left with specimens of the "Traveller's" tree, a most useful species in that climate.

The 75 cent., the highest value of the set, is certainly original in conception. Roughly,



it represents a bound volume of views of Liberia, with a landscape on the cover.

The following details as to colours may be interesting, and each set is separately described.

Of the ordinary series the 1 cent. is dull green, central view in black ; 2 cents. crimson, centre black ; 5 cents. ultramarine, the gunboat Lark black ; 10 cents. maroon, centre black ; 15 cents. dull blue, central view in black ; 20 cents. very pale pink, centre deep green ; 25 cents. brown, village view in black ; 30 cents. brown ; 50 cents. deep green, view in black ; 75 cents. bright brown, view on book in black.

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In the "official" series the colours are as follows:—The o.s. overprints in colours as stated; 1 cent. bright emerald green, central view in black (o.s. in red); 2 cents. carmine, portrait in brown (o.s. in blue); 5 cents. bright blue, steamer and o.s. in black; 10 cents. black, reclining figure in ultramarine (o.s.) in red; 15 cents. crimson lake, view in red (o.s. in blue); 20 cents. yellow ochre, centre deep green (o.s. in black); 25 cents. blue, view in green (o.s. in black); 30 cents. Indigo (o.s. in red); 50 cents. brown, river view in green (o.s. in black); 75 cents. violet, picture black (o.s. in red.)

These are all printed on smooth surfaced paper of good quality, and perforated 14.

It will be noted that the 1, 2 and 5 cent. of

each series is in green red and blue respectively, to meet the Postal Union requirements. It is just possible that the centres will be produced later in the same colour as the rest of the stamps, so as to fully comply with the regulations.

RUSSIA.—The 15 kopec stamp has now been issued on the lattice surfaced paper. It shows up very indistinctly as compared with some of the lower values, but it is probably effective for the purpose intended; 15 kopecs, violet and blue, perforated 14½.

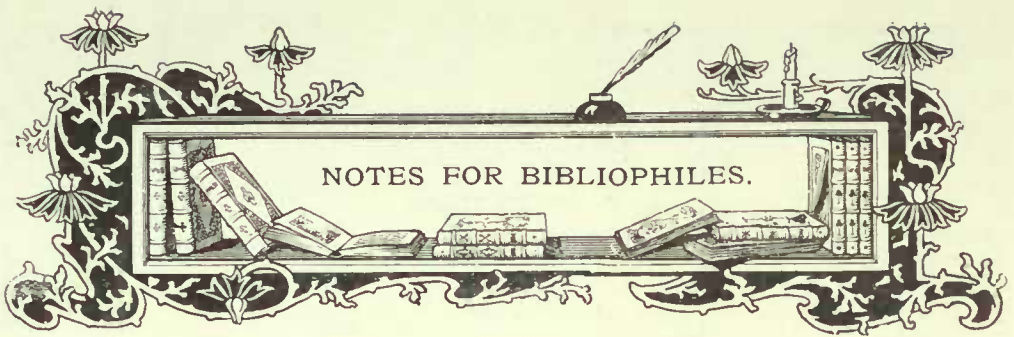


THE JOY OF BOOKS.

SOME sing the joys of fearsome war,
Some the delights of love;
Some only sigh to travel far,
Some look for heaven above.

But I—This only would I ask
Of all that Fate may give,
To read my fill—no other task—
So shall I truly *live*.

R.H.



CENTENARIES and Jubilees may be overdone, certainly will be, if as many distinguished men were born in 1810 and 1811 as there were in 1809. Meanwhile, besides the commemoration of non-literary heroes, we have had the centenary of Edward Fitzgerald. When all is said, we only admire Euphranor, Polonius, the Calderon Plays, even the Letters, as a sort of afterthought; it is by Omar that Fitzgerald is immortal. And neither the vaticinations of those who imagine the poem to be pessimistic, nor the indiscriminate eulogies of the Khayyámities can prevent us from thinking worthy of celebration the man who half-created and half-translated one of the greatest poems in our language.

* * *

With the volumes containing the Letters, Mr. Cook's monumental edition of Ruskin draws to a close. And Ruskin's letters are the very man. Wise or foolish, fierce or tender, humorous or pathetic, they exist with the passion of life, of honesty in beauty and beauty in honesty, which, in the face of all his heresies, make more valuable than we who inherit his work can well realise, Ruskin's gospel to the sham and ugly English world of his time.

* * *

Sisyphus, an Operatic Fable, by R. C. Trevelyan (Longmans, printed at the Chiswick Press on Van Gelder paper, 4to, 5s.), is of more than passing interest, on account of its novelty. When we see that the dramatis personæ include most of the Olympian gods, and, beside the chorus, "Shades, Furies, Slaves, Courtiers, Cyclopes, Undertakers, Doctors, Expectant Heirs, Soldiers, Priests, etc.," our expectations are aroused; nor are they disappointed. The matter of the Fable is the old moral, that while Time and Old Age are with us, we cannot do without Death. But its form is that of a Gilbertian Opera, written in a medley of metres, some galloping, others, it must be admitted, shambling or even halting. If the characters are drawn from ancient fable and the manner is Aristophanic, yet the wit is modern. We are reminded by *Sisyphus* that the Savoy Opera is the modern counterpart of the Aristophanic comedy. For example of this modernity, while

Sisyphus is promising his people Utopia now that he has Death securely under lock and key, a woman's voice cries: "How about the matriarchy?" And when Hermes exclaims against Hupnos, "Confound that boy, he's gone to sleep again," we cannot avoid a start. But this is not all; Mr. Trevelyan is not an unworthy disciple of Aristophanes in the passages of serious poetry which are to be found in his book. We have no room for quotation, but would refer our readers to the first speech of Time. The looseness of the rhythms is, unfortunately, a considerable detraction from the success of the effects attempted; many of the long-lined passages with internal rhymes would be more easily read if printed in short lines, while a few read like prose. Nevertheless a remarkable and novel work.

* * *

Dr. Gerolamo Calvi is editing for the publishing firm of Cogliati, Milan, the remarkable manuscript of Leonardo da Vinci in the possession of the Earl of Leicester at Holkham Hall.

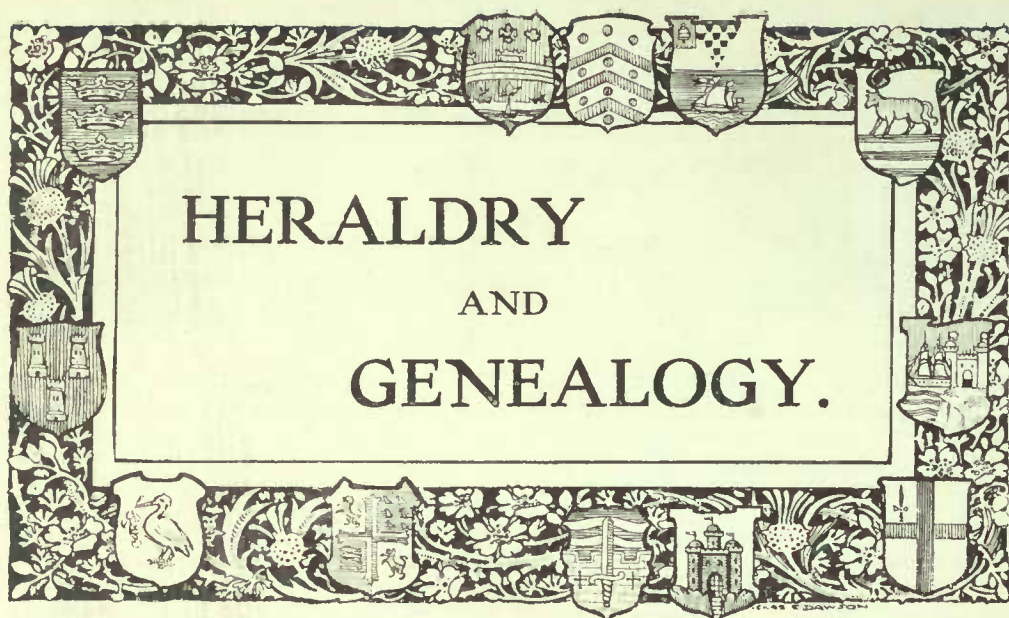
There are to be seventy-two heliogravure plates reproducing the entire M.S., with an Italian transcription of the text.

Leonardo ranks with Bacon and Aristotle as one of the universal minds, and the account of his large theoretical and practical additions to the science of his time is of the highest interest.

The finely produced prospectus sent out by the publisher has a large heliogravure plate. It is only after close scrutiny that it is discovered that the text is apparently all reversed as though the plate itself had been printed so.

* * *

Another important publication is that of the Munich Boccaccio which Herr Jacques Rosenthal of Munich has just issued. The introduction, which deals with the author, text and production of this marvellous work is written by Count Paul Durrieu and like the work itself is in French. Count Durrieu agrees with the general opinion that the marvellous miniatures which decorate the work are by Jean Fouquet. The text they illustrate is a free translation of Boccaccio's "*De casibus illustrorum virorum*."



The Prominent Families of the United States of America.

THE Prominent Families of America, of which Vol. I. now appears, is the most notable work as yet published dealing with American genealogy.

Sectional and specialized works such as Hayden's "Virginia Genealogies" are not uncommon. Not uncommonly, too, they are untrustworthy, though that cannot be said of Hayden's work.

The editing of a work such as the one before us is a task demanding firmness and delicacy, as well as a masterly knowledge of genealogy and heraldry.

It is because these qualifications are unquestionably possessed by Mr. A. M. Burke that the difficulties presented by an undertaking such as this has been so unmistakably overcome, for the work is an unqualified success.

The introduction to the book is a clearly written, well balanced and eminently sane essay on the origins of the Republic as a nation.

The various settlements—Puritan, Royalist, Catholic, Quaker, Dutch and Huguenot—are sketched with admirable clearness and proportion, the names of the chief families associated with each settlement being given.

Mr. Burke shews that the honour of the founding of the Republic is to be shared between Royalist and Puritan, and that the distinction of gentle birth is not to be claimed by the representation of either more than the other members of the same families often being found on opposite sides.

The quaintness of the old Biblical names in some of the Puritan families strikes the reader

at once on turning over the pages. In Count Ward's family tree among the early names are Increase who was the sixth child, Hopstill the twelfth, and Betheah the fourteenth.

The arms of Count Ward are not given, as also of several other persons who are genuinely armigerous.

Ex-President Roosevelt's genealogy is given and again no arms appear, though Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly makes use of arms, as for example on his bookplate.

On the other hand it is a little difficult to see how certain of the families noted can claim to bear arms—as the claim is understood in England.

"The Prominent Families of the United States of America," edited by A. Meredith Burke, Vol. I. The Sackville Press. 2 guineas.

* *

R.O.M. If you will let us have your coat of arms we shall be glad to send you several sketches for a book-plate.

S.K.—The book-plate is in many places faulty. It was evidently not done by an heraldic artist.

F.Q.—Boutell is entirely superseded by "The Complete Guide to Heraldry" of A. C. Fox Davis recently published by Messrs. Jack. We can heartily recommend it.



By J. HERBERT SLATER.

THE Easter Holidays naturally interfered with the sales of books, as indeed of everything else, nor is it usual at that season of the year to offer anything of very great importance for public competition. Holiday times are the times to buy, a statement which will be seen to be not only true but obvious when the results of the sales held during the greater part of April are critically analysed. The more important the sale as a whole the more likely is it that high prices will be realised, and though a really good book can hardly be picked up, so to speak, merely because it happens to keep company with a large number of others of no special importance in themselves, the latter can be acquired on more favourable terms as a rule when they greatly predominate. Thus at a sale held by Messrs. Sotheby, on the first two days of April, a great mass of really useful books were sold at prices distinctly favourable to those who bought them. Browne's "History of the Highlands and the Highland Clans," 4 vols., 8vo., n.d., went for 12s., half calf; Morris's "Natural History of Nests and Eggs," 3 vols., 8vo., 1856-61, for £1 3s., half calf, and Grose's "Antiquities of England and Wales," 8 vols., 8vo., 1784-87, for as little as 13s., perhaps because the tree-calf bindings of some of the volumes were slightly broken. These could have been repaired for very little. Equally good and cheap books abounded all through the month, and there is no doubt at all that anyone who wished to add appreciably to his library might have done so at very little expense by attending some half-dozen sales and watching the course of events. Hall's "Gems of European Art," 2 vols., folio, 1846, though not now in much request, was cheap at 22s., green morocco extra with gilt edges, and ten volumes of Hamerton's "Portfolio," 1880-89, folio, cheaper still, at 30s. A considerable number of art works were sold at Sotheby's on the same occa-

sion, and the following may be noted as good of their kind and desirable in every way: "La Galerie du Palais du Luxembourg," 1710, folio, £2 5s., old half-calf; Captain Baillie's "Works," 125 plates, some in two states, Boydell, n.d., folio, £2 2s., calf; Darby's "Comic Prints of Characters. Caricatures, Macaronies, &c.," 1776, folio, £3 5s., old half binding; Le Hay's "Estampes représentant différentes Nations du Levant," 1714, folio, 7s., old calf; Boydell's "Collection of Prints to Illustrate the Works of Shakespeare," 2 vols., atlas folio, 1803, £12 12s., old russ., and a number of *Americana*, though these, as might have been expected, realised prices well up to the average. A selection of these American books may be given, as the dates of publication are late, and this fact also affords the opportunity for pointing out that works of this kind printed during the 18th century and even later are now rapidly occupying a position which is certain to be very considerably improved in the near future. The following should be noticed as significant of this proposition: "Speech from America, on suppressing the Rebels," 1770, folio, £3 3s., half calf; Eddis's "Letters from America," 1792, £1 5s., half calf; Heriot's "Travels through the Canadas," with a map and 27 aquatint plates, 1807, 4to, £1 14s., calf; Kane's "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians," 1859, 8vo., £1 16s., cloth; Kendall's "War between the United States and Mexico," with 12 coloured plates of battles, New York, 1851, folio, £4 4s., half morocco; La Fayette's "Epistle to General Washington," 1800, 8vo., £1 6s., wrappers; Martyn's "Reason's for Establishing the Colony of Georgia," 1733, 4to, £1, calf, uncut; J. H. Smith's "Authentic Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major André," 1808, 8vo, £2 2s., calf; Stedman's "History of the American War," 2 vols., 4to, 1794, £2; the same work, with numerous mar-

THE BIBLIOPHILE

ginal notes, in the handwriting of General Clinton, and another similarly annotated, £14 10s., and Washington's "Official Letters to the Honourable American Congress," 2 vols, 1795, 8vo, 21s., orig. bds. Another book, of an entirely different character of course, but still very interesting, by reason of its associations and history, was Christopher Smart's "A Song to David," 1819, 8vo., which realised 16s. This was written by Smart, when he was in a mad-house. Being denied the use of pen, ink and paper, he is said to have scratched this now famous song on the wainscot of his room with a key.

The first edition of Dr. Johnson's "Dictionary," 2 vols, folio, 1755, which, contrary to the rule, is a "Collector's Book," is one of those works which realise widely different amounts under circumstances which, as a rule, do not warrant so great a disparity. When rebound in old calf, the value stands at about £2 15s., the amount actually realised for such an example during the first week of April, but a few copies in their original covers are known, and they occasionally appear in the auction rooms, changing hands, as a rule, for about £12. This difference between "original" and "rebound," involving as it does in practise the further concomitants of "uncut" and "cut," should be remembered, for though the disparity in this particular case is greater than usual, the maxim that books should not be rebound unless under circumstances of absolute necessity, holds good wherever "Collector's books," so called, are in question. Books of pure reference, such as atlases, lexicons of most kinds, educational books of modern date, encyclopædias, and so on, do not, of course, come within the rule, for they are not collector's books, and this illustration will serve to draw the necessary line of demarcation. Another work which may be referred to as realising widely different sums for the very same reason, is White's "Natural History of Selborne," the first edition of 1789, 4to, which realised £7 10s., within a few minutes of the sale of Dr. Johnson's immortal work. It had been recently rebound in calf, and that proved its undoing, for a copy in contemporary calf would be worth about £13, and one in the original boards, as issued, £30 or more. In all these cases it is necessary to draw a broad line between books which are favoured by collectors and those of wider application, and to remember that those belonging to the former class are esteemed the most when they are in their original condition.

On April 21st, Messrs. Hampton and Sons sold the late Mr. David Murray's Library, at his residence, 30, Pembroke Square, W. I mention this sale particularly as this firm has

recently held several good sales of books, at prices which are entitled to be quoted as authoritative. On this occasion, Ruskin's "Modern Painters," 5 vols, 8vo, 1857-60, realised £3, cloth; Bartsch's "Le Peintre Graveur," 22 vols, 8vo, with 4to atlas of plates, 1876, £6 6s., half calf; Billings's "Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland," 4 vols, 4to, 1845-52, £2 10s., calf; Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers," 1880, £3, half calf; Kretschmer and Rohrbach's "Costumes of All Nations," with coloured plates, 1882, 4to, £2 17s. 6d., half morocco; Buller's "Bird's of New Zealand," 2 vols, 4to, 1888, £3 3s., morocco; Piranesi's "Antichità d'Albano e di Castel Gandolfo," n.d., Paris impressions, £2 6s., half calf, and many other interesting and popular works. At a sale held by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, a day later, a copy of the first edition of "Bradshaw's Railway Time Tables," Northern portion, published "10th mo, 19th, 1839," sold for £8 15s., a distinct improvement. Some seven or eight years ago this little guide used to realise £20 or £25, but later the value fell to about £5, a considerable number of copies of the first and other early editions having been thrown on the market, no doubt in expectation of equally good fortune. The value fell on the instant, as was only natural, and for some time past nothing has been seen of Bradshaw in the auction rooms. This sale of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's was productive of many desirable books, but it is not necessary to point to other than the following, which seem to come most clearly within the scope of this article: Morwyng's "Distillation of Waters," 1565, 4to, realised £3 17s. 6d., half calf; Charles Read's "Peg Woffington," 1st edition, 1858, 8vo, £3, original cloth; Peter Beckford's "Thoughts upon Hare and Fox Hunting," the 3rd edition (1st illustrated edn.), 1796, 8vo, £2 7s., old calf; "The Times History of the War in South Africa," 5 vols, 1900, £1 14s., cloth; "The International Library of Famous Literature," 20 vols, 1900, £1 10s., half calf; Leland's "Itinerary," 9 vols in 5, 8vo, 1745, £2 2s., calf uncut; Lycett's "Views in Australia," 1824, folio, in the original 13 parts, with the wrappers, £3 15s., and Chaucer's "Poetical Works," Pickering's Aldine Edition, 6 vols, 1845, £8 15s., original cloth. Among the more expensive books attention may be drawn to "The Humourist," with full page coloured etchings, by Cruikshank, 4 vols, 1819-20, which realised £28, morocco, g.e., and the first editions of Lamb's "Elia" and "Last Essays of Elia," 2 vols, 1823-33, £13, half morocco.

The most important sale held during the month of April was undoubtedly that at Hodgson's, on the 29th and 30th. The catalogue

IN THE SALE ROOMS

contained a large number of books relating to America, as well as works on general English literature, and some in both classes realised good prices. Hennepin's "New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," 1698, the two volumes bound together in half calf, sold for £9 17s. 6d., slightly torn and cut down, and Barrow's "King Glumpus," with three plates, by Thackeray, 1837, 8vo., £96, original yellow wrapper. From one point of view, and that a very important one, the *Americana* were the most noticeable, for although they belonged for the most part to the 18th and 19th centuries, and the prices obtained for these were not high, it is evident that "dates" have, as pre-

viously mentioned, been advanced in order to keep pace with the demand which has sprung up for works of this class. The position is that, collectors finding that *Americana* of the 17th century are becoming increasingly difficult to meet with, are turning their attention to those of a later date with the inevitable result. This is always the case so far as old and rare books are concerned, and there is no occasion, in this particular instance at any rate, to enlarge upon the moral which the lesson conveys. It is enough to say that collectors who buy books in any way relating to America, printed say before 1820, are not likely to be disappointed hereafter.

EPICEDE

To the memory of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

LIGHT broods o'er the land; a wind stirring
Scarce ruffles the sea;
Once more the Spring thrills with her magic
The birds on the tree;
The flowers in the gardens lift heavenward
Soft eyes thro' the hours,
And April—our April—makes music
In the heart of her bowers.

Yet the songs that we love seem to harbour
Some thought unexpressed;
And the flowers of the morning lie cold on
A grave we have dressed;
And the winds that fled out of the darkness
Caressing the sea,
Move sadly—their pleasure forsaken,
Forgotten their glee.

For the lips of the Poet who hailed them,
They are mute as the clay;
In pitiless shadow Death holds him
A night and a day;
And a cloud, as of trouble, o'er the ocean
Hangs heavy like lead:
The harp of the Singer is broken;
The Singer lies dead.

E. H. Blakeney.



A PROBLEM.

(Correspondents of one of the daily papers have been exercising themselves as to what precisely, is a minor poet.)

A MINOR Poet? Goodness me!
That anyone should be in doubt!
How trivial these questions be
That people vex their soul about!

A Minor Poet is — well, there,
He's one who — Come, I can't allow
The thing to beat me — I declare . . .
A Minor Poet . . . Really now. . .

Thus musing, I recalled to mind
A pair of poets whom I knew —
I give their names because I find
They always like one so to do.

Narcissus Smith, Endymion Brown,
Two bards whose priceless carols reach
(In gold-stamped vellum, half-a-crown)
Publics of quite a dozen each.

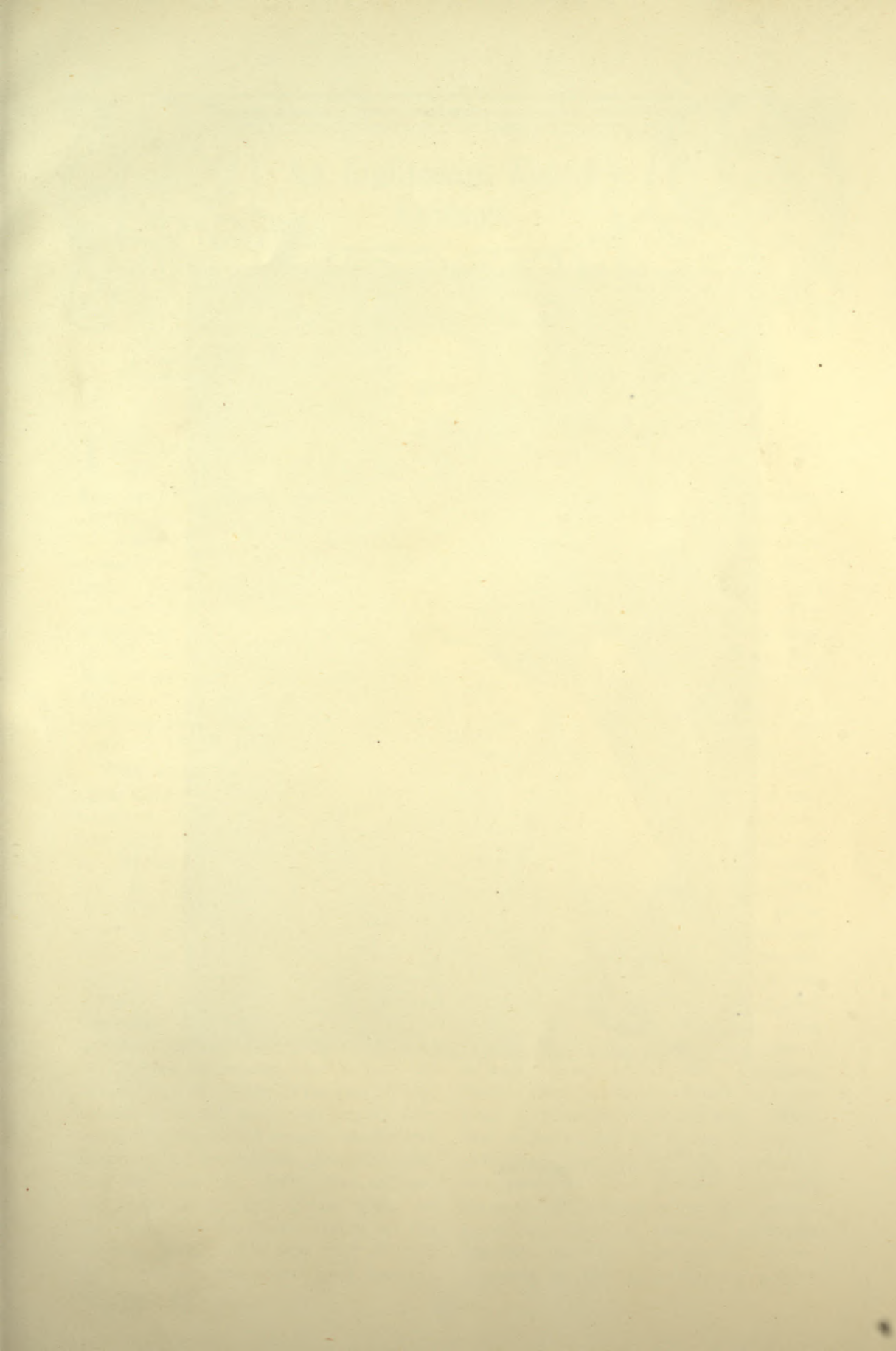
I went to Smith. "Are you," I said,
"A Minor Poet?" Bluntly, so
I put the point. He shook his head,
Meaning, unquestionably, "No."

And as he somewhat curtly thrust
My yearning presence from his door
He said Endymion Brown was just
The man whom I was looking for.

Straightway I hied me off to Brown
And put the selfsame question. He
Answered, with quite a surly frown,
That Smith was just the man for me.

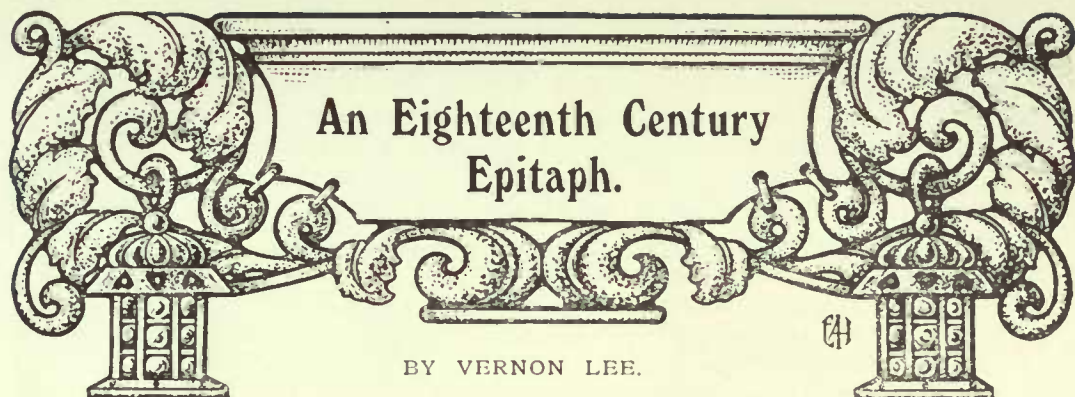
Thereat I saw what doubts beset
This seemingly so simple case —
Noone, in fact, has ever met
A Minor Poet face to face.

C. E. HUGHES.





THE LATE
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



I SHALL never write the story of Mrs. Margaret Hart, not merely because I do not know it, but also and chiefly, because it belongs to the class of stories which untold are most delectable, in fact which vanish altogether leaving but a little heap of commonplace behind, if you are foolish enough to clutch at them with pen-armed hand. All I can say is that Mrs. Margaret Hart lies buried in St. Bedes' churchyard, and that the inscription tells one curtly that she died April 17, 1782, aged 32.

That churchyard is situate like no other churchyard I have ever seen or heard of, although churchyards of any odd kind have ever been my fancy. St. Bedes is a tiny place illustrious only as the birth-place of Nathaniel Webster, or of some other Roundhead worthy with whom I always confuse him. It is not a village, but save just around its church, rather a minute country town of rather forbidding Georgian gentility. The church in question is a fine old stone one; and St. Bedes possesses also a big old brewery on the banks of the river Ouse, which is broad and, you would say, navigable but for its weeds. And there is something indefinable about the river and the town, not merely the willows and rushes but the green moss on the roofs and the green stains on the stones, which tells you that all this land has been reclaimed from swamp,

and that the fen district of Ely is not far off.

As to the churchyard it is, naturally, round the church, and on the brink of the town. A backwater of the Ouse encircles it with weedy, reedy sluggishness, and beyond the water, a real marsh of sedge and baby willow. The day I was taken to St. Bedes it was raining fitfully from a loose, stormy, dark sky with pale sunset suffusions. And I am certain it always rains at St. Bedes and always is sunset time and always autumn. Mrs. Margaret's tombstone is among other old lichen-green ones, near that backwater and the churchyard wall acting as parapet. The first yellow leaves rain down on it; and a half-dead willow, apparently killed by lightening, slants, bridge-like, towards it across the river. The stone bears the inscription I have copied out and not a word more; the eighteenth century, so amiably appreciative of the departed (I have lately seen a pigtailed Earl of Darlington praised for "his heart being better than his manners") is oddly silent about Mrs. Margaret Hart's good qualities. There is, however, a record of what she was. What first attracted my eye to her existence (for everything of her has assuredly not perished, the ghostly limewalk along the backwater gives that assurance) is a piece of carving, elaborate enough, upon her head-stone. It represents in the genteel, nay gallant

style of her day . . . well it is rather difficult to say *what* it represents: hesitating churchwardens and critical neighbours could be told that the draped figure stirring up human skulls in an elegant tureen-shaped vessel was the Angel of Judgment presiding over Mrs. Margaret Hart's and all other persons' Resurrection. But the hand of the sculptor, and ever more the hand of time, have represented something quite singularly different, and weather stains, the lime leaves of the ghost's walk dropping year after year, the backwater licking the stone with its fogs, have arranged it in such a manner that you carry away the image of a draperied lady engaged in some grim culinary business, say Medea seething old Æson, or were the style of art less elegantly classic, a witch cooking unspeakable messes in her cauldron.

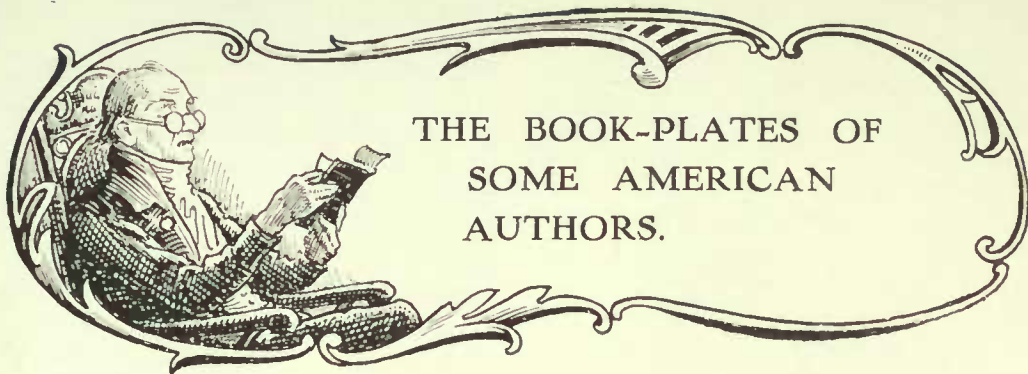
The epitaph, as already remarked, says a great many things, too many things, by eloquent omission. Mrs. Margaret Hart, departing this life at thirty (an age when charming females notoriously turn to villainy), and in a century when churchyard affections were especially clamorous, left no bereaved husband, no helpless children, no broken-hearted old parents, no affectionate brothers and sisters, no attached uncles, aunts and cousins, not the most distant weeping relative, behind her; the young gentlewoman having buried all her own kith and kin before death took her also, early indeed as years went, but none too soon, methinks, for other reasons! This being the case it is almost unnecessary to add that she did not possess such vir-

tues as attracted the tender and faithful friendship of her contemporaries. It is, in fact, at first sight far from obvious why anyone should have been at the cost and trouble of that rich and refined funereal sculpture. Indeed there seems no particular reason why Mrs. Margaret Hart should have had a tomb-stone at all, or an epitaph where-withal to puzzle and alarm future generations, or, if you come to it, burial of any kind in consecrated ground.

Except, as may appear on second thoughts, that there lingered at St. Bedes an unspoken dread lest Mrs. Margaret, with her tureen full of skulls (they called it a *vause*, to rhyme with *roars*) might still be the better for some propitiation; that backwater, with its little low parapet being so close at hand, and the churchyard so full of mists on autumn afternoons, and even God-fearing persons being liable, who knows, to queer unholy inquisitiveness about what lies among the fallen willows and the river sedge.

It is certain that the autumn rain has an odd drip, drip, on to the soaking yellow leaves between the graves; and the little lime-walk beyond the churchyard a dim white vanishing point which seems to beckon between the wet tree trunks at sunset. Also that Mrs. Margaret Hart, obiit 17th April, 1782, was a young gentlewoman singularly deficient in all survivors, and eminently unadorned by any virtues.

So I prefer not to enter into any details of her story, and, besides, there are none.



BY SHELDON CHENEY.

PART II.

THE late Thomas Bailey Aldrich used a book-plate which has proven something of a rebus to collectors. It displays a mask and a black bird, within a frame with the inscription "Thomas Bailey Aldrich His Mark."

The meaning of the bird is the mooted point: several writers about book-plates have speculated as to the probability of its being a *daw*, commemorative of the mythical Marjorie of that name. In the absence of confirmation one can only guess, but one can hope that the author thought enough of Marjorie to so remember her on his personal book-plate.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, who, like Aldrich, and like many another great writer, is being remembered with volumes of praise now that he is dead, had an *ex libris* well befitting a poet. Pan sits piping in the shade of a tree. A satyr sprawls on the ground at his feet, while farther back a beautiful water-

nymph rises, charmed by the music. The name appears in the surrounding frame together with the motto: "*Le cœur au metier*," or "Your heart in your work." Certainly Stedman put his heart in his work both as a poet and as an essayist.



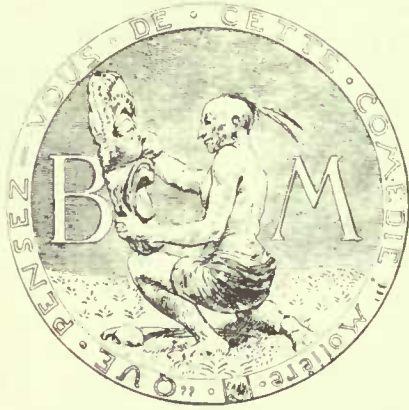
"*Flie fro' the prese and dwell with sothfastnesse*" would seem an excellent motto for a man of literary tastes. Edward Eggleston chose it for his book-plate, and further emphasized his liking for the quiet life by picturing a reading monk in the design. This motto was carved on his library door.

Brander Matthews has one of the most appropriate designs

in use by present day writers. It is the work of Edwin A. Abbey, and is quite up to that artist's usual delicacy and beauty of style. The plate as illustrated here is taken from E. Abot's etching of the original Abbey drawing. The picture, representing an American Indian scrutinizing an ancient comedy

THE BIBLIOPHILE

mask, is an allusion to Mr. Matthews' interest in the drama. It is certainly appropriate for the author of "Studies



of the Stage," and other works on the theatre. The inscription, "Que pensez-vous de cette comedie," from Moliere, is in reference to the design, and shows more clearly its meaning.

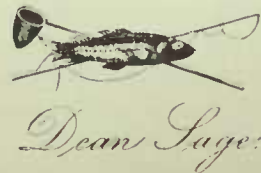
Authors, as one might expect, have used especially good taste in the choice of their designs. Judged artistically, authors' plates are far superior to almost any other group. Hamilton Wright Mabie has one of the most artistic of all the designs used by American writers. A woman in classic robes, and holding a book, leans on a mantel shelf, whereon sets a vase of flowers and several books. A panel between the shelf and a fire-place holds the words "My Study Fire," a reference familiar to Mr. Mabie's readers. The figure has not the usual stiffness of allegorical designs, and is, indeed, of a distinctly modern beauty. The plate was made by Charles Louis Hinton, an artist who illustrated certain of Mr. Mabie's books. The original is a photogravure to which the half-tone illustration cannot do justice.

The plates of the nature writers form an interesting group. That of Stewart Edward White especially suggests outdoor life. Mountains, woods and a lake, all have a place thereon.

Mr. White has of late years had a summer home, "Cedar Cabin," far up in the Californian Sierras, and it may be of this place or a former forest home in Michigan, that the plate is suggestive. The angling figure is by no means a novelty on the book-plate. Indeed so many book-plate owners have represented their fishing propensities on their ex-libris that angling plates have a special place in the collector's category.



There is one fisherman-author who not only wrote fish stories but actually presents one in pictorial form on his book-plate. Dean Sage's design shows a large trout backed by a crossed rod



and net. And the fish is almost as long as the rod! Surely if Mr. Sage was as modest in writing of his pisca-

THE BOOK-PLATES OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS

torial achievements as his book-plate would suggest, his stories should be worth reading.



Of course Henry Van Dyke has an angling plate. Still the fisherman, who is quite god-like in dress if in no otherwise, seems divided between his sport and his book. And that indeed would seem expressive of Mr. Van Dyke, whose interest in one side of life in no way interferes with his interest in another. Thoroughly an outdoor man, he yet has written books which charm readers throughout the land. Indeed there is no writer who stands closer to the hearts of American readers to-day. Heraldry enters in a minor way into the design of Mr. Van Dyke's Plate. The shield set against the tree is a relic of the times when a knight went to a tournament and hung his shield on a tree, thus challenging all comers to throw their spears against it.

Olive Thorne Miller, whose stories of bird life have long been favorites in the libraries of nature-lovers, was most happy in her choice of a book-plate design. Her three unfailing friends, birds, books and nature, are shown in very artistic fashion. William Edgar Fisher made the design, and it could hardly be more successful or more fitted to its purpose.

Before leaving the nature writers, one must note the plate of Theodore Roosevelt. From the scope of his achievements the author-president might have chosen almost any subject as appropriate to his book-plate. The plate he actually uses would never suggest his character or tastes; it is a plain armorial ex-libris with no force or strength of design. And, indeed, were it the best of its kind, it would not be suitable to our president. He has so notably preached the doctrine of the thing doing as opposed to the thing done, that he is the last person one would expect to exhibit family arms, especially in America, where heraldry means so little. It is one of



Theodore Roosevelt.

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the incongruities to be found on authors' plates.



It is reported that Jack London, in ordering an *ex libris*, said that he knew of nothing more typical of himself than the wolf. And E. J. Cross, who received the commission, made a most striking design, on the general model of the famous "Lobo" head. The added snowshoes are undoubtedly indicative of Alaska, Mr. London's special literary field. This book-plate, which marks the volumes in the library of "The Snark," the novelist's home on the high seas, is one of the most sought of the *ex libris* of the present-day writers, and deservedly.

Thomas W. Lawson, the financier-author, uses a book-plate which presents a puzzling repetition of the number three. All the decoration appears in triplicate and the figure three appears in nine places in the design. What trinity the plate represents the reader is left to discover, if possible, from the illustrations. The original is

an etching by Edmund H. Garrett, a well-known designer and illustrator,

The Chicago librarian and poet, John Vance Cheney, has a design in which a lamp and book occupy the chief space. Three seals also appear, one with a lyre, one with a dog's head, and one with a pipe and pouch. The motto, "Now winter nights enlarge," is suggestive. The owner thus describes the making of the book-plate: "Long ago I made a sketch for a book-plate, which Bruce Porter thought good enough to touch up. He gave the thing a few classic licks, and the enclosed is the result."

One of the most interesting of the colored plates used in American libraries is that of Kate Douglas Wiggin, or as the name appears on the design, Kate Douglas Riggs. From out of the pages of a gigantic book a woman with a lyre leads Pegasus, while a jester gazes on with interest. An interlaced



THE BOOK-PLATES OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS

pattern of the thistle and the rose completes the design. Whether the woman represents an angel or a fairy, or the owner of the plate, one is left to infer. The whole composition is very pleasing and is the work of Mrs. A. B. Hooper.

George Barr McCutcheon uses a mock-heraldic plate, made by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. The "arms" consist of a book and quill and three thistles. The motto is "Books were once men." It is a good example of what has been termed "the literary book-plate." It is a style which seems to have been studiously avoided by most literary folk.

There are many lesser American authors who have personal bookplates—and, too, perhaps some of the greater ones who have not been mentioned. Still there are many eminent authors who have no book-plates. Some of the reasons, therefore, are quite as interesting as would be the plates of these same authors if they had any. Perhaps the following letter will explain why Edward Everett Hale has no *ex libris* :

My dear Sir :

I never had any book-plate. Francis

Gardner used to say that as soon as a man got a book-plate he died or became bankrupt. I hope this rule is not absolute.

Truly yours,

Edw. E. Hale.

Perhaps there is something more than mere superstition in the statement of the book-plate owner's dying or becoming bankrupt. For a man who has a book-plate is pretty sure to be a book-lover. And book-lovers and book-collectors are a notably poverty-stricken lot, often preferring to buy books rather than bread.

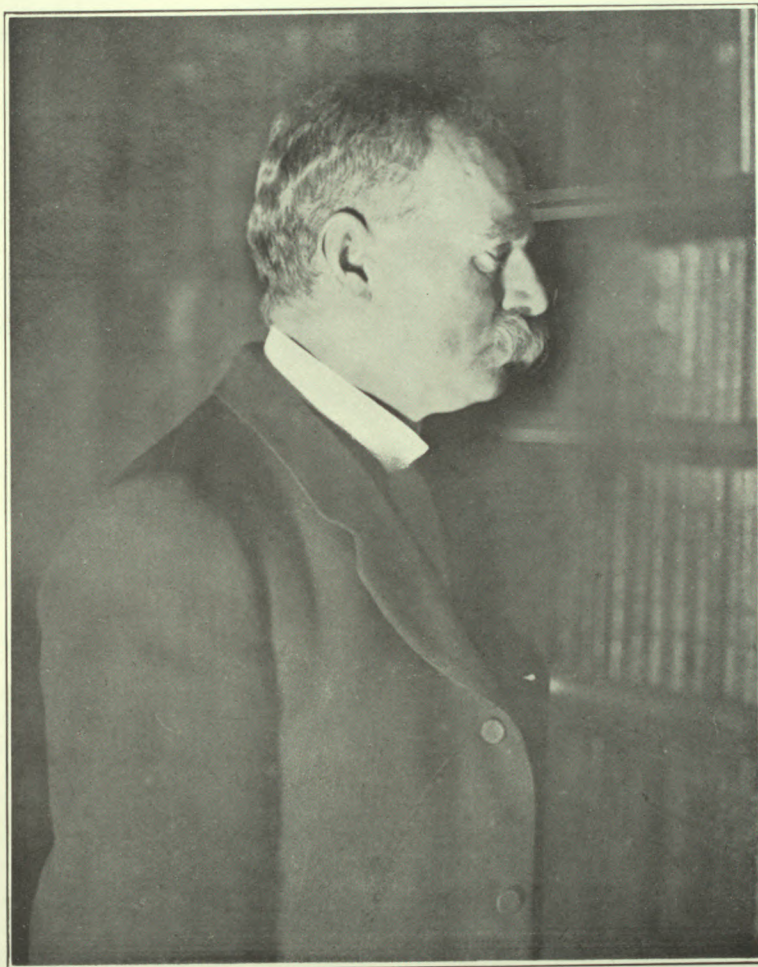
Another great author's reason for his lack of a slate is more personal, and so his name must be omitted. He writes: "I have long thought of having a plate, but have never reached the point of having money enough." Such is fame.

These, then, are the intimate details of great writers' lives which the collector meets on the

"long but charming road" of book-plates. The millstones pass quickly and enjoyably, whatever by-bath of the subject one follows. But none are more fascinating than authors' plates; for with them one lives again with the great figures of prose and poetry.



THE BIBLIOPHILE



W. B. SLATER, ESQ.

Photo: C. A. Hamilton



No. 5.—THE LIBRARY OF MR. W. B. SLATER.

By HAROLD F. B. WHEELER, F. R. Hist. S.

CONTRAST is a good frame for a literary picture. When I entered Mr. W. B. Slater's library, with 10,000 well-bound volumes on orderly shelves, and old china and bronzes in odd corners, my thoughts involuntarily turned to a certain description which Sir Jonah Barrington gives in his discursive *Personal Sketches*. His father's

library, he tells us, "was a gloomy closet, and rather scantily furnished with everything but dust and cobwebs: there were neither chairs nor tables; but I cannot avoid recollecting many of the principal books, because I read such of them as I could comprehend, or as were amusing, and looked over all the prints in them a hundred times."



ORIGINAL SKETCH BY JOHN RUSKIN,
NOW REPRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME

THE BIBLIOPHILE

There is, it is true, a parallel in this contrast, for Mr. Slater's fondness, and perhaps I ought to add reverence, for the creations of other men's minds dates back to early childhood. He even says that he took good care of his school books, which is an admission

finest represents an old house at Augsburg, at the bottom of which are miniature notes, such as "Pillows drying at roof windows," evidently intended for later use. This sketch and one or two others are reproduced in the *Bibliophile* for the first time.



AN OLD HOUSE AT AUGSBURG, BAVARIA
ORIGINAL SKETCH BY JOHN RUSKIN
NOW REPRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME

few of us could make with any reasonable amount of truth.

Perhaps the gem of the collection is a Ruskin sketch-book, the only one which has passed out of the Severn family. Some of the pictures are rough—mere jottings in fact—but many of them are delightful specimens of the master's art. By far the

The book was come by in a strange way. A certain autograph collector said to his son, "You take up this business and do a bit of dealing." He then approached Mr. Slater, and asked him if he would be good enough to look at anything the young man might secure. The result proved beneficial to both, and one of the first articles the

Her mouth the maiden's mouth is red
 Her breast blossoms are rufely red
 Her hair more brown or gold
 Fold over rufely fold
 Binding her head

Her mouth is made of ~~rose~~ of rose & wine,

Her bowen ~~bowen~~ takes my kiss

And burn my soul to flame

And burn my life to flame.

And name it is

Cleave to me love me, love me eyes,

Sabath my life with loving me,

May for them shall rest, rest:

Let us burn that I

as my white soul lies
~~in the fire~~
 The fire of love...

Then hath a serpent for these hours.

For all her curls that close or clasp

And all the breast flowers!

It ^{is} ~~is~~ my mouth for ~~for~~

To kiss & strong!

These arms are close about them.

My lips are for, and over my face.

And where my love, both feet

My flames like blood heaps red

O bitterness of things too much's To the blessed place,

O broken singing of the dove!

Love's wings are over-flut

And swift as feather's feet

The feet of Love

(Chivalier de Fede. 1863.)



MS. OF SWINBURNE'S *Frigoletta*,

WITH DRAWING BY BURNE JONES

NOW REPRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME

THE BIBLIOPHILE

budding Quaritch secured was the Ruskin sketch-book, which promptly found a place in Mr. Slater's archives. The pedigree runs as follows: "I certify that this sketch-book was given to me by Mr. le Vengeur, who received it from Miss Bell (Winnington Hall, Northwich, Cheshire, near Hartford Station), to whom it was presented by Mr. John Ruskin, who was her guest for some time. A. B. Kepler.

"26th Oct., 1887."

Like Sam Weller, Mr. Slater boasts "an amiable weakness." It is in the direction of literary documents. In company with the above are the MSS. of Swinburne's *Anactoria* and of *Fragoletta*.

There is a romance about the latter poem quite apart from the subject. The poet was writing it when Burne Jones called, and while they were chatting the artist picked up the foolscap and deftly drew a picture in the bottom left-hand corner. Our facsimile in this instance is also unique.

Here is the draft of William Morris's first Kelmscott Press book, and the complete MS. of William Godwin's last work, *The Lives of the Necromancers*, published in 1834. It is evident that towards the end of his labours Godwin ran short of paper, for odd scraps of varying shade and shape the are used. Whatever may be said of compiler's merits as a man of letters, he claims attention if only on the score of being the father of Shelley's second wife, the authoress of *Frankenstein*. Mr. Slater possesses several mementoes of the poet, and a certain bill, which runs:

Bought of W. Brewster,	March, 1811.
Russia Oil	1 13 0
Hair Brush	5 0
Naples Soap	2 6
	£2 0 6

A cheque in payment of the same is made out on the back.

As a collector of Landor literature Mr. Slater has earned an enviable reputation. He has made a life-long study of the man and his works, and every acknowledged and anonymous pamphlet it is possible to get is represented, including the very scarce first editions of *Gebir; a Poem in Seven Books* (London, sold by Rivington's, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1798), *Poems from the Arabic and Persian; with Notes by the Author of Gebir* (Warwick, printed by H. Sharpe, High-street, for London, 1800), and *Poems by the Author of Gebir* (sold by F. and C. Rivington, St. Paul's Church-yard, London, 1802.)

Mr. Slater had been searching for a certain Landor item for many years. Late one Saturday night he received a bookseller's catalogue. After perusing the opening pages he was about to throw it away when the following title arrested his attention: *Terry Hogan, An Eclogue; lately discovered in the Library of the Propaganda at Rome, and now first translated from the Irish. Thereunto is subjoined a dissertation by the Editor, Phelim Octavius Quarle, S.T.P.* (London: J. Wertheimer & Co., 1836). He immediately wrote a cheque to include cost of carriage. "Had I not done so, another collector would have had the copy," Mr. Slater told me, "for I afterwards ascertained that a rival bibliophile had ordered the pamphlet, but neglected to send the postage. Moral: Always allow for the stamps!"

Landor is essentially a bookman's idol; he appeals with little force to the general reader. Perhaps if his romantic life were taken into consideration, his adventures in France during the Consulate of Napoleon, in Spain with the little band of patriots which he raised to resist the inordinate ambition of the "antagonist of Europe"—I use his own phrase—and his wordy warfare with those who were at heart his best friends, there would be a

THE LIBRARY OF MR. W. B. SLATER

revival of interest in Landoriana. I sometimes doubt if we give enough attention to environment and circumstances when we sit in judgment on literary productions. One can almost be sure when reading certain portions

him as he was about to destroy a horde of barbarians!

Mr. Slater's own position regarding Landor is judicial. Unlike Wordsworth, who once gave him unqualified praise, and later wrote to Rowan

unmistakably, *as he was*? As has been observed for a very different purpose, not contented with making use of the power of the poet, for the purpose of conducting to our accommodation to his poetry, we with a daring spirit engage into the very life of things, of what we see, to people all spaces with God's angels, with personifications & powers, with beneficent beings who take charge concerning us kept at any time we do not see, and against a time of with devils who are personified, for the watch to perplex us & do us ill. And having joined ourselves on words with the conceptions of these beings we immediately appear to hold communion with them. We represent to ourselves as "walking in the garden in the cool of the day," & teach ourselves "not to forget to enquire of the stranger, lest by so doing we should incur angelic displeasure."

No more are we even in a slight degree acquainted with the laws of nature. Then we prompt ourselves the idea by the aid of some invisible, all, of invisible, then operators. Of children not made or is the story of commanding down to earth, of directing the motion of the heavenly bodies of producing mischief on the bodies of men, of afflicting them with disease & death, of calling up the deceased from the silence of the grave & compelling them to declare the secrets of the world unknown.

But, what is most deplorable, we are not contented to endeavour to secure the aid of God & good angels, but we also aspire to enter into alliance with devils & beings destined for their rebellion in hell. The pains of hell as they are supposed to be a character of horror & depravity, we of course apply them to the purposes of vengeance, & of malice & revenge. And, in the instances which have occurred in a few centuries back, the most common idea has been of

A PAGE OF THE MS. OF WILLIAM GODWIN'S
Lives of the Necromaneers.

of Carlyle's compositions that his neighbour's cocks were either crowing at the time or that he was in one of his fevers waiting for them to begin. Who can tell the effect on Gibbon's work when a friend entered and disturbed

Hamilton to the effect that Landor's character "may be given in two or three words—a madman, a bad man, yet a man of genius, as many a madman is," Mr. Slater assumes that the author of *Imaginary Conversations*

THE BIBLIOPHILE

was distinctly "a law unto himself," and that you might as well compare a bluebottle to a bootblack as Landor to anybody else.

An attempt to successfully parse and analyse the brain-work of two authors is almost as hopeless a task as trying to square the circle.

The present library is rich in anthologies, both ancient and modern. I noticed particularly *Politeuphuia Wits Commonwealth* (1598), and *Wits Theatre*

of the little World (1599). The latter is very scarce. On the flyleaf of a copy of *The English Parnassus: or, a Helpe to English Poesie*, by Josua Poole, M.A., Clare Hill, Camb., 1657, I was shown one of the most skilful literary forgeries extant. It bears the alleged signatures of Thomas Powell, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, and R. H. Horne. The man who sold the volume to its present owner assured him that the celebrities mentioned were sitting

Dear Lady Bliffington

I know you hate letter-
writing and I suspect you hate
letter-receiving - so pray do not
consider this as anything in
the shape of a letter. It will
be only a duet in an Opera
which I began to write in
Italy and of which I can recollect
no more than what is before you

Babbò

No veduto viso mio
Ghepp. volte risguardarti
E h'avevato c'ha son certo
Tende reb per pigliarti
Forse non rimproverer
Ma figliola inna saprei
Cosa vultu cosa fà

Figliola

A non so non so parodi
Babbò mio ma piace a me
E na pochina di delitto
Cot carino giovanetto
Aaaaaa don rimproverar

*Babbo
Cosa senti? cosa dice?
Cosa dice? cosa senti?
L'uom' di rado al male è lento,
Voi sempre improvvisatorci.*

*And now I entreat
Miss Pove to accept this as
my Italian exercise and to
send me one of hers in return.
Verse is perhaps more easy
to her than prose in this
delightful language*

*Ever Dear Lady
Blessington,*

*Your obliged
Wm Landor*

*Kindest regards to Aunt
D'Orsay.*

A LANDOR LETTER TO LADY BLESSINGTON

round a table and signed the book, for what purpose he was not quite sure, but probably as a memento of the event. Mr. Slater had his suspicions, if for no other reason than that Mrs. Browning's autograph was missing. Accordingly he wrote to the author of *The Blot in the Scutcheon* for particulars. Back came the reply that the names were "all written by that scoundrel P——. He got acquainted with a lot of us, amongst others with Charles Dickens," and he victimised them all. The literary detective had proved his case.

Mr. Slater made several interesting finds in Teneriffe some time ago. An

American tourist died, and his effects were put up for auction. Hearing that there was a number of books to be sold, a visit was paid to the lawyer who had the affair in hand, with the result that he came away with the first editions of *The Autocrat* and *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, and a first issue of the first edition of *The Scarlet Letter*, the price varying from one shilling to eighteenpence each! Some years after waiting to make up his three volumes of the Holmes series Mr. Slater saw a copy of *The Poet* in Sotheby's catalogue, and sent a small commission for it without taking the trouble to examine the volume. When

THE BIBLIOPHILE

it came to hand the delighted purchaser found that the fly-leaf bore the following : " Edmund Yates, with the kind regards of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jan. 28th, 1873."

the first book to have a cloth binding was *Quintus Horatius Flaccus* (Londini : Gulielmus Pickering, 57 Chancery Lane, MDCCCXXIV), which is also represented. Another scarce volume

POEMS

&c.

Written by
Sir JOHN SUCKLING

Printed by his owne Copy.

The Lyrick Poems were set in
Mufick by Mr. *Henry Lawes*, Gent.
of the Kings Chappel, and one of
His Majesties Private Mufick.



LONDON,

Printed by *Ruth Raworth* for *Humphrey Mofely*, and
are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the
Princes Arms in *S. Pauls Church-yard*. 1646.

TITLE-PAGE OF ROBERT BROWNING'S
COPY OF SUCKLING'S *Poems*.

The library is well provided with chap-books, and there is also a complete set of the celebrated "Pickering Diamonds," so-called because the volumes were set in diamond type. It may not be generally known that

is *Retaliation : A Poem*, by Doctor Goldsmith. Including Epitaphs on the most Distinguished Wits of this Metropolis (London : Printed for G. Kearsly, at No. 46, in Fleet-Street, M.DCC.LXXIV.)

THE LIBRARY OF MR. W. B. SLATER

Thomas Puckle

Robt Browning

Wm Wordsworth

Leigh Hunt

R H Home

ONE OF THE MOST SKILFUL LITERARY
FORGERIES OF MODERN TIMES

It will have been sufficiently shown that Mr. Slater is an enthusiastic admirer of Landor, and with good reason. It is the wonderful merit of Landor that, fierce and strenuous as was his life, possessed by strange passions and swift whim, he nevertheless had the remarkable power of emptying himself of his own personality and filling himself with another, or, to reverse the figure, doffing the self of expression that clothed the inner ego and taking on the expression of another. So the *Imaginary Conversations* have the wonderful appeal of fastidious sincerity, especially where, as in the following passage, the minds of the interlocutors sort with Landor's own personality.

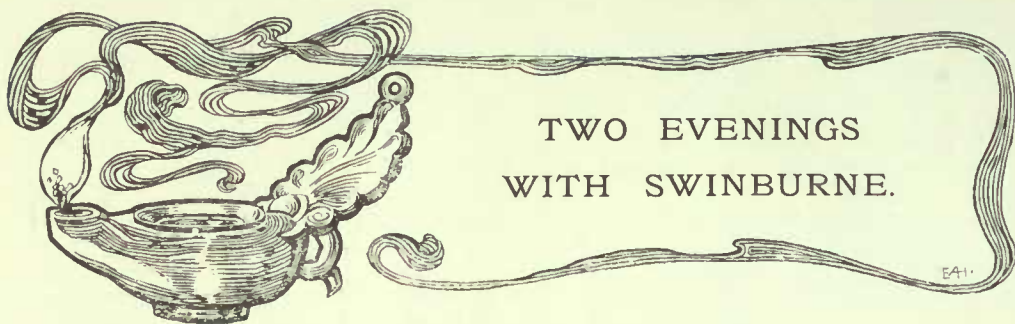
It is a quotation from *Imaginary Conversations*: "Milton in conversation

with Andrew Marvell," and may fittingly conclude this brief notice of a more than notable collection :

"Oh Andrew ! Although our learning raiseth up against us many enemies, among the low, and more among the powerful, yet doth it invest us with grand and glorious privileges, and grant to us a largess of beatitude. We enter our studies, and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another ; we give no offence to the most illustrious by questioning him as long as we will, and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence ; each interlocutor stands before us, speaks, or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure. Nothing is past which we desire to be present ; and we enjoy by anticipation somewhat like the power which I imagine we shall possess hereafter of sailing on a wish from world to world."



MR. W. B. SLATER'S BOOKPLATE



By ALICE L. BIRD AND ERNEST RHYS.

I.—Oct. 10th, 1878. 49, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square. An evening with Swinburne, Captain Richard Burton, his wife Isabel, four other friends, my brother Dr. George Bird, and myself.

The evening was so wonderful and the talk so brilliant that when I went to bed, about one in the morning, I sat down and wrote what I could remember of the conversation. So what is here recorded is red hot. I wish I had taken notes of other equally wonderful evenings with Swinburne and Burton.

Swinburne came at six-thirty, half an hour before the appointed time. He had written to say he feared he could not come, that he would not be "viable," that he was ill from fogs. He looked ill and worn, and older. He had a haggard expression as if his nerves were out of tune. He and Captain Burton were the chief talkers. Swinburne told a story that Landor told him of a dog in a church swallowing the Host. The Priest was horribly scandalized and got out of the difficulty by giving the dog an emetic.

Captain Burton told a story of his preaching to some savages at Dahomey. He told them of God, of His being Invisible, Eternal, when an old nigger called out "Stop that and tell me what colour He is."

At dinner Swinburne sat silent, at least he did not join in the general talk and laughter, because of his deafness. He can hear nothing now, unless it is

tête-à-tête, slowly and deliberately. He said that deafness was in his family on both sides, and that his brother, eleven years his junior, showed signs of the infirmity. He told me in a delighted way of the glories of a visit to Sark, a little island "five miles by two," and that there wasn't an inch of this space but was lovely. Later in the evening he read the Dedication (to Richard Burton) of his "Second Series," and later still "Only the Song of a Secret Bird." He said, going to bed early one night, he sat down to write the song, but to his amazement and disgust the words wouldn't come. He was savage, and got into bed uttering imprecations; in the morning when he awoke with rested brain he wrote the song off without a halt.

He then told me the circumstances under which he composed "A Vision of Spring in Winter," beginning :

"O tender Time that Love thinks long to see."

He produced the first three verses in *sleep*. He was not dreaming, nor in the borderland of sleep, but *asleep* when the ideas were born. He waked, jumped out of bed, and scribbled them down, and in the morning he expected to find nonsense. But he left the verses as he wrote them, and afterwards added the remaining four.

He became more animated as the evening went on, and talked of Tennyson. It is curious to hear one poet on another poet. Swinburne is supposed

TWO EVENINGS WITH SWINBURNE

to detest Tennyson. He said his Idylls were below the mark, that "In Memoriam" is perfect in its way. He specially singled out

"By night we lingered on the lawn."

and he spoke with warmth of the fine lines

"The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field."

He said there were some beautiful things in *Maud*, and he said any poet, Shakespeare himself, might have been proud of the fragment beginning :

"I have led her home, my love, my only friend."

He spoke with deep disgust of Tennyson's "Moralities," and called them low. He said that his unhappy lovers had no nobility ; that if for instance a man was rejected by a girl, instead of desiring the happiness of the girl and thinking chiefly of her lot, the rejected suitor more than half hoped she would be wretched and "paid out." *Locksley Hall*, he said, was a "blot," and the lover whined and prophesied the girl's misery.

He spoke of three illustrious poets of three different nationalities, who represented three different states of life—Dante the aristocracy ; Chaucer the middle classes ; and Villon the democracy.

He said Villon in some parts was quite untranslatable—or at any rate unpublishable—no publisher would run the risk. As for himself he had run all risks and nothing could hurt him.

He spoke of the Cæsars—that if he had a boy to educate and wanted to teach him Roman History, he would take him to the capitol at Rome and show him the busts of the Cæsars, and that the boy would necessarily want to know more, and that then he would understand Tacitus. He said that Nero in youth was not a bad fellow—that he was promising.

He said the two most execrable men in all history were Augustus Cæsar

and Louis Bonaparte. I have often heard him denounce Louis Bonaparte, vociferate epithets of hatred, get inarticulate with disgust, and I have heard him read with savage joy his own sonnets on Louis Bonaparte. *Vide Diræ*.

He spoke of absolute power, of "omnipotence," whether on earth or in Heaven as a fatal quality !

He said he had registered a solemn oath in Heaven never again to go to a Shakesperian Representation at the Theatre. He thought also that Victor Hugo's tragedies could not be adequately treated. He said the last time he was at the Theatre was to see Fechter as Othello. He thought Fechter handsome, and admired him, but his treatment of the smothering scene was abominable. When he came to the part—

"It is the cause, it is the cause my soul—
Yet she must die or she'll betray more men"

"perhaps the most perfect bit" in Shakespeare—Fechter took up a mirror and looked into it, saying as his own face was reflected,

"It is the cause, it is the cause."

Swinburne said "I wanted to leap out of the box I was in and break his neck, and then to rush out of the Theatre, fly as if lightning were at my heels. When I was a child—before I could understand things—I read Othello, and although I did not know what was the guilt of Desdemona, could not guess at the adulteress, yet I distinctly knew that whatever "the cause" was it applied to something she had done."

Before going away he told the story of Sheridan drunk outside the House of Commons, of the policeman finding him, and asking his name, and of his giving it as "William Wilberforce."

"I would rather," said Swinburne, "have returned that answer than have written Hamlet ; if a man could be so

THE BIBLIOPHILE

witty when drunk what must he be when sober."

He also told a story of S., dead drunk, and of his being called upon to write a leader for the "Daily ———."

"Put me on the floor," said S., "put paper and pen by me, put my head in a spittoon"—and straightway he began to write in the most lovely of copper-plate caligraphy an eloquent exposure of the "vices of the Aristocracy."

Swinburne in his youth had a passion for three great men—Victor Hugo, Landor, and Mazzini, and a passion for Liberty.

He said, speaking of Lord ——— and his capricious patronage of illustrious people,

"I wouldn't trust him with anything, I wouldn't trust him with a rotten egg."

He said of Tom Moore that he couldn't write three consecutive lines without falling into nonsense.

I wish I could have remembered more, but this record will give some idea of the joy it was to spend an evening with Swinburne.

ALICE L. BIRD.

* * *

II.—Tuesday, August 8th, 1905.
At the Pines, Putney Hill.

Swinburne showed some signs not noticed before (I had not seen him for some months) of the smaller dilapidations of age: his hair more dusted with grey, his head less stiffly erect. However his eye, which Burne-Jones (a trained observer who had seen him often and in every possible light) once called green, looked blue to me, particularly blue and clear for a man of his years to-night. Something very direct in his glance struck one always, when he looked up to question or offer an opinion. His deafness, as usual,

made conversation slow at first; but it seemed to affect him less as the evening went on, and, thanks to the tact of our host (Mr. Watts-Dunton), and his own good humour, he did not fail to take his cue when occasion required.

We began to talk of the recent production in book form of the old 'Tatler' novel,—“A Year's Letters,” with the new title of “Love's Cross Currents.” Swinburne spoke of the reviews in the “Athenæum” and “Westminster Gazette,” and we took up again the question of the use and effectiveness of letters in fiction. While pleased with the “Athenæum” review, he was unconvinced by other critics who suggested he had fallen back on epistolary prose because he had no true gift for the telling of a story. Possibly his own love for novels and tales, of which he was a huge reader, and his delight in narrative for narrative's sake, which emerged whenever novels were talked of, as they were this evening, helped to make him feel that kind potential in him too. At any rate, he kept up a running fire of comments upon the critics who “could not write a novel any more than they could read Greek!”

It almost seems as if a cue from the prologue of his own novel, describing the three country houses and speaking of Ashton Hildred with its huge old brick-walled gardens and wonderful fruit trees blackened with moss, and stifled with beautiful rank grass, had given the next turn to our talk. But it was only a chance word that prompted it. I had recently been to Bonchurch, and said that the old house there of the Swinburne's had been bought up and made into a convent. Swinburne did not hear this across the table, and it was repeated to him, whereupon with a look of profound mortification, he answered: “Oh, I

TWO EVENINGS WITH SWINBURNE

wish you had not told me that, Theodore ! I wish you had not told me that !"

Afterwards, as if lost in the reminiscent mood this had provoked, he heard and said nothing for a while. Later we talked of Charles Reade's novels, to which Swinburne often alluded. He praised again "The Cloister and the Hearth," Reade's greatest, his one triumphant romance.

"I would not mind," he said, "if I were making a book of such things for boys, cutting out the fighting scenes in the wood, I mean, with the bear. I do not think a better thing of the kind, a better-told bit of adventure, is to be had anywhere."

We spoke of *It is Never too Late to Mend*. He, speaking of Reade's contempt for polite and politic modes of fictions, was led to recall *A Terrible Temptation*. "I don't know," he said, "What the critics, the *tolerant* critics, of to-day would say to it if it was just published ; but I think they would say it was *rather* strong !" "And so it is rather strong," said the author of *Aylwin*. "To the ordinary palate, those scenes the intolerant critics then attacked are *rather* strong !"

We went on to discuss again the methods of Charles Reade and Alexander Dumas, an old comparison of Swinburne's. He agreed with Rossetti's saying about Dumas, that he was an incomparable tale-teller ; and that no one in all fiction could give you more of the pure pleasure of adventure than he. The "hurtless lightning" that Swinburne found in him, in whom France herself was incarnate :

"France incarnate, France immortal in her
deathless boy ;"

were very unlike the bolts of Reade's moral rage and humour.

"The best of the 'Cloister and the Hearth,' said Mr. Watts-Dunton, "is as good as the best of 'Monte Christo'—up to the finding of the treasure. But unluckily Reade was such an egotist ; he could not help obtruding himself in his novels."

Swinburne's enormous memory never showed itself to better effect than in such casual table-talk on books and things. He quoted Dickens as readily as Ben Jonson. He was a great Dickens-lover, a great Scott-lover, and it was not wonderful he should remember their novels. But he remembered the second-rate novelists, too, Wilkie Collins for instance, or Eugene Sue ; and had them equally at his call. And for trifles like the *Border Ballads*, he seemed to carry them wholly and easily by heart. Johnnie Armstrong was as sib to him as Sam Weller. Talking of Walter Scott's readings of some of the ballads in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' he afterwards completed for us "The Wife of Usher's Well," in two verses which sounded natural as the original. Whether they were ever written down, I cannot say. [So far as I doubtfully recollect, now, three years and more later, the sense of them, unlike the close of 'Clerk Saunders,' was that the carline wife sits on there at the bedside, wrapt in her mantle, and when the maidens go to her, she bids them make her bed, for she must awa' to her three sons ! So she is carried to the clay, but her sons lie far enough away in the sea.

ERNEST RHYS.



J. W. MAKARNES.

ONE of the results of foreign travel is the astonishing conviction slowly but irresistibly borne upon one that the rest of the world thinks England to possess every attraction which takes the English world-gadding.

Perhaps any circumstance which will bring this conviction home to the English may be looked upon as a blessing.

Our climate is oftentimes given scant praise, but though our summer is long delayed this year, outdoor life is only thereby deprived of the very few minor discomforts, such as insect life which are alleged in its disfavour. There needs but some compelling reason which shall by *force majeure* keep English folk at home to persuade them of the manifold attractions of Old England, and if the newspaper announcements are to be believed that is at last provided in the Budget, for it is quite evident that no one ought to be able this year to afford a Continental holiday.

The attractions of the Midlands, the Cornish Riviera, even of London itself will this year be unchallenged, and railway companies and publishers ought to make hay under these hilariously depressing conditions. The Publishers at least are not unaware of this as is proved by the beautiful books on the homeland here described.

The enchanted land of King Arthur

and the Table Round the land of wizard Merlin, Camelot, Avalon and Tintagel — (the very names are golden and romantic)—you shall find all told of in a handy little book by Mr. J. Cuming Walters.

With much careful search and arranging he has brought into a single daintily-produced and beautifully illustrated pocket volume the multitudinous allusion in song and legend to the land

"From whence all knightly deeds
and brave achievements sprang."

It is a little book for a summer day, whether at Glastonbury or Camelford, or wherever the faint memories of the far-off days of old romance linger. Of the charming pictures which beautify the book two are here given.

Whether the inland or the coast delights of this faery land of the West are the more wonderful let our readers decide. The two beautiful pictures afford a perfect dilemma of choice.

The partnership of Mr. Gordon Home and Mr. Cecil Headlam in Messrs. Black's "Inns of Court," results in one of the most successful volumes in a series already remarkable for successes.

"The Lost Land of King Arthur." J. Cuming Walters. Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d. net.

"Inns of Court." By Gordon Home and Cecil Headlam. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

HOMELAND BOOKS

The architectural interest and beauty of the subject have naturally given full scope to the artist, who has in his twenty colour plates availed himself enthusiastically of the opportunity, as

the scene of the Temple Flower Show. Mr. Headlam's good fortune is not less than that of his artist partner, for the rich store of legends and historic associations connected with the ancient homes of Law have enabled him to write on Church, Hall, or Inn most interesting descriptive chapters.

The book is of distinct value as not merely an interesting but accurate epitome of antiquarian lore.

The introductory chapter on the origins of the Inns, which might easily in other hands have formed a dreadfully dry-as-dust preface, is one of the most interesting parts of the book, which as a whole is bound to commend itself, especially to gentlemen of the wig and gown, as well as to all lovers of the beauties of London.

When a boy who has been keen on nests begins to tell their whereabouts he falls from grace.

Wild and spiritual influences are individualistic, they do not reveal themselves to crowds or tale-tellers. So it is to be questioned whether L. S., who writes about Untraveller Berkshire with such pleasing ingenuousness will ever write as well again.

For this book surely never came together as printer's copy. It was enjoyed before it was written, and the writing was posterior and accident. Certainly such a book as this will not be again written of these delightful places. The book is an execution order. Shefford, Lambourne, Woolhampton, Blewbury were what they were, and deserved writing about, because this book had not been written. Now everybody who reads



KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE AND EXECUTION ROCK, TINTAGEL.
From "The Lost Land of King Arthur"
By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall

may be seen from the beautiful examples given.

" Gray's Inn for walks,
Lincoln's Inn for a wall.
The Inner Temple for a garden.
And the Middle for a Hall."

run the old doggerel lines, and it is the corner of the Inner Temple gardens, formed by Crown Office Row on the left and Paper Buildings on the right, which Mr. Home's very pretty picture shows. The gardens run right down to the Thames Embankment, and are

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this book will go there, and this green and pleasant land will be no longer Untravelled Berkshire. Later editions will show the beautiful picture of Lambourne, one of many in the book, with groups of high-powered automobiles, which will crowd inevitably round the cross. And so to add the final touch to this tragi-comedy we in turn, privy to all this evil are fain to counsel everyone who loves unspoilt merrie old England to read this charming causerie, let the result be what it will.

We trust that good intent rather than evil will be imputed to us whatever the result.

What a distinguished company struts and gossips through Mr. Lewis Melville's interesting pages? The "History, Follies and Fashions of Brighton" (the first is most surely comprised in the two latter) reads like the playing of fiddles, the flickering of lights, and the popping of corks from cover to cover, and is stuffed full of entertaining gossip and good stories.

Mr. Melville does not himself offer criticism or descriptions. He is an Autolycus who takes toll of all who before him have written of Brighton, but he has the diner-out's taste for good jokes, and if some of his stories are chestnuts they are all chestnuts of the right sort. Such is for instance Sydney Smith's description of the Pavilion: "One would think that St. Paul's Cathedral had come to Brighton and pupped."

The story of the Brighton Road and the rise of sea-bathing lead up to a vivacious account of Brighton in its palmiest days, when it gave hospitality to the first gentleman in Europe and his boon companions, when courtiers, actresses, poms and bawds



ST. KNIGHTON'S KIEVE, TINTAGEL

From "The Lost Land of King Arthur"

By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall

"the sons
of Belial flown with insolence and wine,"

made Brighton as naughty a place as any in the three kingdoms.

George IV. is the tutelary deity of Brighton. His handsome figure, Chantrey's molten image, was set up in 1828, within the railings of The Steine,

"Brighton: Its history, its follies, and its fashions,"
Lewis Melville. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.



THE INNER TEMPLE
GARDENS, from "Inns
of Court." By permission
of Messrs. A. & C. Black.

HOMELAND BOOKS

and still presides over the destinies of the place, though the town's motto is "In Deo fidemus."

Only in one particular does Mr. Melville do some injustice to Brighton. His book is all of the past, though by mention of the brothers Smith, Thackeray, Dickens, Spencer, Sala, Burne-Jones, William Black, and

The "Memorials of the Counties of England" is already the most considerable series of handbooks on the general history and antiquities of the English Counties.

The compilations depend for their success upon the organizing skill of the editor-in-chief and his coadjutors.

The choice of editors it may fairly



LAMBOURNE

From "Untravelled Berkshire"

By permission of Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marshall & Co.

Toole, he somewhat hesitatingly shows our own day and generation enjoying Brighton's charm.

For Brighton is once more having a well-deserved popularity, and not content with a past though unequalled fame offers to the twentieth-century seeker after health and pleasure attractions which if less questionable than it offered in its unrestrained and hoyden days, are still unique and infinitely more beneficial.

he said could not possibly be bettered and the volumes before us are models of their kind.

Lancashire is especially rich in historic associations, and Col. Fishwick, from the varied wealth of material at his command, has compiled a book not only compact of interest, but which will take its place as an authoritative book of reference for future students of archæology and local history.

It comes near to the invidious to

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select at all in a work of such uniform excellence, but in No. I. is at least one article which cannot be passed without mention.

Homes of the Yeomen and Peasantry of Lancashire in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, by W. F. Price, is worth a hundred architect's designs of to-day in the simple dignity and

Andrew; "The Chetham Hospital and Library," by Albert Nicholson; are a few articles excellent but equalled by many another not mentioned here.

The illustrations are in many cases reproductions of rare old prints and drawings. It needs only to be said that they are worthy of the articles they accompany.



FISHPOND, BUCKLEBURY

From "Untraveller's Berkshire"

By permission of Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.

homely beauties of its illustrations.

The introduction by the editor is a clearly written and well-balanced history of the county.

"Cartmel Priory," by Dr. Cox; "The Siege of Lathom House," by Mrs. Colin Campbell; "Lancashire Witches," by Miss E. M. Platt, M.A.; "Music in Lancashire during the Eighteenth Century," by Samuel

The latest issued of the series is the Memorials of Middlesex, which has been edited by Mr. J. Tavernor-Perry

In several respects Mr. Tavernor-Perry has departed from the general type laid down for the series, and the result is a volume of perhaps more general interest than the others.

For instance, the amount of illustration is very considerable, and the pictures have a distinct and pleasing artistic interest, many of them being

"Memorials of Old Lancashire," Edited by Lieut.-Col. Fishwick, F.S.A., and Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. Bennrose, 25s. net.

HOMELAND BOOKS

Pen drawings of high merit.

Three great houses of the county, Holland, Syon and Chiswick, receive separate treatment, and Dr. Cox, on "The Parks and Historic Houses," gives us a gazetter of the other stately homes of the county. By far the most important chapter in the book is "The Ancient Churches of Middlesex," also by Dr. Cox.

"Roods, Screens and Lofts in Middlesex," by Mr. Aymer Vallance, makes a most useful conspectus of county ecclesiology.

The editor of the book contributes "The Pilgrimage of the Brent," which has something of the idyll in its allure-ment.

On a second examination the beauty of the illustrations, more especially



THE STEYNE BRIGHTLEMSTONE

From "Brighton: Its History, Follies and Fashions"
By permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall

From a Drawing by Rowlandson, 1788

The architectural and monumental features only of the churches are, however, described, and it is somewhat to be regretted that in so important and authoritative a chapter Dr. Cox did not venture to take more space and say some little about registers and history. No one living could have done it quite so well as he could, and the opportunity ought not to have been missed. This, however, does not minimise the excellence of the descriptive writing of Dr. Cox's contribution, which with the following chapter on

the black and white line drawings, becomes even more apparent. The monogram found on most seems to be "J. T. P.," from which is to be drawn the inference that Mr. Tavernor-Perry is responsible for them. A consequent inference is that for that reason the artist is not mentioned on the title page.

If this reasoning is correct then the editor ought to be severely blamed for doing such scant justice to so excellent an artist in black and white as Mr. Tavernor-Perry.

"Memorials of Old Middlesex." Edited by J. Tavernor-Perry. Bemrose: 15s. net.



A SHORT ACCOUNT OF
SOME HITHERTO
UNAPPRECIATED LETTERS.

By J. G. HAMILTON-GRIERSON.

IN 1760, fifty-three years after the author's death, the ninth edition of the works of George Farquhar, containing all his poems, letters, essays and comedies written during his lifetime, was issued, bearing ample testimony to his popularity.

Mr. Ewald, in 1893, brought out his Edition of Farquhar's Plays, but the modern editor has passed over, as unworthy of notice, what presents to the more delicate student a most valuable source of information.

The first volume of this 1760 edition, which the present writer purchased for an inconsiderable sum from a vendor of second-hand literature, contains, as the title-page indicates, the letters of the dramatist, and it is to these hitherto unappreciated letters that the attention of those who love to wander in the byways of literature is drawn.

As an author's letters, particularly those of an author concerning whom little is known, are always of unusual interest, especially to the amateur student, they were to be read, and disappointment in no way ensued; for they were found to contain the essential fascination of well-written letters, and further to possess a marked individuality and charm, such as is seldom met with in the literature of an age in which individuality and charm is as

lacking as hackneyed commonplace is prevalent.

To a proper understanding of the special merit of these letters, a very brief account of the prose of the period may be permitted.

In the Seventeenth Century, by the time that the last echoes of the Elizabethan age were, with a very few exceptions, extinct, prose had become the true vehicle of literary expression. Of this prose there were two kinds—the one marked by correctness and formality as its chief characteristics; the other, though still possessing some of the correctness, dispensed with the formality, and of this latter kind there appear further subdivisions—the plain puritanical prose, such as that of Bunyan, and the highly-polished prose of the cavalier writers, such as Howell—the former belonging to the country, the latter to the town. By the end of the Seventeenth Century this "Town Style" had gained an almost false and courtly glitter, but still, at its best was used artistically, as in the Comedies of the Restoration Dramatists.

In the prose of the great geniuses of the time, these various styles were blended together, and the result is seen at its noblest, in the work of Dean Swift—for Swift's was essentially a town genius, and he used this courtly style, adorned with the peculiar

SOME HITHERTO UNAPPRECIATED LETTERS

features of his own prose, together with a strange admixture of the puritanical and country style in such a way as to form a manner of writing, the elements of which are almost beyond analysis.

What is now claimed for these prose remains of Farquhar is that they can take a place, though not immediately second to the "Journal to Stella," yet certainly in the foremost rank of epistolary literature.

In the sphere of letter-writing the "Journal" stands pre-eminently first; all other such literature, whether in form of letters written to other people, or in the form of a diary, stand behind and on a lower level, but the letters of George Farquhar hold no inferior position amongst these many and valuable contributions which tell of the intimate life of men, some otherwise famous, some otherwise insignificant.

The letters of men who are already known in literature are valuable for various reasons; some are merely supplementary, and form accumulative evidence, others act as a new light thrown on the man and his works, but the best letters are those that are interpretative, and they are superior to the diary, which is more frequently written with the express purpose of being self-explanatory, if they contain the result, more enhanced if they contain the progress, of unconscious introspection.

Pope's letters are almost worthless from this, and indeed from any such point of view; those of Charles Lamb, charming as they are, are rather supplementary, whereas those of Cowper, and more particularly those of Gray, are indispensable to a proper understanding of the poetical works of these two precursors of the Romantic Movement; so Farquhar's letters, few in number as they are, tell us what,

without them, we should otherwise have never known, and the fact that they have been preserved to us, and yet so little read and so carelessly cast aside as worthless by editors of Farquhar, demands that some effort be made, however feeble, to bring them before the notice of those who may appreciate their true worth.

It is to lovers of Swift's "Journal to Stella" that this appeal is especially made. Leigh Hunt, it is true, in his edition of the four Restoration Dramatists, mentions these letters, and gives a few extracts, but not such extracts as would entice the reader to a further examination.

Swift's letters gain their great powers of fascination from the feeling, which we are certain is justified, that the correspondent and the receiver were in perfect understanding with one another, and this is what strikes one in Farquhar's letters.

Here are two passages that read like extracts from the "Journal."

"I can no more let a day pass without seeing or writing to my dear Penelope, than I can slip a Minute without thinking of her. I know nobody can lay a juster claim to the account of my hours, than she who has so indisputable a title to my service; and I can no more keep the discovery of my faults from you, than from my own Conscience, because you compose so great a part of my devotion."

Or again; "This is the second post, dear Madam, since I have heard from you, which makes me apprehensive that you are not well, or that you have forgot the person whose health and welfare so entirely depends upon yours."

Here we have that almost jealous querulousness that we find Swift giving way to when he complains of not hearing sufficiently often from Stella.

THE BIBLIOPHILE

The following is taken from the beginning of a letter written in the high-flown terms of court gallantry, but, taken in its context, appears shot through and through with sincerity.

"Why should I write to my dearest Penelope, when I only trouble her with reading what she won't believe? I have told my passion, my eyes have spoke it, my tongue pronounced it, and my pen declared it: now my heart is full of you, my head raves of you, and my hand writes to you, but all in vain."

All this gallantry is not mere pseudo-chivalry, nor is the playfulness of the next passage mere foolish jesting—it is the charm of such passages in Swift's "Journal" and Farquhar's letters that renders both so attractive.

"Well! Mrs. V—and my charming Penelope are to lie together to-night; what would I give to be a mouse (God bless us) behind the hangings to hear the chat."

Let us close with this, dated Monday, Twelve o'clock at Night. "Give me leave to call you, dear Madam, and tell you that I am now stepping into bed, and that I speak with as much sincerity as if I were stepping into my grave: sleep is so great an emblem of death, that my words ought to be as real, as if I were sure never to awaken."

But giving extracts is never a fair way of showing any writer to his best advantage, least of all a writer of letters. The proof that Farquhar's letters are of real value is, that like Swift's "Journal" or Lamb's letters, they leave an impression of the author's character. Successful epistolary literature should make the reader feel he has met with a new personality as if in actual life, for a volume of letters should constitute a narrative drama, the protagonist of which is the author himself; and this is what we experience with regard to Farquhar's letters.

The gaiety and evident enjoyment of life lends an air of gentle pathos to these letters, when we remember Farquhar's early death in poverty and hard circumstances; it is like a faint echo of the tragic tone that pervades Swift's letters, foreboding insanity.

Farquhar's was a blithe spirit, yet we feel, imaginary as it may be, the foretelling of his immature death, and what brings Swift and Farquhar again together is the fact that they were both Irishmen.

Let anyone, therefore, who loves the less frequented paths of literature, and is pleased with what is quaint and what is neglected by the mob of editors and students, turn to these few unnoticed letters of George Farquhar.





RIEVAULX ABBEY

The . . . Yorkshire Abbeys

By FRANCES GORMAN.

BLEST be holidays. For the restoring of body, heart, and mind are they given, and whoso goes on holiday a right looks to the bettering of his whole self in accepting the kindly ministries of leisure.

His hard-won rest is spent in gratuitous and assertive idleness in a retreat where all the avenues of delight suffer powerful and unceasing invasion.

Here away from the busy hum of men he rejoices in again giving longed-for scope to those powers of his being which

" . . . in the various bustle of resort
Were all to-ruffled and
sometimes impaired."

These were my imaginings when seeking for separation from work-a-day things for a brief fortnight. I had done some little globe-trotting, so much so at least that I felt the change which was supposed to accompany a few days on the Continent would only be a repetition of past experiences.

I did not want to travel far. The Belgian towns I had oftener visited than I should have done but that their nearness, and the travel facilities make wandering easy. Where in England could I find some countryside with such varied and sufficient attractions?

And as I thought of the power—the high quiet control of spirit—of the ages of meditation, I determined to seek in the abbeys of the Yorkshire dales the inspiration I had so often sought abroad.

Rail and road I hoped would serve my desire for restful travel, nor was I disappointed, for in so narrow a space is so much interest and so easy of

access are the shrines that effort of plan and arrangement is well-nigh nil.

There were, however, drawbacks for the pilgrimage started at York. But York wasn't in the programme save for a day, and had York had its way it is difficult to



YORK MINSTER

say when the start would have been made. The towering splendours of the great Minster overpowered one at once, and again and again the walk away from the commanding towers resulted only in their being reached by another route. At York, as at Nuremberg, one is struck by the nearness, not always congruous, of old and new, and all the romance of all the years of our era has concrete representation in its old world streets.

The grey walls of St. Mary's Abbey

THE BIBLIOPHILE

—the oldest of the Norman Abbeys, from whose stones Beverley Minster has risen, like the phoenix, from her ashes, were an earnest of what was in store.



LASTINGHAM CHURCH
THE CRYPT

On the East and North of York lie Kirkham, Rievaulx and Byland.

Out to Kirkham is not twelve miles on the main line of the N.E.R., which runs most conveniently by Malton on through the beautiful vale of Pickering, permitting a glimpse at the wonderful old frescoes in the church, the finest remains of mediæval church decoration left to us in this country.

At Pickering one heard the east a-calling, for it was a grievous temptation to go on to Whitby, twenty miles away—but that, too, was not on the plan, and so after a five mile ride to Kirkby Moorside, a short walk, all diversified with wayside delights, led to Lastingham, above which the moors lift in outlines of cool greens and browns.

The crypt of Lastingham Church rivals that of Repton, in Derbyshire, in architectural interest, and the village is set in the midst of a glorious country.

But all this was but preliminary—the *hors d'œuvres* of the feast. Another five miles away was Riveaulx, the

magnificent metropolitan of the Cistercian Monasteries in England, from which derived great foundations like Melrose.

Here men who had entered religion found a place where for their earthly life, their souls might bide. Here, in a great sanctuary, nestling greenly in the hollow surrounded by wind-swept moor, they lived their lives secluded from the outer world of turmoil and passion.

Austere and strong, like their own rule, the Cistercians built arch and wall and the seven noble bays yet left, reaching upward and ever upward, tell how well they builded.

After Rievaulx, the daughter abbey of Byland, but a three mile walk away, was of lesser interest, but the great west front is still stately, and with the strong though ruined walls of the nave tells of past glories.

Coxwold station being reached rather early permitted the short walk on the



ST. MARY'S ABBEY

THE YORKSHIRE ABBEYS



JERVAULX ABBEY—INTERIOR

Kilburn road which leads to Shandy Hall, a short and sentimental journey which though not a part of the grand tour was too good to be missed.

Uredale with its abbeys of Jervaulx and Fountains came next and to Ripon *via* Thirsk seemed the best route.

Ripon itself is one of the most interesting old towns in England and its Minster—though the hand of the restorer has been heavy thereon is a perfect bible of architecture. From Saxon crypt to the magnificent Perpendicular choir screen it afforded ample opportunities for testing theories and dates and had it not been for the irresistible nearness of Fountains would have had—as it de-

served—a greater measure of time allotted to it.

But it was for Fountains that the quest was entered on more than for any other place, and it was with straining expectation that the gates were entered and the silly shilling paid. The insult of that miserable coin was sore in mind for full five minutes, for to measure the satisfaction of the great longing of a lifetime thus was debasing. Gold would not have sufficed, only Oriental and magnificent hyperbole as if one should say—to the half of my kingdom.

There is no need here to speak of the glories of that stately ruin. The first glimpse from the Surprise View is a sight that outlasts all other remem-

brances of beautiful sights. Our pictures shew some little, though indeed very little of that wondrous beauty, and so are relatively unbeautiful, yet in truth they have evident and great charm.

It is a grand beauty that



RIPON MINSTER



FOUNTAINS CLOISTERS



FOUNTAINS ABBEY—SURPRISE VIEW

gives Fountains its supreme place. It is sometimes said that the tower has not great merit, that its seemliness is something less than the rest. But that is not how to look at Fountains. It is *all* beautiful.

Nave, transepts, tower too, even if the wall-eyed critic *does* say that it is Late Perpendicular and is not in keeping with the rest, are all beautiful, and that great perfection—the chapel of the nine altars is of a beauty that passes the power of cold words to describe.

The great cloister, a hundred yards long, gives an overpowering sense of dignity and grandeur which must have

filled the minds of those whose prayers and labour alike were consecrate here. Across the garth the chapter house, which rivalled Clairvaux, though now broken and grass-grown, looked over

at those quiet walks marking out with the great bays of the church on the north and the lavatories of the frater on the south the cloister square.

It was difficult to leave Fountains. The two days spent there were crowded with delight, and it must be admitted that Jervaulx, rich in associations that bid

"tragedy
In sceptred pall come
sweeping by"

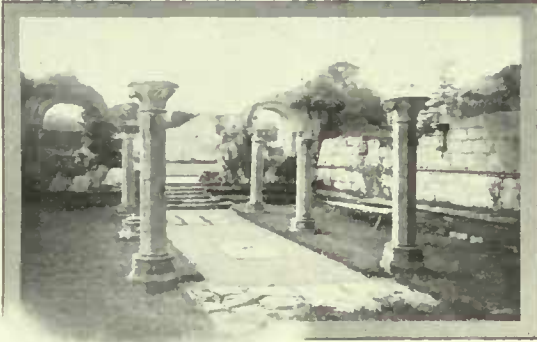
coming after
Fountains suffer-



THE ABBEYS OF YORKSHIRE

ed somewhat, though Jervaulx has its own beauties shared in by none of its powerful rivals. Perhaps it was, too,

sketched as a light hearted boy and of which even as a soured and irritable old man he could never speak without intense emotion.



JERVAULX ABBEY

because a Yorkshire rain—a heathy downpour as vigorous as the kindly folk who inhabit these lovely dales—came on towards the mid-day of the visit that Jervaulx was not better appreciated.

There was still left one desire unsatisfied and it was with confident expectancy that after a day at Harrogate, where the waters which as Dickens said have a taste like warm flat-

The ample charms of central Wharfedale delightfully surround the grey ruins which are all that remain of the once splendid priory of Austin Canons. The more generous nature of the Augustinian order shewed itself in both choice of situation and in the beautiful building which, as every reader of Wordsworth knows, was erected as a memorial of the Boy of Egremont.

Bolton is rich in story and tradition, tales of fierce faction fights in the barons' wars, tales of a gentle sadness like "The White Doe of Rylston." There is a lingering of sorrow about the associations of the place from its foundation, to the Runic cross in Ilkley churchyard and the fountain in the woods—memorials of the murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish.

It seemed emblematic of a small and shrunken age that so small a part of the great house of religion should now be in use but that at least was better than none. The nave makes a seemly and serviceable chapel though it is with a touch of sadness at the heart that one walks through and beyond the great sanctuary where now "ruin greenly dwells."

The pathos of Bolton and its time-worn beauties come back to mind after a year has passed with freshness almost of pain.

But there comes also to mind all the gladness of that tour. Yorkshire is a glorious county. Its valleys with their full swell of contour and colour know no rival, and their stately though broken houses of meditation and prayer reared in far-gone years by saintly hands hallow still the loveliness of those fair dales.



BOLTON ABBEY

irons were duly sampled, train was taken for Bolton Abbey some fifteen miles away by rail though less by road.

It was Turner's Yorkshire that lay round and about, the Yorkshire of the Liber Studiorum whose expansive wooded steeps and swells Turner



JAPANESE EDUCATION.

THE lectures on Japanese Education, delivered by Baron Kikuchi, in the University of London, are in this volume published by Mr. Murray.

The assiduous way in which the western peoples are rubbing their eyes on seeing the tremendous military and economic progress of Japan, will receive further encouragement on the reading of this book.

Here is a people with whom constitutional government, and indeed civilisation, as understood with us, dates back but forty years, already far in advance of us in respect of that very culture, those very notions of liberal thought on which we pride ourselves as peculiarly our own.

Here, for instance, on a casual opening of the book, is the following :

"In 1898 an Imperial Ordinance was issued, by which it was enacted that every public school shall have a school public officer. . . . He has to visit the school and inspect its sanitary conditions at least once a month, . . . to make an annual or semi-annual measurement and medical examination of the pupils. . . . The results are reported to the Department of Education . . . and published in the annual reports. . . . The improvement in the physique of our youths is at once evident, especially in higher schools. With girls in high schools the increase in height and weight is remarkable, the majority of girls are taller than their mothers. . . . From 1891 to 1895 slightly over 1,823,000 young men were examined for conscription, out of whom 10 per cent. were above 5-4 feet ; 70 per cent. between 5-4 and 5 feet ; and 20 per cent. under 5 feet. From 1901 to 1905, the number examined was a little over 2,011,000, out of whom 13-5 per cent. were above 5-4 feet ; 71-5 per cent. between 5-4 and 5 feet, and only 15 per cent. below 5 feet."

Baron Kikuchi is quite right in saying that such results are very remarkable. It is more remarkable that English City and County Councils are to-day grumbling at having to

come even a little way towards this ideal in a matter so material as the nation's physical well-being. The organisation of the school system is thorough and complete, reaching from the kindergarten to the State Universities.

The elementary schools seem to have been developed on American lines, the lower elementary schools taking children from 6 to 10 years, the higher from 10 to 12 or 10 to 14.

Above these come the middle schools, which provide for instruction up to the age of 18. From there a scholar proceeds to a Higher School, and thence to a college of the Imperial University, having a graduate course of three or four years, and a post graduate course.

Accessory courses are taken in the Normal School, the Technical Schools, or the Military and Naval Schools. The teaching is throughout moral, civic and patriotic, unhampered by theological trifling, and is already having tremendous results.

It is interesting to know that English is taught throughout Japan, despite the difficulty of our language to a Japanese.

Baron Kikuchi speaks with much feeling on the difficulties experienced in the elementary schools with the mother tongue, and would be willing, it would seem, to adopt Roman letters instead of the Chinese ideographs.

Not so long ago there was a serious proposal to adopt the English language as the national speech, but with a simplified grammar and regularised pronunciation. Such a proposal is at least enough to give pause to the most hardened and obstinate opponent of English phonetic reform.

The book gives detailed statistics of present day education—complete syllabuses of teaching in the various subjects, and is written throughout in a spirit of thorough sympathy with educational progress. It is a most informing and inspiring work.

J. MACMUNN.

"Japanese Education," by Baron Kikuchi. 5s. net. Murray.

REVIEWS

SAINTE-BEUVE.

PARASITIC is one of the terms which the older critics borrowed of biology to describe their own part in the hungry and mordacious wordy strife of Grub-street.

Commensal perhaps expresses more fitly the seemingly mildly-mannered animosities of our day.

Common interests and a division of profits between writers who wish to be written about and writers who wish to write about them (most of our moderns are alternately one and the other) have usurped the older and riotously cheerful feuds.

Phillips and Rymer are hardly to be brought into comparison with, say G. K. Chesterton and Geo. Bernard Shaw; and the critic who more than any other marks the transition from old to new is Sainte-Beuve.

The "French Men of Letters" series of Messrs. Harper already includes volumes the finality of which will not be challenged in our time, and the subtle penetration, cool judgment and graphic presentation of Professor Harper's "Sainte-Beuve" will give it rank with the best of its foregoers.

What were the new and peculiar methods and manners that Sainte-Beuve brought into the practice of the critic's art?

'Doctor turned critic' is a description of Sainte-Beuve by a contemporary, a description which has authentic warrant in Sainte-Beuve's description of his own criticism as intestinal, physiological. It is in the correlation of the person of the writer with his works, physical description, portraiture in relation to the literary output that Sainte-Beuve who in this manner had but one forerunner, Erasmus, re-created criticism.

Add to this his sensibility, his ready yielding to any and every influence, his easy escape, his memory and his facile pen, and there is little left to account for.

Because of the progressive enlargement of his sympathies he found increasing reason for praise rather than blame, and in his readiness to find and exhibit the good wherever it could be found is his great and meritorious contribution to the development of literary criticism.

Stevenson says, "a good reader is one who does not permit himself to be daunted by pages which shock his prejudices and preconceptions, but goes ahead until he sees the matter in the light in which the author means he should see it." In the same spirit Sainte-Beuve read life and hence his marked sympathy with his subjects.

There is the sudden intensity of the lightning flash in his description of Coleridge's attempt to regularize his large sympathies as "something like a Buddhist trying to be a Methodist."

Professor Harper follows Sainte-Beuve in making much of his merits and saying little of his faults.

This possibly is the weakness of both Sainte-Beuve and his biographer. Because Sainte-Beuve's merits were so apparent they need no searching out, and he was sufficiently man of the world to hide his faults. He had sympathy and something too often opposed to it—irony. His logical understanding saw all things in a dry light. But two things he had not. He had little sense of humour, and his slackness of moral fibre hindered him from entire intimacy with pure minds. His education had led him to admire purity but not to practise it. He lived ever under his own rebuke.

For this he failed where he most wished to succeed—in his poetry.

In Edward Caird's words "The feat of widening nature without going beyond it" [Schiller's phrase for the poetic process] cannot be achieved by one in whom the division of man's higher and lower nature has produced the sense of an irreconcilable breach between the two or in whose eyes their unity has been reduced to a mere ideal.

A word is due to the publisher in appreciation of the simple, useful and pleasing format of the book. Four hundred pages or thereabouts of opaque and substantial paper make up a book light in the hand and only an inch thick—an ideal book for the crowded shelves of the book-lover.

HARVEY HUGHES.

"Sainte-Beuve," by S. McLean Harper, Professor of English Literature in Princetown University. Lippincott, 6s. net.

* * *

THE MIDLAND SEPTS AND THE PALE.

THE author of this volume has studied the history of Ireland with care and profit. The narrative is by no means confined to the relations between the Pale and the Midland Septs: he goes farther afield and discusses "the early peoples of Erin," "Ireland under the Lancastrian Kings," "the general misrule and oppression of the country," and so on. In this way, besides the local history of central Ireland, the writer contrives to introduce many of the most striking and tragic events in the history of

THE BIBLIOPHILE

Ireland both ancient and modern. One of the best chapters gives a general historical and geographical sketch of the King's County and Slieve Bloom which the reader will find full of interest. But in his geographical details the writer is not always accurate. The battle of Knocktuadh, or Knockdoe, as it is now called, "was not fought in the picturesque district of Connemara," which even in its widest sense was never applied to any part of Co. Galway east of Lough Corrib. Knockdoe, the scene of Kildare's sanguinary victory, is well known, and is situated, not, as O'Donovan has said, in the parish of Clare Galway, but in the parish of Lackagh, about seven miles north-west of Athenry, and nearly the same distance north-east of the town of Galway. Our author gives a very full and interesting account of the rise and fall of the O'Connors of Offaly, and the O'Carrolls of Ely, the chief of the Midland Septs, whose chequered story abounds in tragic incidents. They were in perpetual conflict with the Irish Deputies of the Tudor Sovereigns, but as might be expected, after a protracted and gallant conflict, they were finally overpowered, their broad acres were all confiscated, and the Digbys of Grashill, and the Parsons of Birr, took their lands and place as the leading families of the Midlands. The struggle, however, was only finally concluded by the battle of Aughrim and the flight of King James.

There is a very readable chapter on "Irish Customs and Curiosities," in which the author collects much interesting and instructive matter derived from many sources both Irish and English. We think, however, that he gives too much credit to Campion and other Elizabethan writers of the same School, whose statements on Irish affairs are to be received with great caution. Sir John Davis, who wrote somewhat later in the reign of James I., is a much more learned and impartial authority, yet several of his statements can be shown to be exaggerated and unreliable.

Mr. Hitchcock declares in his preface that he has avoided subjects of controversy in religion and politics, and this on the whole is true; yet we think he would have done better still if he had omitted all reference to the parallelisms which he sometimes finds between certain events in the past and the social or political doings of our own times. It is very difficult to weigh the events of the past in the scales of the present, and few are qualified to attempt it. On the whole we think this is a very notable contribution to the history of Ireland, and especially of Midland Ireland. It is written in a clear and fluent style; the interest of the narrative never flags; it is free, generally speaking, from religious or political bias, and we can cordially

recommend its perusal to the students of Irish history.

J. HEALEY.

"The Midland Septs and the Pale," by T. R. Montgomery Hitchcock, M.A. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers and Walker. 3s 6d

* * *

THE STONE AGES IN NORTH BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE student of Early Man in Britain is confronted in this book by pictures descriptions and an enthusiasm which combine to prejudice him against the contentions of the author.

Mr. Smith's style has none of the frigidity and preciseness of the text book. He has the pen of a ready writer and allows himself full freedom in the exuberance of his ecstasies. It is only after the prejudice which this arouses has passed away that the reader discovers that there are important and fundamental principles advanced here with conviction and with courage born of a lifetime's study.

The first important statement made by Mr. Smith is in reference to Palæolithic forms—"the man who made these weapons so cleverly never started in his efforts with such work or with such forms."

Thus much must certainly be granted and therefore stone forms of a much more crude form than common museum specimens must be admitted as man's handiwork—weapon or tool. Not only so but as elemental forms their *especial* importance must also be admitted. A further highly important contention of Mr. Smith is that while the celts generally recognised and preserved are of flint, in many parts of the country flint was not available and therefore other rocks must have been made use of. Granted rudeness of form and variety of material there is an endless possibility of discovery opened up where nature and art are so close together that the most trained intelligence might well recoil baffled from the problem presented. The schists and sandstones of Scotland Mr. Smith urges have been as much if not more used than silex deposits in the south. And in this finely produced book Mr. Smith pictures over five hundred Eolithic forms which at first sight seem but the pebbles kicked on the roadside every day.

It is in the flaking, the bulb or pit of percussion and other such like evidence which Mr. Smith discovers even in dolomite and quartzite forms which convince him of their artificial character. He urges that thermal breaks do not bring about certain forms such as the muller and knife.

REVIEWS

He insists that a most important tool in the hands of the palæolithic savage must have been a flayer for skinning animals of which form he must possess hundreds of samples.

By a series of cleverly arranged specimens he shews the first rude development of the hammer and hatchet and points out that bone forms, like the scapula of the dugong and like creatures will have suggested these earliest tools.

Mr. Smiths greatest grievance is the admission by English authorities of the genuineness of continental relics such as those discovered by M. Boucher de Perthes and their incredulity of similar English finds.

The monograph lacks neither courage nor conviction and the five hundred admirably reproduced cuts of stone forms are evidence that must command respect from the most incredulous.

J. B. LEWIN.

"The Stone Ages in North Britain and Ireland," by the Rev. Frederick Smith, (Blackie), 16s. net.

* * *

The First Printed Translations into English.

THE new librarian is in more ways than one a vast improvement on the gentle old enthusiasts who in the past generation had charge of our municipal libraries. At the best they had mild passion for local archæology, and did service to their immediate neighbourhood by gratifying the taste at public expense. At the worst they were mere Ephraimites who cared for little else than their wages.

Nowadays we have librarians who are scholars and bibliographers, and the work before us is a serious and most useful contribution to English bibliography by the Bromley Borough librarian.

A book such as this is the easiest in the world to criticise.

"Great foreign classics" is a relative term. For instance, Mr. Harris notices Brett's translation of Feyjoo—the Spanish moralist, but says nothing of the vastly more important work of Ochino.

The work of Gautier de Costes are included, so important a work as Hitchcock's translation of Sansovino's "Quintessence of Wit" is missing.

Other lacunæ are Grisoni's horse training books and "Barbaro and Contarini's Travels," and the list could be indefinitely prolonged according to the personal whim of the reviewer and his connotation of the term "great foreign classics."

But any such criticism would not in the least degree lessen the value of this excellent

little book. The fact remains that all the works mentioned merit the term applied to them, and in a book of a selective nature the line has to be drawn somewhere.

That such a book as this will be useful there can be no doubt. The week before this came into the reviewer's hands he received a letter from the head-master of a leading public school asking for a list of suitable books to co-ordinate the English reading with Post-Renaissance European history study of an upper form. A list of Renaissance and later translations was sent, but this book would have been of much greater service as offering a wider selection. The very general utility of the book should assure for it a fresh edition in a short time, and if suggestion may be permitted it is that in the preparation of the new edition the compiler should give a slightly enlarged meaning to the term "great foreign classics."

* *

Modern Homes.

"MODERN HOMES" is designed to supply a want which must have been felt by every intelligent citizen who has ever entered into the throes of house-building.

With some definite notion of his needs as regards accommodation, with various remembrances of bits of houses which he has happened to like one time and another in the past, he puts himself into the hands of a capable and conscientious architect who produces a plan excellent in every way except the way the intelligent citizen wants. Conscience making a coward of him, and good nature a poltroon he weakly submits and in time fits his inclination to the new erection, though ever through the lengthening vista of years turning his thoughts to the dreamt-of house as to a lost though forgotten love.

Mr. Raffles Davison's book is just the book that would save trouble for proprietor and architect. Of the two hundred and fifty pages in the book the first fifty are devoted to a careful and clear exposition of the principles which govern all successful domestic architecture.

Specially drawn line illustrations illustrate and emphasize Mr. Davison's conclusions and give even the casual reader a sense of that spirit of fitness and design which characterises all the best modern domestic work.

The second part of the book consists of illustrated descriptions of typical houses by noted architects.

Twenty-six of these are given of the work of pioneers like Mr. Ernest Newton and Mr. Voysey, and of younger men such as Mr. E. L. Lutyens and Mr. Guy Dawber.

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The illustrations are most valuable throughout. In general three or four views of a house, — interior and exterior are given and complete plans. The attractiveness of the volume is as noteworthy as its utility.

* *

Roman Life and Manners.

MESSRS. Freese and Magnus have come to the end of the second vol. of their translation of Prof. Friedländer's monumental work. This second volume which deals with the social conditions under the early Empire is not less interesting and is perhaps more important than Vol. I.

There is the same unwearied presentment of minute detail, the same encyclopedic and almost infallible comprehensiveness which in places breaks the bounds of the title-page and expands out and beyond from the beginning of created things unto this present.

The volume opens with *Panem et Circenses*, and the author does not fail to shew that their demoralizing effect on all classes has a fearful warning for the admirers of the flannelled fools and the muddled oafs of a later time.

Table luxury is treated upon in a chapter which, as before hinted, includes from India to Peru in its expansive range.

The closing chapters on Art are among the most useful especially as indicating the attitude of the Roman mind towards Greek Art — again a precursor of latter day conditions though reproduced on another continent.

* *

Maeterlinck.

THIS excellent study of the life and works of Maeterlinck is the first of a series of similar works dealing with Belgian writers.

To criticize the work is difficult. Not only is there the intimacy and quick precision which the younger Frenchmen so cultivate, but the book is shot through with gleams of wit which appear in every page. Maeterlinck's early escape from the law is thus mentioned.

"En son corps robuste et plantureux de Flamand à la Jordaens, l'occulte puissance avait logé une voix grêle et sourde qui devait vite renoncer, bon gré mal gré, à devenir une fontaine de paroles."

Eugène Demolder sends Maeterlinck the first proof of his "Jardinier de la Pompadour." Early next morning Maeterlinck has motored over at express speed to break the harrowing news to his friend that he has included a dahlia in the sketch, and dahlias weren't introduced into France during the reign of Louis-le-trop aimant, begging him to destroy the whole impression.

The secret of Maeterlinck's power is, in the opinion of M. Harry, his insistence on retreat from the world.

He lives in a glorious old Norman Abbey — St. Wandrille on whose walls are words cut three hundred years ago but which serve Maeterlinck to-day as then they served the men of prayer who carved them.

O beata solitudo

O sola beatitudo.

The book has a really fine portrait of Maeterlinck in photogravure and ten other excellent pictures and facsimiles.

* *

The Hebrew Prophets.

THIS is a praiseworthy effort to present the writings of the great Hebrew and Jew teachers in the literary form that modern writings of the same order would appear.

The preface hints at the advisability of studying the Prophets in our public schools, and points out that in Germany a similar text to the one given is now taught and heartily appreciated. The volume under notice deals with Amos, Hosea, Isaiah (1-39), and Micah.

It is pre-eminently an edition for the general reader, who will find here the results of the most recent Biblical research presented without any pedantic display.

* *

Stories by Cervantes.

TO "The World's Story-tellers" Messrs. Jack have added "Stories by Cervantes" and "Stories by the Essayists." The first is a particularly useful book to put in the hands of young people as an introduction to a writer whose fame is too often limited to a single book. The second is a selection from English essayists, from Overbury and Earle to De Quincey and is a pleasing and representative choice.

THE BIBLIOPHILE.

"The First Printed Translations into English of the Great Foreign Classics." A supplement to the Text-books of English Literature, by William J. Harris. Routledge. 2s. 6d. net.

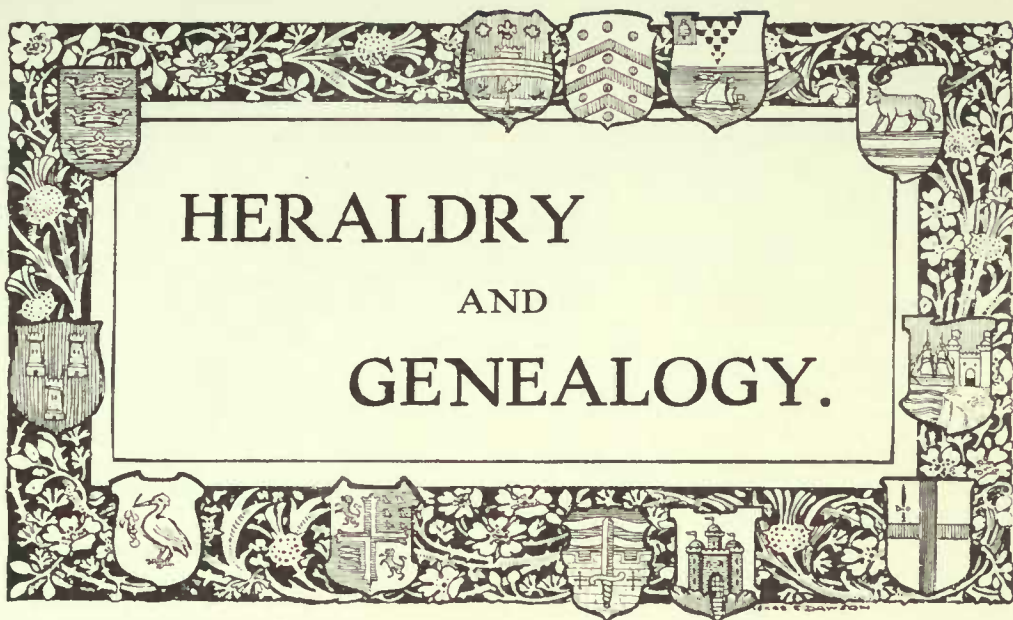
"Modern Homes," by T. Raffles Davison. Bell. 15s. nett.

"Roman Life and Manners," Vol. II., by Ludwig Friedländer (Routledge, 6s.)

Maurice Maeterlinck, par Gerard Harry, (Charles Carrington, Brussels), Fr. 2.50.

"The Hebrew Prophets for English Readers." Rev. F. H. Woods, B.D., and Rev. F. E. Powell, M.A. In four vols. (Clarendon Press). 2s. 6d. net.

Stories by Cervantes, Stories by The Essayists (T. C. & E. C. Jack) 1s. net.



IT is curious that in a country where bibliophilism has had such vogue as England that up to the present no means of identification of books bearing stamps of arms has been available except Lodge and Burke and the like. France more fortunate has had in Guigard an encyclopedia of arms as used in books which has not only given system and precision to their use but has undoubtedly largely aided in its popularization.

Putting aside the likely enthusiasm of the book-lover it will we think be generally conceded that it would hardly be possible to mention any modern armorial use of more dignity or utility than the bookstamp.

Moreover the nature of the materials used, the leather and the gold lend themselves to a treatment which in the hands of skilled artists and craftsmen give results satisfying in the highest degree to the æsthetic sense.

Mr. Cyril Davenport, who seems to represent to this age all those fine instincts which were the glory of the generations of cognoscenti to whom we owe so great an inheritance of things beautiful, has provided in the very handsome volume published by Messrs. Constable a careful compilation of bookstamps of royal and noble book collectors.

The most natural comparison is of course with Guigard but there are differences between the books though it may fairly be said that where a comparison can be made Mr. Davenport's book has the best of it.

The only criticism of a non-appreciative character that seems possible is that it would have been better perhaps had Mr. Davenport waited a little longer and collected a few more stamps.

In preparing a book such as this, it is not advisable to advertise the fact if there is any danger of its being anticipated by another similar book, but it was hardly likely that this could happen and had Mr. Davenport enquired through the ordinary media he would have had at least double the number of stamps in the present book.

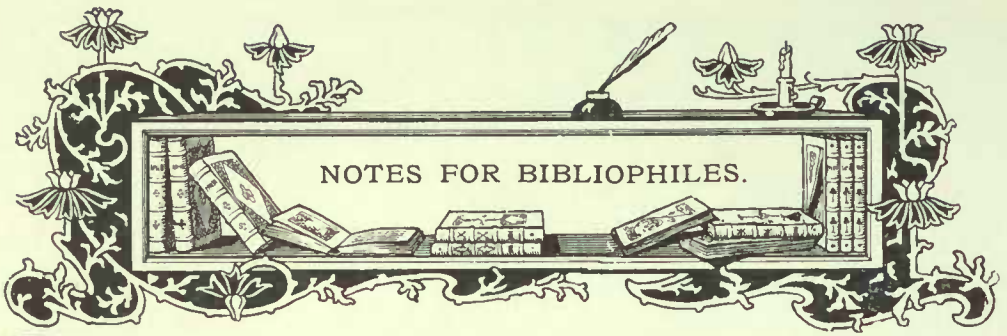
Mr. Davenport suggests the likelihood of a second volume and invites possessors of armorial bindings to forward rubbing, to him. It is to be hoped that he will have a large response to his invitation.

A very useful simple synopsis of heraldry prefaces the book. The entries give a representation in line always clear and vigorously drawn of the coat of arms, beneath which is the blazon followed by the name and description of the book on which the stamp occurs.

This is followed by a brief biographical notice of the person whose achievement is represented.

A complete set of royal bookstamps from Henry VII. downwards, numerous noble achievements, and also those of many great book-collectors are given. Altogether it is a book henceforth indispensable to the collector.

"English Heraldic Book-stamps," by Cyril Davenport, (Constable), 2s. net.



IN Mr. Murray's list we notice "Giuseppe Baretti," by L. Collison-Morley, with an introduction by the late F. Marion Crawford. Baretti was a familiar figure in English as well as Italian literary society, and knew Johnson and the Thrales. It is this fact, rather than the account of Baretti's celebrated trial, which will lead judicious readers to look out for the book. Johnson shares with (strange juxtaposition!) Shelley and one or two others the peculiar power over posterity that makes the least new utterance or biographical anecdote a prize to be eagerly gathered up and added to what we already know of them.

Mr. John Masson, in his "Lucretius: Epicurean and Poet," which appeared last year (also published by Mr. Murray), promised a completing volume. This is now ready, and deals with various points of the Lucretian philosophy. Except to the professed student of the history of speculation in physics, much of that philosophy has but little actuality (most, we suspect, would find Lucretius' famous "swerve" less interesting than George Hirst's); but we are glad to see that questions of more permanent value to life, such as the evolution of the Lucretian from the Cyrenaic doctrine of pleasure, are to have their place. Unless Mr. Masson throws away his opportunity, this should be a valuable book.

Our readers will perhaps remember a controversy over rival editions of Crowe and Cavalcasse's History of Painting. Mr. Murray's long-delayed edition, which has the author's revisions and additions, as well as editorial notes by Mr. Langton Douglas, is at last under weigh. The first three volumes are ready, and the other three, completing the work, are promised for the autumn. Thereby is removed the scandal of having to look for a classic of this sort in second-hand lists.

Messrs. Methuen's facsimiles of the Four Shakespeare Folios are now brought to a close by the publication of the Second, that of 1632.

From the Cambridge Press come several announcements of interest. For the bibliophile who can buy fine editions of his poets there is Spenser's Faerie Queene, in two royal quarto

volumes, printed from the folios of 1596 and 1609, on hand-made paper, in the Cambridge type. For these splendours he will pay three-and-a-half guineas, or five, if he prefers to have the books ready bound in vellum.

In the Cambridge English Classics, the second volume of Professor F. S. Boa's scholarly edition of Giles and Phineas Fletcher is ready. In this series, too, should be mentioned the five-volume reprint of the first issue (1611) of the Authorised Version of the English Bible. An ingenious thought of the printers was to make a column of the original folio correspond to a page of the octavo reprint. Roman is substituted for black letter, and italic (in the headlines) for Roman. In this way fidelity is well combined with convenience, and oculists and short-sighted students are not outraged. Books in this series cost 4/6 a volume in cloth.

The *Mercure de France* has just published (at 2fr.) an interesting little volume of verse, 'L'Aile Mouillée,' by M. Jean Dominique. There is perhaps not very much substance in the poems, but they show that M. Dominique has the feeling of a true poet, and will probably do better work in the future. The main interest of his verse is in part technical, for he takes liberties with the laws of French prosody, which really add to its range and power. Of course, Verlaine did this, but M. Dominique has an individual touch on the keys of his instrument; and after all it is impossible in poetry to make a sharp separation between spirit and technique. This movement from the rigid prosody which, however beautiful in its effects, is really almost as artificial as the dramatic unities, towards the liberty and spontaneity of English and German verse, is a feature of the time in French poetry, and should be closely watched by English students of contemporary literature.

Mr. Ralph Straus, the biographer and bibliographer of Baskerville, is doing the same service for Dodsley, and would be grateful if anyone who possesses any of Dodsley's correspondence would communicate them to him at 58, Bassett Road, Kensington, W.



BY
Our Philatelic Editor.

NEW ISSUES.

GUATEMALA.—A further crop of provisionals has appeared for this little State, caused by over-printing various denominations with a new value in black or red. The 10 cen-



tavo is over-printed in black with the new value, 1 centavo, the 12½ centavo with the new value 2 centavos in red. Both these stamps are dated 1908. The 75 cen-

tavos is over-printed with 2 centavos value, similar to the 12½ centavos, previously mentioned, but dated 1909, the 50 centavos being over-printed with the new value 6 centavos in black.



HOLLAND.—A provisional unpaid letter stamp has appeared here, created by printing the new value 4 cents. in block type, in red, on the 6½ cents.

PERU.—A new series is appearing for this State, bearing the portraits of various celebrities. The stamps are well engraved, but somewhat small, certainly the neatest stamps that Peru has had for many a long day. We have only seen used specimens so far, rather too heavily obliterated for successful reproduction.



RUSSIAN LEVANT.—A special issue has been made for Russian Post Offices in Turkish Territory something in the way of commemoration or Jubilee stamps. Although why, as the design shows, it commemorates the period

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from 1857 to 1907, and only now appears, is not quite clear. The lower values are small, similar to the illustrations, but the Rouble values are similar to the current Russian in design, except that the central arms are replaced by a steamer, and the dates 1857-1907. The paper on which the stamps are printed is first surface tinted, with a delicate colour in spots. Then the now familiar lattice pattern is printed, after which the stamp is printed, and finally the Turkish values over-printed in black in block type. The stamps illustrated, the 5 and 10 para, are tinted respectively grey blue and flesh. The values and colours of the entire series are : 5 paras on 1 kopec, orange, on grey blue tinted paper ; 10 paras on 2 kopec green, on flesh tinted paper ; 20 paras on 4 kopecs, carmine ; 1 piastre on 10 kopecs, blue ; 5 piastres on 50 kopecs, green and purple ; 7 piastres on 70 kopecs, orange and chocolate ; 10 piastres on 1 rouble, deep orange and brown ; 35 piastres on 3 roubles, 50 K, dull green and maroon ; 70 piastres on 7 roubles, pink and green. The stamps are all unwatermarked and perforated 14-14½ on the lower values, to 7 piastres inclusive. the larger stamps, 10 piastres to 70 piastres, being perforated 13.



1st type.



2nd type.

ST. VINCENT.—The 1d. stamp, "arms" series, has been somewhat modified in design, the inscriptions being redrawn. We have reproduced stamps of both printings, so that the little differences may be readily noted.

STRAIT SETTLEMENTS.—Another



colour change has occurred here. The 5 cent. stamp, which hitherto has appeared in a dull lilac, has now been issued in dull orange. Whether this is a permanent change, or only a temporary one, remains to be

seen. Five cents, dull orange on white multiple crown and C.A. paper, perforated 14.

SIAM.—We have seen the full series of the high values in the Jubilee issue of King Chulalong Korn. The



above illustration will serve to show the design of all, the only differences being in the Native and English inscriptions. The colours and values of the entire series are : 1 tical violet and green, 2 ticals orange and mauve, 3 ticals blue and olive yellow, 5 ticals dark green and violet, 10 ticals carmine and grey brown, 20 ticals brown and grey,

and 40 ticals black and grey blue. The whole series are beautifully engraved, and whilst the colour combinations are in some respects startling, the general effect is good. The first colour in each instance is that of the central design.



UNITED STATES.—Yet another little commemorative from this prolific source, apparently confined to a single stamp. The issue is made to inaugurate the Alaskan Exhibition, and bears a portrait of William H. Seward, and is finely engraved in a somewhat novel style ; 2 cents. carmine on thick soft paper, watermarked, and U.S.P.D. repeated in sheet, same as the current ordinary stamps.



By J. HERBERT SLATER.

ON the last occasion the rising prices of the later *Americana* were incidentally referred to, and as this is a subject of very considerable importance in view of the probability that they will increase still further in value in the near future, I select a few representative volumes, premising that the dates of publication should be particularly noticed. These dates are being advanced, so that many books of the kind which would at one time have passed without comment are now taking their place as objects of the collector's special regard. At present these books are not valuable, nor is the opportunity of acquiring them out of the ordinary so that they should be secured while there is time. The following will give some idea how matters stand at present: Beverley's "History of Virginia," the second edition of 1722, containing a frontispiece and 13 plates, £4 15s., calf; Belknap's "History of New Hampshire," 3 vols., 1791-92, 8vo., £1 10s., calf; Lt.-General Burgoyne's "Expedition from Canada," 1780, 8vo, £3, calf; and the second edition of the same, printed also in 1780, £1 6s.; Carver's "Travels Through North America," 1778, 8vo., £2, old calf, and the second edition of the same work, printed in 1779, 8vo, £1 5s.; Chastellux's "Travels in North America," 2 vols., 1787, 8vo., £1 10s., calf; Franklin's "Historical Review of the Constitution of Pennsylvania," 1759, 8vo, £1 2s., calf; Hartwell's "Present State of Virginia," 1727, 8vo, £3 3s., half morocco; Heriot's "Travels Through the Canadas," 1807, 4to, £1 12s., boards; Horsmanden's "History of the Negro Plot," 1810, 8vo, £1, boards; Janson's "The Stranger in America," 1807, 4to, £1 5s., boards; Lewis and Clarke's "Travels to the Source of the Missouri," 1814, 4to, £3, calf; Moore's "Voyage to Georgia," 1744, 8vo., £5, half morocco; Oldmixon's "British Empire in America," 1708,

8vo, £2 5s., calf, and the second edition of the same, published in 1741, £2 7s., calf; Rogers's "Concise Account of North America," 1765, 8vo, £2 8s., old calf; Stedman's History of the American War," 2 vols, 1794, 4to, £1 19s., boards; Tarleton's "History of the Campaigns of 1780 and 1781, published in 1787, 4to, £3, original boards; Sir Hovenden Walker's "Expedition to Canada," 1720, 8vo, £4, old calf, and Wynne's "History of the British Empire in America," 2 vols, 8vo, 1769-70, £1 11s., old calf. It will be observed that all these books are comparatively late in date, and contrast very forcibly with such older favourites as Hennein's "New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," 2 vols. in 1, 1698, 8vo, £9 17s. 6d., half calf, torn and title cut; the third of the series of Folio Tracts on the Indian Wars in New England, 1676, £20, the Fourth Tract of the same series, 1676, £10, torn and cut into; Oviedo y Valdes's "Coronica des las Indias," printed in Gothic letter at Salamanca, in 1547, £18, old vellum, and Wood's "New England's Prospect," 1635, 4to, £25, wormed and slightly cut. The list given above is a very representative one, if the scarcer 17th century books are kept out of the reckoning. Many of these are a law unto themselves, and some are very valuable, as for example "Brereton's "Briefe and True Relation of the Discoverie of the North Part of Virginia," 1602, 4to, worth at least £250 when in good condition. Only two copies of this work have appeared in the sale rooms during the last twenty-two years, but others must exist somewhere, and it will be as well to remember the title and more especially the date.

A sale held at Sotheby's, on May 11th, and two following days, was productive of a very large number of books, some of which went for comparatively small sums, significant of the depressed state of the times. One of them, the

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well-known "Damascus and Palmyra," by C. G. Addison, 2 vols, 1838, with 10 coloured plates, by Thackeray, realised no more than 16s., though it belonged to the first edition, and was in the original cloth covers. It may be mentioned that as a rule this work contains 10 coloured plates only, though occasionally copies containing 18 are met with. One of these sold for £34 10s. two years ago, so that anyone having this book, should count the plates, in order to make sure that it is or is not the extremely rare variety. Another work which sold for a comparatively small sum was George Baxter's "Pictorial Album, or Cabinet of Paintings," 1837, 4to, containing eleven coloured prints, by an artist whose work has been coming into prominence for years, and is at the present time widely sought for. This copy, in its original morocco binding, realised £5 10s., at Puttick and Simpson's on May 20th, and was unquestionably a bargain for the person who bought it. Other cheap books sold about this time included the "Winchester Edition" of Jane Austen's Novel's, 10 vols., 8vo, 1905, 20s., original cloth; the "Thornton Edition" of the Novels of the Sisters Brontë, 12 vols., 8vo, 1905, 19s., buckram, uncut; Matthew Carter's "Honor Redivivus," 1673, 8vo., 20s., original calf, and a number of original editions of the works of some celebrated American authors, which I cannot do better than report at length, as there is a growing demand for works of this class. It must be understood that all were in their original covers and clean, unless stated to be otherwise. The list is as follows: *R. W. Emerson*, "Essays," second series, 1844, 5s., textured; "Representative Men," 1850, and "English Traits," 1856, 8s.; "Nature," 1836, £1 17s. All these were published at Boston, U.S.A. *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, "Mosses from an Old Manse," 2 vols. in 1, New York, 1846, the first issue of both parts as disclosed by the imprints of printer and stereotyper on the verso of each title, 13s.; "The Scarlet Letter," Boston, 1850, the first issue with the word "reduplicate" in line 20, page 21, £3 5s.; "True Stories from History and Biography," Boston, 1851, 10s., morocco; and the first issue of "The Marble Faun," 2 vols., 1860, 7s. *Oliver Wendell Holmes*, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Boston, 1858, the earliest issue containing the pictorial false title, £3 7s.; the same work, dated 1859, being the first issue of the large paper edition, 30s.; "An Oration delivered before the City Authorities of Boston, Fourth of July, 1863," one of the few copies printed in large type, 21s. *Longfellow*, "Outre-Mer," 2 vols., 12mo., New York, 1835, 30s.; "Voices of the Night," Cambridge (Mass.), 1839, 35s.; "Hyperion," 2 vols., 1839, New York, 34s.;

"The Estray," Boston, 1847, 4s.; "Evangeline," Boston, 1848, the first issue on large paper, 31s., half morocco; "Kavanagh," Boston, 1849, and "The Seaside and Fireside," Boston, 1850, 11s.; *James Russell Lowell*, "Conversations on some of the Old Poets," Cambridge (Mass.), 1845, 3s.; "Poems," 2 vols., 1849, also printed at Cambridge, 10s., binding of one volume slightly damaged; "Under the Willows," 1869, "The Cathedral," 1870, and "My Study Windows," 1871, all Cambridge, 7s. for the three volumes. *Edgar Allan Poe*, "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," Philadelphia, 1840, £10 10s., stained; "The Conchologist's First Book," Philadelphia, 1839, 2s.; "Tales," New York, 1845, 21s., and "Eureka," New York, 1848, 16s. There can be no question that all these works will, some day, be much more difficult to obtain and far more costly than they are at present.

During the last days of May, some very interesting, and, in many cases, expensive books, were sold at Sothebys, and on the 26th and 27th a good sale was also held at Hodgson's. On the 21st the first-named firm sold the much-talked of Caxton "find" for £2,600. This consisted of five distinct works, printed by Caxton, and bound together by one "T. R." or "R. T.," who was probably one of the workmen employed on the premises at Westminster. This book was discovered quite accidentally by Messrs. Jones and Evans, the well-known booksellers, of Queen Street, E.C., in an old Manor House in the North of England, where it had lain unsuspected for many years. It would seem from this that the age of bookish "finds," though it may be moribund, is not yet dead. Alexander Leighton's "Appeal to Parliament: or Sion's Plea against the Prelacie," printed the year and month in which Rochelle was lost (*i.e.*, September, 1628), is noticeable more for the circumstances surrounding its publication than for its scarcity, for a reasonably good copy can frequently be got for £2 10s. or £3. One sold on May 21st for £1 15s., old calf, and it was complete with the two very curious engravings. In this scurrilous book, the author, who was a Scotch doctor of physic and divinity, calls bishops men of blood, ravens and magpies; Queen Henrietta Maria, was a daughter of Heth, Buckingham was very properly murdered, and the King hopelessly corrupted by the bishops. Language such as this could hardly have been passed over unnoticed, and Leighton was arrested on a writ of rebellion, issued by the Court of Star Chamber. Besides a fine of £10,000, and degradation from the Ministry, he was twice publicly flogged in Palace Yard, Westminster, made to stand twice in the pillory, had both his ears cut off, and

IN THE SALE ROOMS

both nostrils slit, and was also branded on the cheek. The final act of this "curing process," as it was termed, consisted in his committal to the Fleet Prison for life, and there he actually remained for eleven years, at the end of which period his sentence was reversed by the Commons. It is something in the nature of an irony that Leighton's son, so far from wishing to follow in his father's footsteps, entered the Church, and eventually became not a bishop merely but an archbishop.

Among other more or less interesting books sold about this time, and which may be considered distinctly cheap, were Catlin's "Manners, Customs and Condition of the North American Indians," 2 vols., 8vo, 1841, 14s., cloth; two folio copies of Chaucer's Works, dated respectively 1668 and 1669, 22s., old calf; the Sixth and best Edition of Guillim's "Display of Heraldry," 1724, £4 6s., old calf; Dr. Johnson's "The Rambler," the 208 original numbers, with separate titles, bound in 2 lots, 1749-52, £2, calf; Matthew Arnold's "Cromwell," the Prize Poem recited in the Theatre at Oxford, on

June 28th, 1843, £3 18s., wrappers; Edward Benlowe's "Summary of Wisdome," in English and Latin verse, 1657, 4to, 16s.; half bound; the very scarce first edition of Cocker's "Decimal Arithmetick," printed by Thos. Passenger, at the Three Bibles, on London Bridge, 1685, 8vo., £2 6s., calf, slightly wormed here and there; Collyns's "Chase of the Wild Red Deer," 1st Ed., 1862, 30s., original green cloth, and the First Edition of Cowper's "Olney Hymns," 1779, in the original sheep-skin covers, 20s. These two books last named were very cheap indeed, as also was Cox's "Gentlemen's Recreation," 1697, 8vo., at 27s., old calf. This work by Cox contains, when perfect as this copy was, a frontispiece and four plates, one of them folding and inscribed "Directions for Blowing the Horn." This plate is very often missing, the reason being that huntsmen and others found the "directions" more useful than the book, and so took the leaf out to carry about with them, or perhaps to keep in some handy place at home.

THE SONNET.

WHAT is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.



AN INVITATION.

A CHANGE of scene, of air, of tone,
 These are your small requirements? You,
 Sated with toil, would play the drone,
 And gather strength to toil anew?
 Your case is mine, good sir, Away!
 We'll set our backs against the north.
 Take, if you will, my arm. But, stay,
 One word before we fare us forth.

Where it shall rest my roving glance
 (Wisely or not) discriminates;
 It lingers or avoids, and chance
 Or passing whim alone dictates.
 I know no rule to check or goad
 Excepting this: to shake my head
 And ponder ere I take a road
 Marked upon tourist charts in red.

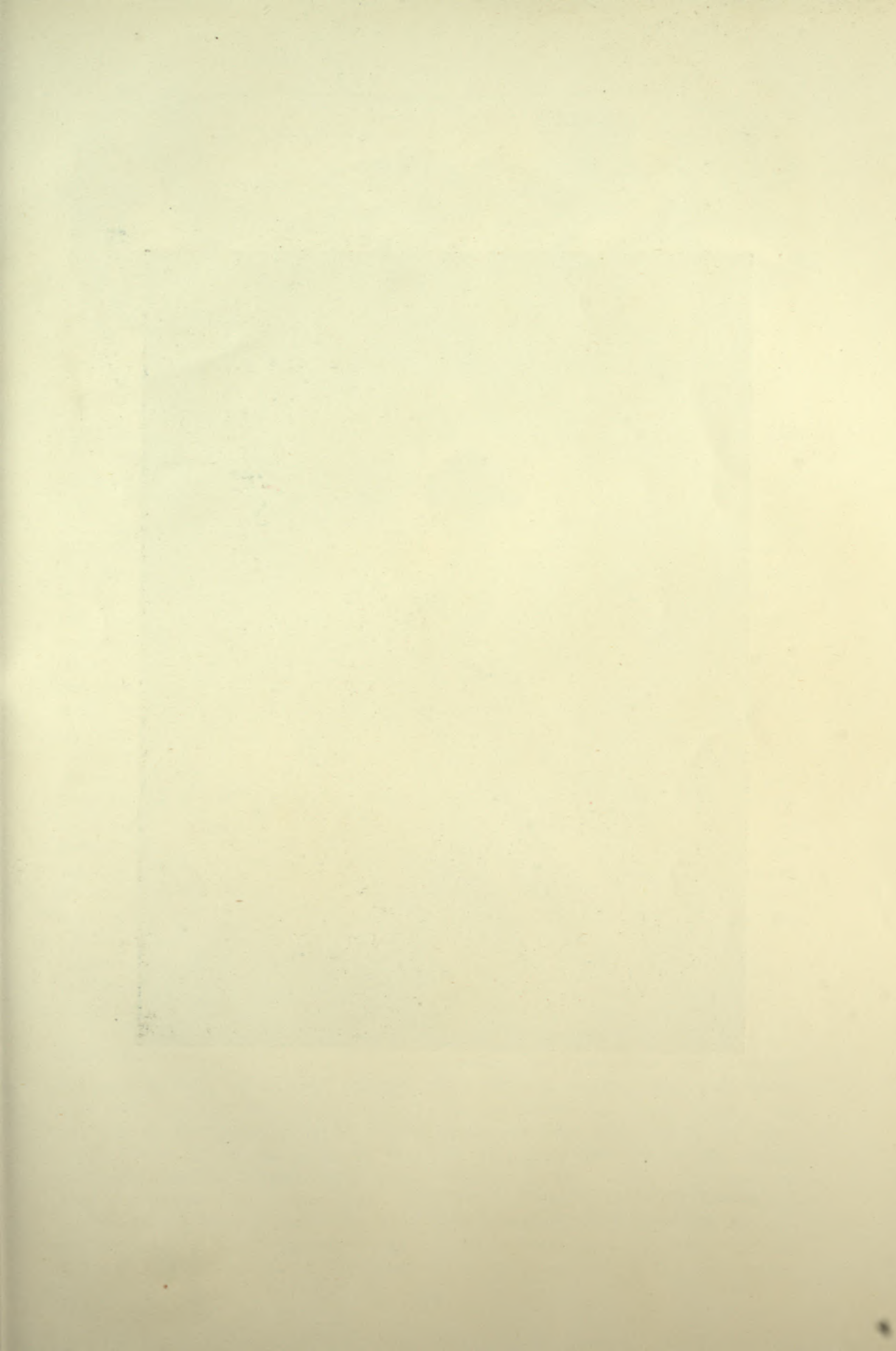
The full round curve of tree-clad hills;
 The hamlet where their path-veins meet;
 The sigh of rock-encumbered rills --
 These are the lures shall guide my feet;
 I'll taste the tavern's foaming ale
 Served in the shadiest of nooks
 Where folk are met who'll tell a tale
 Unfettered by the history-books.

The sculptured court-house newly built;
 The loud memorial of the war,
 Shouting in letters, richly gilt,
 Of what they killed each other for --
 These and their like will move me less
 Than lowlier stones that hear no praise,
 Raised in efficient humbleness
 By nameless hands in other days.

So, too, the dazzling garden plot,
 With blazing beds of formal cut,
 Will touch me less than some wild spot
 Where no official guardians strut --
 Less than those purpled misty aisles,
 Columned with tree-trunk, arched with green,
 Where heaven's rich alchemy of smiles
 Lights here and there a space between.

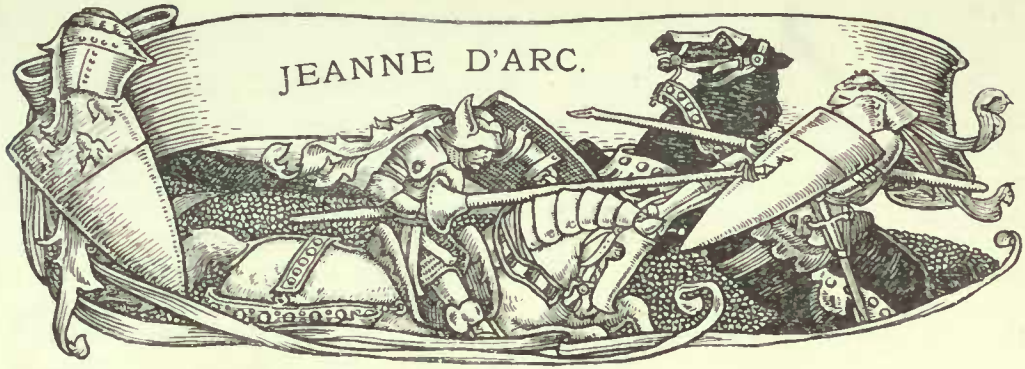
Such are the charms I go to find,
 Knowing the place they lurk in. We,
 If you, good sir, are thus inclined,
 Will seek them out in company.
 If not, my blessing guard your feet;
 I wish you, free of all mishap,
 In every train a corner seat,
 In every corner seat a nap.

C. E. HUGHES.





CHIFFRE D'AMOUR, from "Fragonard."
By permission of Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack.



BY ROBERT H. BENSON.

THE life and adventures of the woman who has just received the greatest but one of all the honours which Christendom is able to give her, are composed of so extraordinarily diverse elements—of romance, of chivalry, of historical crisis, of childish innocence, of military achievement, of martyrdom and injustice—that it is impossible within the limits of such a paper as this to do more than select at the most one or two points for discussion. And it seems to me that, considering too the astonishing re-awakening at the present day of interest in psychological problems, that I cannot do better than dwell for the most part upon the character of those incidents in her life which, she claimed, were actual manifestations to her on the part of certain heavenly beings. And, before actually approaching these, I should like to make a few preliminary remarks upon the respective values of evidence in general, and upon the perfectly reasonable diversity that we find in its effects. Let me begin with an illustration.

I have formed, let us say, a friendship with a certain man named John, and during the intercourse of many years I have gradually come to the conclusion that he is one of the most generous people I have ever met. It is true that I have occasionally witnessed incidents which appear to conflict with this conclusion. I have seen

him more than once refuse to give money to a beggar in the street; yet I have nearly always found on enquiry that he had what seemed to him a good reason for such refusals; and on quite other grounds I have established to my own satisfaction his general character of extreme liberality. One day I hear, on third or fourth-hand evidence, that John has presented one thousand pounds to the Messina Earthquake Fund. This is, perhaps, a larger sum than I have ever known him contribute before to any charity, yet it is not so much larger as to rouse my incredulity; it is on the whole in accordance with his character as I know it, and accordingly I accept the story as true, and repeat it freely. This course of action, I imagine, is quite justifiable, and even reasonable. At any rate it represents the usual lines on which reasonable persons act.

But John has another acquaintance named James; and James, unfortunately enough, has in the past walked with John in public very frequently, but has never had an opportunity to examine his pass-book. James, therefore, has formed an opinion of John very unlike my own. He has seen him frequently refuse beggars in the street; he has no notion of his anonymous gifts. When James therefore hears, even on second-hand evidence, that John has presented a thousand pounds to the Earthquake

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Fund, he is immediately incredulous ; it is, he thinks, utterly uncharacteristic of the man. More than that, even when at last James sees John's name in the list of donors he at once sets to work to suspect his motives : John, he believes, is a self-centred and egotistic man ; therefore, if the list of donors is correctly printed, the presence of his name there shows nothing more than that some motive has appealed to him other than that of generosity.

Now my point is this—Both James and I are acting as reasonable persons, in spite of the fact that we arrive at opposite conclusions with regard to the case in point ; for each of us, like all other men, is bound to interpret the moral evidence that is presented to him, not merely by the weight of that evidence regarded by itself, but according as it coincides with the data previously in our possession. James has found John to be avaricious, I have found him to be generous. Therefore James is acting as a right-minded and reasonable man in his incredulity, I in my credulity. Evidence reasonably sufficient for me, is reasonably insufficient for him. The application is obvious.

Christians, rightly or wrongly, have come to the deliberate conclusion that the supernatural world is a reality, and a reality, moreover, that often makes itself manifest under terms of sense. They have lived, they believe, for about two thousand years, in touch with this other world, and are entirely persuaded that it is an objective fact. When, therefore, any person eminent for sanctity—living, that is to say, in almost continuous consciousness of this fact, and guiding his life by its principles—is reported to have had sensible evidence of it, the Christian is immediately disposed to believe. Each such story of course depends upon its own evidence (and, unquestionably, evidence sometimes is given where it

ought to be withheld) ; but my point is that the Christian is justified by reason in accepting evidence, equally reasonably rejected by another. For there are others in this world, not Christians, who have come to an opposite general conclusion ; who are persuaded that, whether or no there be a supernatural world, at least it is practically never manifested sensibly to this. These, then, are acting also reasonably—in consideration of the general conclusions that they have formed—in rejecting all such tales as at least very unlikely, and in explaining them away by any of the hundred methods with which modern thought has provided them. I do not, therefore, call the agnostic a fool for rejecting the tales of supernatural visitations reported of Joan of Arc ; and I demand that he shall not call me a fool for believing them. I may or may not think him a fool for being an Agnostic, and he me for being a Christian ; but that is quite another question, and wholly alien to our present purpose.

So much, then, by way of general preface. Let us now examine these tales ; and attempt to set before ourselves those secondary, though not primary, reasons, for which Christians believe them to be true. I shall not attempt to prove the supernatural by Joan, but rather Joan by the supernatural.

Joan was a girl of thirteen years old when the first of these incidents took place—that is in 1424, and they continued at intervals until her death by fire in 1431, seven years later. The following is the account that she herself gives of their beginning :

“The first time that I heard this voice I was very much frightened. It was mid-day, in the summer, in my father's garden. . . It seemed to me to come from lips that I should reverence. . . You ask me under what

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form this voice appeared to me. It was St. Michael. I saw him before my eyes. He was not alone, but quite surrounded by the angels of Heaven. . . I saw them with my bodily eyes as well as I see you; when they went from me I wept; I should have liked to be taken away with them. St. Michael came to me in the form of a true honest man. I believe the deeds and words of St. Michael, who appeared to me, as firmly as I believe our Saviour Jesus Christ suffered death and passion for us. And that which makes me believe it is the good counsel, encouragement and good doctrine which he has given me. I knew St. Michael by the speech and language of the angels. I believe firmly that they were angels. I believed it at once, and I had the will to believe it. When St. Michael came to me he said to me 'St. Catherine and St. Margaret will come to thee; follow their counsel; they have been chosen to guide and counsel thee in all thou hast to do; believe what they shall tell thee; it is the order of our Lord.' The first time, I was in great doubt if it were St. Michael, and I was much afraid; afterwards he had taught me so well, and it was so Dear to me, that I believed firmly it was he. Above all things he told me to be a good child, and that God would help me—to come to the help of the King of France among other things." *

Other points to be noticed as regards these visions were that they appeared accompanied with a great light, that they were tangible and fragrant, as well as audible and visible; that the voices were louder or softer according to occasion; that they were heard under various circumstances—during the ringing of church bells, the rustling of leaves, talking, the noise of battle, complete silence, and, it would

seem, amid the roar of flames about the stake to which she was tied. Further, it is to be noticed that they did not seem to be dependent upon her own desire; sometimes they came to her when she was already happy, sometimes they failed her when she seemed to require them most. Neither were they according to contemporary legends; for example it is conceivable that Joan had heard the story that St. Michael came to comfort St. Catherine in prison; but while herself in prison she never saw him. As regards the exact appearance of the manifestations she refused to give any detailed account, beyond saying that they were "as they are painted in churches," and then half withdrawing the statement.

Now to modern minds there rush instantly, on hearing such accounts, at least two or three explanations that will meet the phenomena.

First, the whole thing is a lie from beginning to end—the whole thing that is to say so far as the supernatural is involved. It was invented either by Joan herself, or by priests, or by both in collusion. To this I have nothing more to say than to refer such critics to any respectable report of the proceedings at the trial. If they cannot see in that a transparent innocence and guilelessness on the part of Joan that renders such an hypothesis incredible, I can say no more. One point, however, is just worth mentioning. Joan's judges, shrewd and capable and even disingenuous men, were entirely unable to establish this solution. They did their utmost; they cross-questioned, bullied, threatened and cajoled; but were forced to take refuge at last in the accusation of witchcraft. Certainly they were not aware of the theory of the subliminal consciousness which is so convenient a refuge in these subjective days; but

* *Jeanne D'Arc* (St. Nicholas Series). C. M. Anthony.

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at least they were persuaded that preternatural events had taken place, and burned Joan, largely on that consideration. They accused her indeed of tampering with the evidence, but added to this the charge of actual divination.

The second explanation is longer to state, and more difficult to answer.

It is that which I have just mentioned, the theory of the subliminal consciousness.

Briefly it is as follows: Joan, we are informed, was a dreamy introspective child, nourished on marvellous tales of the saints, and touched by the sorrows of her country. Now introspectiveness implies to some extent a developed form of what is known as the subliminal consciousness. This subliminal consciousness is a department of our nature of which we know nothing except by its effects; it is that part of us which wakes when we sleep, which stores images and can reproduce them, which, under certain circumstances, especially when the objective consciousness is lulled or distracted, can even reproduce these interior images in such a manner as to make them appear external and objective. Now Joan's subliminal consciousness was stored with two great lines of thought, the supernatural and the political; she lived under circumstances which would develop the faculty; the neighbourhood was rustic and superstitious; she loved solitude and silence. What is more likely than that, in utter good faith, she should mistake her waking dreams for realities, and be led by her own desires and hopes, projected in what appeared to her sensible forms, to the achievements which she performed? It is the advantage of this theory that it appears both tolerant and scientific; the simplicity and beauty of Joan's character remain unimpaired; and her pathos is even enhanced. It is

little wonder that it possesses great attractions for the modern mind—at once scientific and sentimental.

And, frankly, I cannot answer this theory satisfactorily (though I have a word to say at the end as regards its possibility for Christians); because it seems to me that it will, with a little stretching, just meet the case; yet, personally, I do not for one single instant believe it. It is the duty, we are told, of the scientist to select that theory which seems to him most simply and directly to afford a solution of the problem. I do not say that the subliminal theory will not meet the case, only that it will not meet it so well as another. There appear to me to be difficulties in it, not necessarily insuperable, but still difficulties, whereas to a mind which accepts the supernatural, the actual intervention of heavenly beings and the possibility of communicating with them—in fact that set of data which a Christian regards as established—Joan's own theory fits the problem with the satisfactoriness of a round post in a round hole.

Let us enumerate the difficulties of the subliminal theory.

1. The achievements which Joan accomplished are out of all proportion to the very unsatisfactory and unpractical character that such a luxuriant development of the subliminal consciousness demands. It is perfectly true that the subliminal consciousness can produce illusions; it is exceedingly uncharacteristic of it to produce military genius; and Joan's victories were an indication of nothing less. Let us review the situation.

In the year 1425 about three-quarters of France belonged to the Burgundian and English party; about one-quarter, Orleanist or Royalist, was of the party of the French King. One important town only remained under its lawful

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sovereign—Orleans itself, and this in a state of siege. Further the English were active and strenuous; the Royalists frivolous and useless. Finally the King was uncrowned, and lacked that halo of sovereignty that the crown alone could give him. This was the work that faced Jeanne; to save Orleans, and to crown Charles first; and finally to set in motion such forces as would bring back France, or at least a large part of her, to her proper allegiance.

Now Joan, as has been rightly said, possessed an introspective nature; she was a peasant girl of no importance. Yet she accomplished these things. She predicted four events: The raising of the siege of Orleans, the crowning of the Dauphin, the return of Paris to the King, and the return of the Duke of Orleans, at present a prisoner in England. Of these predictions two were fulfilled immediately, owing to her own energy and skill, and the remaining two within fifteen years. Are those the kind of triumphs that usually arise from an extreme and fantastic form of day-dreaming?

The critic is faced by the same kind of difficulty in the case of St. Teresa. Here, too, was a woman whose state, if the critic be right, was one of nothing less than insanity. Yet for practical ability, for decisiveness and deliberation, and, above all, for delicate humour and self-knowledge, it is difficult to find her equal. Certainly a state of subliminal exaltation resembles in certain characteristics that condition which the saints have experienced—as Mr. William James has shown in his well-known book—yet a fact that must be accounted for, and never has been accounted for, except on Christian lines—is the marvellous variety and even mutual opposition between their effects. The fœtus of a dog resembles closely the fœtus of a man,

yet a dog is not a man. An organism resembles a crystal even in apparent reproduction, yet they are actually of different orders of life. It is scarcely scientific therefore to identify the Dervish, the Ranter and the Ecstatic by disregarding the completely different ultimate characteristics which each exhibits.

To return then to Joan's military skill—there is a chorus of evidence; and she was seventeen years old—an age, as Mr. Andrew Lang points out, at which Napoleon had won no decisive battle! Mr. Lang further sums up her powers in the following words: "A girl understood and a girl employed, the essential ideas of the military art; namely, to concentrate quickly, to strike swiftly, to strike hard, to strike at vital points, and despising vain, noisy skirmishes. . . . to fight with invincible tenacity of purpose. . . . Whatsoever problem encountered her, whatsoever manners became her in novel situations, she understood in a moment. She solved the problem, she assumed the manners; she faced the rain of arrows and bullets; she faced doctors and clerks; she animated the soldiery in Napoleon's way; she spoke and acted like a captain, like a clerk, like a *grande dame de par le monde*, as the need of the moment required." *

Imagine for one moment what she accomplished, and what she was; and we find ourselves faced by a dilemma. Either she had military genius or she had not. If the former, how does that accord with her fantastic over-development of introspectiveness upon which the subjective philosopher is forced to lay such stress; if she had not, the whole thing, as Mr. Lang says, becomes not a marvel only, but a miracle at once. Of course, it is possible to answer that Joan was an exception,—

* The Maid of France. Andrew Lang.

that she possessed both introspective-ness and external practical ability in an extraordinary degree ; but an exception is always a difficulty to a rule, in spite of a popular proverb shallowly applied.

2. It is said that her own desires helped to form her life—that she longed passionately to be the deliverer of France, and ended by believing herself to be that deliverer. To this there are two or three remarks to be made. First, not only did she believe herself to be the deliverer, but she actually was so. This is an extension of the subliminal consciousness that deserves attention ! Many introspective persons (whom we call lunatics) believe themselves to occupy the Imperial throne of China ; but I am unaware of any instances in which that belief has been justified by events. Next, the method by which she delivered France was one entirely alien to her own natural inclinations, to the tradition of her family, and to her own position as a young girl. Not only did she herself revolt utterly and entirely from the thought of leading the armies of France, to such an extent that she resisted her urging voices month after month ; but it was a nightmare of her father's that she had actually done it. Every man to whom she came mocked at the idea—her priest, a captain she consulted, and her uncle.

"The voice said to me," she explains, "two or three times a week, 'you must go into France.' My father knew nothing of my going. The voice said to me 'Go into France.' I could stay no longer. It said to me 'Go, raise the siege which is being made before the city of Orleans.' 'Go,' it added, 'to Robert de Bandricourt, Captain of Vaucouleurs ; he will furnish you with an escort to accompany you.' And I replied that I was but a poor girl, who knew nothing of riding

or fighting."

3. A third natural explanation of her visions is that they were neither lies, nor, altogether, results of subliminal activity, but that they were hallucinations properly so called, directed, no doubt by her subjective consciousness, but generated by a more or less diseased brain.

Now this is a highly technical point, and can only properly be discussed by a specialist ; yet I think it worth while to say a few words as to the difficulties of this theory, gathered chiefly from second-hand sources, and Mr. Lang's book.

(a) First then there remain those difficulties of which I have already spoken—the fact of her unexampled success, the apparent fulfilment of her predictions, and her markedly balanced and capable mind.

(b) Secondly there is a strange absence of any of those symptoms, so far as the evidence goes, by which such hallucinations are usually marked.

For instance, these hallucinations of hysteria seem usually to be "unilateral," that is, to make their appearance upon one side only, and to be accompanied by *hemianæsthesia*, or partial paralysis of one side. But the light that Joan saw was frequently all round her, and there is no word of *hemianæsthesia*. Neither is there the faintest indication that there was any physical degeneracy in this girl who acted always with energy and marked courage. Scientists appear to be disagreed as to any infallible signs of hysteria, except as to the point that weakness either of body or mind always accompanies that state ; and all the evidence, except on the very matter under discussion, viz., her visions, goes to show an exceptionally sane mind and energetic body in this girl. Neither was there in Joan, so far as we are aware, any state re-

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sembling those trances, usually accompanied by lethargy, by which hysterical hallucinations are generally preceded.

4. Fourthly, there appears to me one more, perhaps small difficulty, yet rather significant, against the subliminal hypothesis. A strong characteristic of those moods called subliminal is their proneness to exaltation, and their readiness to accept suggestions that are in line with their self-suggested attitude. Now it is hardly possible to imagine a delusion more open, than would Joan's have been, on this hypothesis, to a further belief in her own sanctity. Everything would have conspired to this end—her supposed visions and her amazing successes. Yet "I remember," writes a woman in whose house she lodged in Orleans, "how women used to come to my house, bringing rosaries and other devotional objects for Joan to touch. The maid would smile, and say 'Touch them yourselves, it will be just as good as if I did it.'"

Now this is scarcely characteristic of a self-inspired enthusiast, but it is exactly the language of what is called a saint.

It would indeed have been a natural dream for a young soldier to have had; but it is to say the least, a remarkable extension of the introspective faculty that Joan should not only have dreamed of a way of life that was utterly alien to her character, but that she should have succeeded in that way, where professionals had failed.

3. A third difficulty lies in the extraordinary series of coincidences that seems to have accompanied her progress. I am aware that at this distance of time, and remembering also the comparative carelessness of medieval reporters, this will not seem a strong argument; yet it is one that

must not simply be set on one side. The instances of her fulfilled predictions are too numerous to quote: one or two only can be given here.

"While I was at Tours or Amiens," she relates at her trial, "I sent to seek for a sword in the church of St. Catherine of Fierbois, behind the altar; and presently it was found, all rusty. . . . It was a rusty sword in the earth, with five crosses upon it, and I knew of it through my voices. I had never seen the man who went to look for it. I wrote to the churchmen of Fierbois, and asked them to let me have it, and they sent it. It was not deep in the earth; it was behind the altar as I think, but I am not certain whether it was in front of the altar or behind it. I think I wrote that it was behind it. . . . The man who brought it was a merchant of Tours, who sold armour. The clergy of Fierbois gave me a sheath; the people of Tours gave two, one of red velvet, one of cloth of gold, but I had a strong leather sheath made for it."

A further prediction of hers, actually written down a fortnight before the event, concerned the fact and the exact nature of a wound that she received.

And both these little incidents are interesting. Both rest on evidence far greater than that which we have any right to expect; they are not particularly sensational, both are extremely explicit, and, should either or both of them have been false, nothing would have been easier than to prove them so, by those whose object it was at her trial to shake her credibility. To call them both *clairvoyance* is to label them—nothing more. It is not to pigeon hole them away with those subjective faculties on the existence of which the subliminal theory depends.

So far, then, it seems to me that while the subliminal theory is the only

* 1141.

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refuge left to the denier of the supernatural, for the explanation of Joan, yet that it is an instance of it that demands a good deal of credulity. We have to postulate a union of the practical and the subjective in one person, practically unparalleled in history, an exercise of subjectivity clean contrary to its own inclination, and a series of coincidences that are certainly remarkable. Further, we have to remember that it is not usual to find a person of strongly-developed subjective powers answering verbal traps and subtleties with the really brilliant skill which this girl showed when on her trial. If her story is really an illustration of what certain modern scientists set forward as the one explanation of what has hitherto been known as the supernatural, it is a wonder that she is not made more prominent in their writing; for her life comprises a series of phenomena to which it is impossible to find a parallel elsewhere. It appears to me that in the history of Joan we have exactly those two elements—expectedness and unexpectedness both at once—expectedness in the appearance of her visitors, under the guise that would appeal to a girl's imagination and elicit her act of will, and unexpectedness in the amazing nature of the mission to which she was called, and which she actually accomplished.

Let us turn now to the Christian's view of her, and set out simply and briefly the difficulties and advantages of his position.

First, however, let me repeat that it is not my purpose to discuss his theory of the universe, any more than I have discussed the tenability of the subliminal argument. I merely state both alike. And my argument is that, granted the tenability of both theories, the Christian best satisfies the conditions required.

The Christian holds that there is a Supreme Intelligent Being, who guides the destinies of this world, and Who since He is infinite, can pay as much attention (if I may put so) to the fortunes of a country in a certain age, or even of a single soul, as to the solar system. To imagine less than this is to conceive Him as merely Very Great.

Further, the Christian holds that there are certain heavenly beings, human and angelic, through which the Divine Energy is exercised.

Further, that the designs of the Supreme Being are, very often, extraordinarily different from what at any given moment we may conceive them to be. We know that is the object of God to promote morality and truth, to aim at the complete well-being of man; and that in this process (while, commonly natural laws suffice), occasionally supernatural interposition is required. It seems, then, perfectly natural to the Christian that in times of crisis, if the freedom of human will is to be preserved, extraordinary and unusual powers will be brought to bear, that manifest (at least so far as we know nature) undoubted movements of the supernatural.

As regards the historical difficulty—by which I mean the difficulty of understanding why France at that age was at a greater crisis than is England in our own—I have nothing to say.

I no more pretend to be privy to Divine secrets than I claim to explain why Catholic Ireland is in a distressful state and Catholic Belgium exceedingly prosperous, or any more than I can attempt to criticise a building until I have seen the plans. It is only possible to say that England at that time threatened the peace of Europe in an unusual degree, and that her discomfiture under Joan was to the benefit of the civilised world. However, this

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proves nothing.

I suppose the commonest argument against the supernatural thesis in this respect is the fact that the heavenly beings concerned appeared to Joan in exactly the guise in which she would have expected them—at least, so far as she has left to us any account of them at all. St. Michael was in armour, and so forth.

But—(I ask it in all humility)—would it have been wise or prudent for them (on the Church's thesis that it was they who came)—to have been totally unrecognisable, if they wished to accomplish their object? Of all shallow arguments against the supernatural, that appears to me to be the shallowest, which finds fault with the Heavenly Powers (and indeed to argue from it that they cannot be heavenly) for condescending to man. I leave out of the discussion altogether the further question as to whether it is not probable that those sensible appearances which Catholics believe to belong respectively to heavenly beings, actually do not correspond to spiritual attributes, and to be, in fact, those very attributes translated into terms of form, colour and space. On the Church's thesis it was the desire of God, through created instruments, to move a peasant girl to His Will. Is it not exactly what we should expect, that Michael and the rest should come to her "as they are painted in the churches." My only astonishment is that they displayed, as it was, such excellent taste in their costumes and deportment.

A second argument that I have heard advanced against this application of the Christian thesis, is that Joan herself wavered when face to face with death and imprisonment, and even half yielded to the suggestion that "her voices had deceived her." Well, if any serious critic advanced such an

argument, I could only cease to believe him serious: for he could possess neither head nor heart. His knowledge of human nature must be very slight, if he has not experienced case after case of persons whose deepest and most justifiable convictions grew tremulous in face of pain or death—and his heart must be of the coldest who has not suffered that agony himself. Figure to yourself Joan—a pious girl of less than twenty years old—faced by the unwavering condemnation of that Church which as a Catholic she was persuaded to be the infallible organ of God's Revelation. It is perfectly true that her ecclesiastical judges exceeded their powers in attempting to compel her, by the authority of the Church, to renounce "private revelations" that touched neither faith nor morals—yet how was she to know that point of theology? To her it must have seemed that Divine Authority gave the lie to Divine Authority; that her bishop and St. Michael contradicted one another. It was indeed by a brilliant intuition that she appealed to the Vicar of Christ; but this appeal, too, utterly unjustifiable, was refused to her. Is it any argument that in the agony of this apparent dilemma she should have been strongly tempted to deny that which seemed to her most certain; And, after all, in the yet greater agony of death she was satisfied.

Let me quote, partly indeed to illustrate my point, and partly also, I am afraid, that I may have the pleasure of quoting a description both of the internal conflict and the exterior scene, that seems to me exceptionally beautiful.

"When the flames first reached her," writes the same biographer of Joan, from whom I have just quoted, "she cried for holy water.

Then, her streaming smoke-blinded eyes fixed upon the Divine pity of the great crucifix, the fire gaining upon her, ten thousand, awed to stricken silence, heard a piercing cry of joy peal out of that fearful cloud of smoke and crackling flame. 'St. Michael! St. Michael! Oh! my voices have not deceived me!' And then as Heaven opened, and agony failed and faded into rapture at the feet of the Beatific Vision, there was a sobbing murmur 'Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!'"

Finally I should like to say a word or two as to the inter-relations between the supernatural and the subliminal theory, and the possibility of combining the two in Joan's case.

It is taught by the advocates of the latter theory that between the subjective and the objective consciences there is a door, on the position of which depends the amount of communication possible. For example, one character forms habits more quickly than another, has frequent intuitions proved afterwards to be correct, is subject to vivid dreaming, and the like—in short, in such a person the door stands comparatively wide, and communication is easy and frequent. Another has none of those things, or in very slight degree. He is what is called practical, common sense, and hard-headed. Usually he has no artistic perception, no psychical efficiency, no quick insight. In such an one as this the door is almost wholly closed.

But, as Mr. William James points out somewhere, the fact that there is one such door, does not prove that there are not two—that there is not, I mean, besides this way of communication with the objective world in which we live, a way of communication with the spiritual world, in which Christians believe. Indeed, granted the truth of the subliminal theory at

all, as stated by such men as Myers and Hudson, it would seem that we have in it a suggestive mode of explaining one method of communication with what is called the supernatural.

Let us apply this to the case of Joan.

It may be granted at once that her visions were coloured to some extent by her education and expectancies; her saints came to her in the guise in which she would have hoped for them. Further, except on one occasion probably explainable by the energy of her own thought, these visions were not witnessed by any who were with her. In short, they were not physical in such a manner as to reflect light. Supposing then that the subliminal consciousness were a fact, I do not see why Christians cannot grant that her visions came to her through this means—and that her own character affected to some extent the manner in which they presented themselves; but that they were not for that reason generated by her mind. Mr. James points out that while a dome of coloured glass affected the light that falls upon the pavement, yet that it does not originate it.

Now the distinction between visions and self-suggestions is perfectly recognised by the Church. For centuries past there have been in existence amongst them various tests, and, for the most part very practical and sensible tests, by which intimations that truly come from the supernatural world are to be discerned from those originated by our own unconscious thoughts and predilections. The rules most generally known are those drawn up by St. Ignatius of Loyola in the 17th century; others, though these are concerned more directly with marvels of healing claimed as miraculous, are those laid down by Pope Benedict XIV. I cannot help thinking that any person, Catholic or non-Catholic, who will

take the trouble to study those formularies, will be unable to say any longer that ecclesiastical authorities are merely credulous and superstitious, and are unaware of the extraordinary manner in which self-deception is possible even on the part of well-meaning and devout persons.

This idea, then, of a combination of the subliminal and the religious theories, seems to me a possibility to those who are large-minded enough to allow that both may be true, and who have a evident prejudice at the same time towards one of them. For this theory, it seems to me, meets at any rate with tolerable satisfactoriness practically all the evidence we have at our disposal. On the one side the objective reality of the visions enables us to understand the air of inspiration with which Joan acted, and her exceptional sanity and decisiveness with regard to all practical questions. On the other side any possible discomfort that may be felt—though personally I confess that for the reasons I have given, I feel none—on account of the way in which the manner of her visions coincided with her own personality, may be met by allowing that her own character did co-operate in the mode of their presentation. Joan, according to this theory was indeed visited by heavenly beings, but those beings approached not merely from the void of which all of us understand so little, but through that door of her inner consciousness through which we hold individual communication with the unseen.

Yet, after all, when all is said, it is not this or that argument that causes men at the present day to deny the supernatural in the history of Joan : it is rather their fixed determination to

deny it in the history of man. Within twenty years from her death, another court had been held, this time under the express sanction of the supreme Christian authority upon earth, by which the ecclesiastical sentence on Joan was revoked, and her good name before men restored to her ; it is not merely that in recent years, as some assert, the political exigencies of France demand a counterblast from the Vatican, and that the peasant girl of Domremy as a convenient stalking horse, has suddenly aroused the interest of the Church. By 1455 it had become again a recognised fact that Joan had been visited by God, and supplied one more illustration, therefore, of the close relations between Heaven and Earth which Catholics maintain always to exist. And it is exactly this general position that is denied once more by the traducers, and still more, such kind patrons of Joan as M. Anatole France. "St. Michael does not exist ; or, at least, there is no evidence that he does ; therefore Joan did not see him. What, then, did she see and hear ? Ah ! it must have been the apple-blossom against the quick-set hedge ; and his voice the pealing of church bells. And her achievements and her unwillingness to go, and her shrewd practical mind, and her predictions, and her influence ? These were merely the result of a combination, rare indeed in history, yet occasional, as in the case of Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus, of Francis of Assisi, Teresa of Jesus and all the rest of them—a combination of circumstances, character, criticisms, falling in marvellous coincidence. One thing only is certain : that it could not have been St. Michael, because St. Michael does not exist, and miracles do not happen."



No. 6.—THE LIBRARY OF MR. G. A. AITKEN.

By HAROLD F. B. WHEELER, F. R. Hist. S.

IN the pageant of English literature there is no more lovable figure than that of Joseph Addison. His personality, if it does not entirely dominate the quarter of a century in which productions flowed from his mobile pen, adds lustre and grace to the period. Addison's writings remind one of the rich afterglow of an August sunset. Without the causticity of Swift or the grossness of Sterne, his essays are invariably in good taste. He penned them with "the milk of human kindness" rather than with ink. "Writers of great talents," he remarks, "who employ their parts in propagating immorality, and seasoning vicious sentiments with

wit and humour, are to be looked upon as the pests of society, and the enemies of mankind. They leave books behind them (as it is said of those who die in distempers which breed an ill will towards their own species) to scatter infection and destroy their posterity. They act the counterparts of a Confucius or a Socrates; and seem to have been sent into the world to deprave human nature, and sink it into the condition of brutality."

Dr. William Barry, the distinguished critic, has voiced much the same opinion in the present year of grace. He tells us that there is a "plague of unclean books" raging to-day, and he calls it "the

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ON THE

Day of the Funeral of her Royal Highness

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MASTER OF THE HEBREW ACADEMY,

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THE LIBRARY OF MR. G. A. AITKEN

Black Death."

Books good, bad, and indifferent as regards morals must necessarily find a place in an extensive collection such as that belonging to Mr. G. A. Aitken, but he specialises in the Essayists, of whom Addison must ever be regarded as the master craftsman. Mr. Aitken

has written much on literary subjects; indeed, his library began in the procuring of materials for his *Life of Richard Steele* (2 vols., 1889), and *Life and Works of Dr. John Arbuthnot* (1892). One wonders in how many cases necessity has been the "first cause" in the making of the bibliophile. Fortunately the utilitarian does not necessarily destroy enthusiasm, although it certainly has a tendency in that direction in

literary matters. With Mr. Aitken book-collecting has lost none of its early glamour, and if his library is chiefly of seventeenth and eighteenth century works his interest in English literature is catholic, for the shelves support early editions from Chaucer to the present day.

There is a personal touch about many of them. His copy of Lintot's edition of *Shakespeare's Poems* was given by Steele to his wife, but he apparently forgot to put her name in it. The good woman therefore wrote an

inscription herself, simple enough, but possibly meaning much: "Mary Steele, the gift of R. S." Close by are one or two of Steele's own works, which belonged to his daughter Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Trevor. Romance is about the last thing one associates with a borrowed volume,

indeed within its covers more often than not there is something reminiscent of tragedy from the owner's point of view, but this old tome of Swift's works, including *Gulliver's Travels*, was once in Wordsworth's library, and the borrower was Coleridge, who wrote on the fly-leaves a long criticism of *Houyhnhnms*.

Coleridge himself is well represented, including an uncut copy of *A Hebrew Dirge*

(1817), which was translated by him. I noticed a complete file of *The Friend*, the ill-fated periodical which he founded and ran for twenty-seven issues—a life three times as long as his first periodical venture, *The Watchman*.

But to return to Addison, whom I have left on his shelf to give a passing glance at neighbouring treasures. There are complete files of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Examiner*, and the whole galaxy of Addison, Steele, and Swift periodicals. Of considerable importance is No. 34 of *The St. James's*



Frontispiece of Marvell's
Miscellaneous Poems (1681)

Journal, containing the earliest version of Pope's celebrated satire on Addison.

Thirty-five years before the birth of Addison, the man whose gravestone in Westminster Abbey reads "O rare Ben Jonson" passed away. Bound up with the rare first folio of his works on large paper (1616) are large paper copies of three of his plays, printed in 1631, together with a general title page. The plays are *Bartholomew Fayre*, *The Steple of Nerves*, and *The Drvell is an Asse*. It is believed that only two other copies on large paper exist.

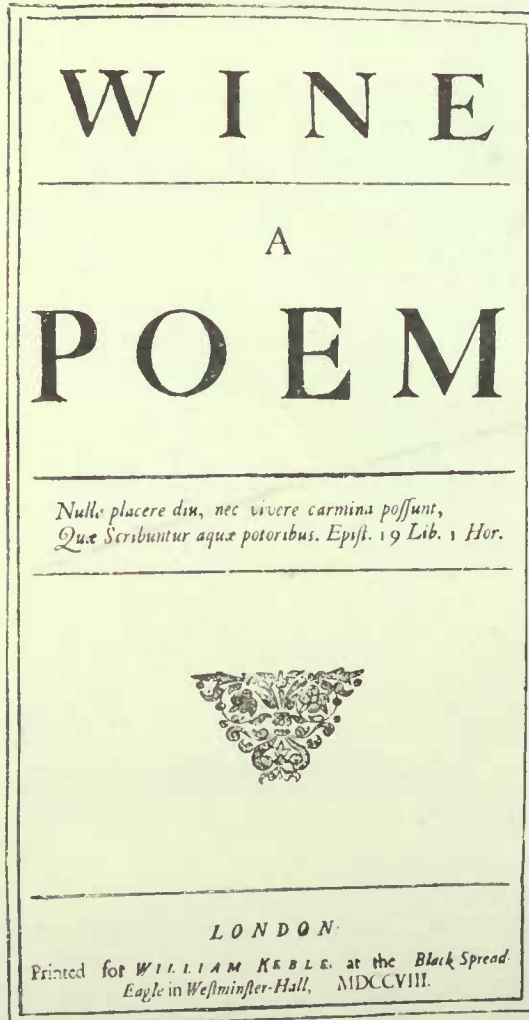
Receding further in chronology, Mr. Aitken's library contains many editions of *The Works of Chaucer*, including the undated issue circa 1550, and those of 1561 and 1598. One of these volumes probably belonged to John Stow, the editor and erstwhile tailor to whom James I. granted letters patent to collect "voluntary contributions and kind gratuities." On the old leather sides, which have been wonderfully preserved, are the initials I.S., and the "Prologue" has old woodcuts of the pilgrims from an earlier edition of

Pynson. Some of these plates were worn out and others lost. After printing a number of copies from them the leaves were cancelled and reprinted. This is one of the early copies, for in a very few only are the pictures to be found. The engravings of the Wife of Bath and of the Prioress are identical.

Marvell finds an honoured place. An uncut copy of his *Miscellaneous Poems* (1681) has as companion an extra-illustrated copy of *The Life of Andrew Marvell*, by Hartley Coleridge, published in 1835, with the address of a letter to his constituents franked by the member for Hull.

Of eighteenth century pamphlets and poems Mr. Aitken has a very large collection, rich in the works of Pope, Swift, Congreve and Prior; the Res-

toration dramatists, and Dryden in particular, are also well represented. The romances and political pamphlets of Defoe have a section to themselves, as they richly deserve. The many works of Samuel Daniel, poet, historian, and groom of the Privy Chamber to the Queen of James I., warrant



John Gay's *Wine a Poem*, of which there are but three copies extant

THE LIBRARY OF MR. G. A. AITKEN

more extended mention on account of their rarity. Of his erudite prose contribution, *The History of England to the end of the Reign of Edward III.*, Mr. Aitken is the fortunate owner of a large copy of the privately-printed edition (1612). Next to it is a large paper copy in the original vellum binding of his *First Four Bookes of the Civile Warres* (1595), which was purchased for eighteen-pence, followed by *The Poetical Essays of Sam. Danyel* (1599), in similar covers, and *The Whole Works of Danyel* (1623), to mention only a few of the more important.

John Gay's chief title to fame is, of course, his *Beggars' Opera*, which was a pioneer in its own particular line. His *Wine a Poem*, published anonymously in 1708, is but little known for the very good reason that there are but three copies extant. Uncut copies of his *Polly: an Opera, with Music of the Songs* (1729) are also rare.

A very scarce production of an entirely different character is *The Crowne of all Homer's Workes, Batrachomyomachia*,

by George Chapman, the exquisite frontispiece of which is reproduced herewith. It was issued in 1625, but is undated.

Among Swift's works which are not met with frequently are various broadsides, and *A Famous Prediction of Merlin*. But two uncut copies of the first edition of *Gulliver's Travels* are known to exist, and Mr. Aitken was fortunate enough to snap up one of them for a five pound note!

It was nearly midnight when the door of the beautiful old house, built during or soon after the reign of Queen Anne, closed softly upon this treasury of literature and left me in Church Row, Hamp-

stead, where Arbuthnot is said to have lodged when he came to Hampstead to drink the waters shortly before his death. Addison and Steele may have walked along this street many years ago, when they visited the Kit Cat Club at the Upper Flask Tavern, and for all I know, still wander there in the spirit.



Frontispiece of *The Crowne of all Homer's Workes, Batrachomyomachia*, by George Chapman. A very rare work issued in 1625.

THE
CHARACTER

OF

KATHARINE,

L A T E

*Duchefs of Buckinghamshire
and Normandy.*

By the late Mr. P O P E.



LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row*.

M. DCC. XLVI.

A Sacred Poem by Pope.



A Famous Prediction of *MERLIN*, the British Wizard, written above a Thousand Years ago, and relating to this present Year.

With Explanatory Notes. By T. N. Philomath.

AS T. Year was published a Paper of Predictions pretended to be written by
one *John Badier*.—Ergo that the true Deity of it was to Ridicule the Art
of Divination, viz. *Fortelling* and Vindicate himself as not *divinabile*.
The Language, viz. *Fortelling* and Vindicate himself as not *divinabile*.
For the present I say.

for the past few years. For a further vindication of this firm's art, I have thought fit to present to the world with the following Prophecy. It's Original is said to be of the famous *Mary*, who lived about a Thousand Years ago. And the following Translation is Two Centuries later. For it seems to be written near the End of *Now* the second. I found them in an Old Edition of *Thomas's Prophecies*, impudently at *London*.

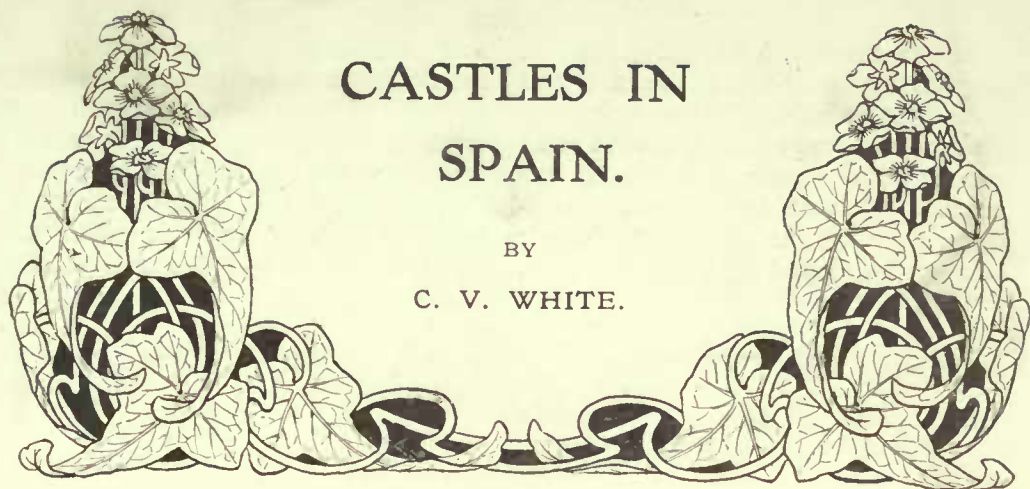
One of Swift's works which is not met with frequently.



LA FONTAINE (THE WOMAN DRAW-
ING WATER), from "Chardin." By per-
mission of Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

BY
C. V. WHITE.



TO sit in an arm-chair, blowing clouds of tobacco smoke into the air, with the rain drizzling outside, and to read in the beautiful flowing style of the authoress of this elegant book, interspersed as it is with artistic plates worthy of the artistic pen which describes them, is pleasure indeed to the cultivated Englishman. But with the pleasure there is a certain amount of pain—the pain of desire, the desire to take Maud Howe at her word and “not land alone and unwelcomed upon the shore of fabled Hispagna, now looming dim and blue upon the horizon, now growing distinct and green. Two great spirits, Cervantes and Velasquez, come to meet you ! Their hands are stretched out to you ; if you so elect, they will walk with you in all your wanderings, and with their help you shall know Spain.”

But who can think of Spain but of what Spain must think herself—the “lion couchant, head on paws,” the Hill of Tarik (Jebel Tarik) familiarly known as Gibraltar. The authoress, therefore, very properly lands us first on “the thorn in Spain’s side.” If ever there lived a Prometheus this must have been “the burning rock” to which he was chained. The climate, though delicious in December, writes the authoress, must be terrible in July.

No, Gibraltar is not a nice place when the black levanter blows, the clamminess comes into the air, and the stifling east wind takes the heart out of a man.

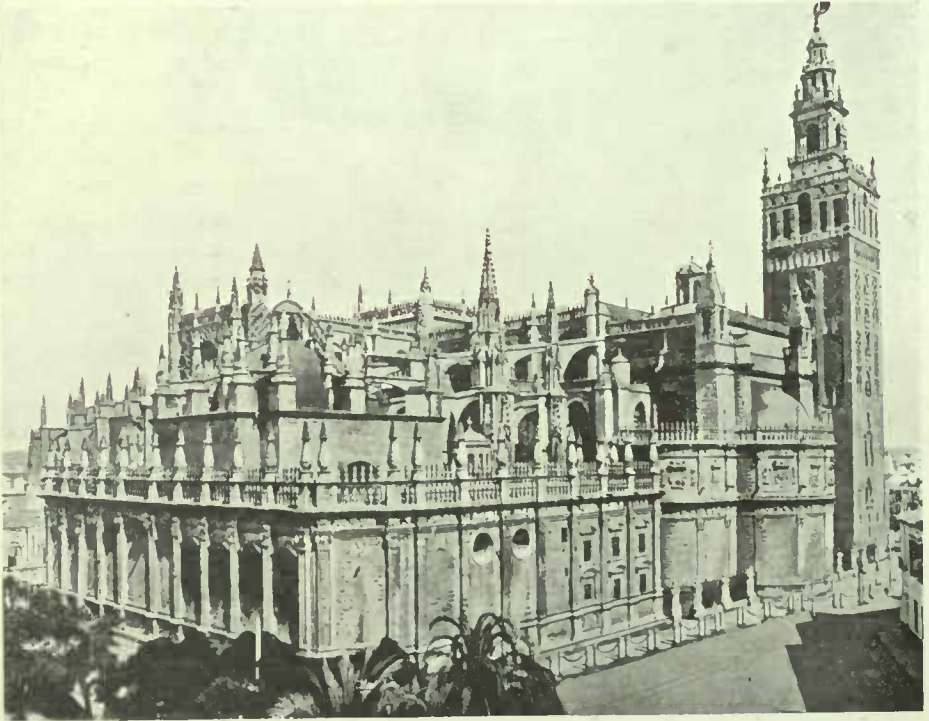
Having landed, it is found necessary to secure the services of a guide, and we are introduced to a character in “Old Scorp,” who rumbles out to visitors the words “I am the book,” “I am the *Century*,” “I am *Harper’s Magazine*,” meaning thereby that he has been mentioned in those periodicals. One of his common phrases, “You tip the hand,” makes us think that “Old Scorp” is very like some of our old acquaintances, who hang about outside our great railway stations in London.

After the perusal of interesting anecdotes in Maud Howe’s inimitable style of the Duke of Kent, the deceased father of our late Queen, General Eliott and the great siege, we leave the “Key to the Mediterranean,” and find ourselves breakfasting off dates from Morocco, drinking red Spanish coffee flavoured with cinnamon served under an arbor of Marechal Neil roses at Algeciras, where the Moors made such a brave stand in this “their last ditch.” The famous Chaucer, writing forty years later, describes a true knight as one who “had fought at Algecir.”

THE BIBLIOPHILE

Lunch time arrives and goes. A large melon is brought to the table and cut. "It is as if all the spices of Arabia had been let loose in this room." The clatter of the dishes has ceased. "Some one opened a window; from the garden came the music of a guitar, played by a master hand,

and multitudes of cornflowers; the mountains come to meet us, up we go, and on to Ronda, where a tiny old woman, the Sybil of Ronda, is waiting for us on the platform. Space does not allow for any description to be culled of the steep narrow steets, the Mina staircase, and the redoubtable



CATHEDRAL OF SAVILLE

a man's voice singing a song of Andalusia :

*' Me han dicho que tu te casas,
y así lo dice la gente,
todo será en un día
la casamiento y mi muerte.'*

Por Dios! I suddenly wake up to realise that the rain is coming in my casement, and some tactless boy is whistling a popular air beneath my window.

Algeciras is left behind; away we speed through thickets, through waves of poppies, daisies, pale green wheat

doors of old Ronda. After a short conversation with the Abbess at the Convent Chapel, the words "*Hasta luego*" are uttered, and Ronda becomes a dim speck on the horizon.

With "*Concepcion* sitting in the patio under a golden shower of yellow Bankshire roses," we find ourselves in Seville, a siren city. The writer asks "Was Rossini ever in Seville? Not that it signifies; he divined it all, if he did not see it. His creatures, Figaro, Rosina, Don Bartolo, are of the

CASTLES IN SPAIN

glorious company of its ghosts." Here is our first meeting with Gothic architecture in Spain. Of Seville Cathedral she says "the sweeping aisles, the steadfast columns, the soaring arches of that cathedral seemed elemental things, like their prototypes, the forest lanes, the giants of the primeval wood. We could almost feel the spring of pine needles under foot, smell the resin, see the sunlight striking through the tops of tall pines swaying together, arching the forest path." A place it is in which one feels "the artists, dead and alive, who have worked here," and here, indeed, I should say is the most befitting place for a being to be in communion with the great high God, surrounded by the spirits of illustrious men. There is a peculiar note of irony in the changing conditions of the fortunes of men. The crescent and the star are still to be seen over the Giralda, "the cross gleams red on the cathedral, Mary reigns in Mahomet's place, and her robe is worked in the arabesques of the Moors." With an understanding hand and poetical insight into human nature she writes of the present King on the eve of his marriage :

That night the King slept in the old palace of the Alcazar. Did he sleep? In the gardens the nightingales were singing to split their throats; palms and orange trees rustled, fountains whispered of things that might well keep a lover awake. Here in the old palace of the Moorish Kings lived the beautiful Maria del Padilla, beloved of Pedro the cruel. Here died the royal Moor, Abu Said, murdered by his host, Don Pedro, for his jewels. The rarest, the great spinel ruby, Pedro gave to Edward, the Black Prince. Henry V. wore it in his helmet at Agincourt,—to-day it glows in the front of England's royal crown. England, always England! How often, for good or evil, the fates of the reigning houses of Spain and England have intertwined!

"Ena," sang the nightingales; "Ena," rippled the fountain,—for the King was a lover. If he slept that night it must have been to dream of

the yellow hair and the blue eyes of the English princess who, one happy day, shall wander with him through the mazes, gather the roses of that matchless garden of the Alcazar.

Having been so long in the sun we pass, as we must inevitably do, into the shadow to taste of the trees on the other side of the garden. "An aged crone, a battered derelict on life's stream, drifted by, touching here and there at altar and at shrine, as at so many friendly ports. She came to anchor before our Lady of Good Counsel, and took out her rosary. At every *pater noster* she kissed her beads. Those pathetic, mumbling old lips must have had sore need of something to kiss. She pressed them over and over again on the cold grass that covered a little chromo of our Lady of Good Counsel, set conveniently low in the wall, for the kisses of the forlorn old lips that missed perhaps the warm cheeks of child or grandchild."

Time and space do not allow of more than mention of Cordova and its Mosque, Granada and the Alhambra, and Tangiers of which there is a beautiful coloured plate. The Capital next comes under notice and a visit is paid to the Prado. Of some of the great artists Maud Howe writes:—

The sixty-seven Velasquez pictures are all together in one room. They are admirably hung, in the chronological order they were painted, so that you can follow the painter's work from the beginning to the end. The impression produced is of a wonderful living autobiography. Every picture is a page on which you may read some momentous events in the artist's life. You trace his development from the Adoration of the Kings, the earliest picture, to St. Anthony the Abbot visiting St. Paul, perhaps the latest. It is an autobiography that cannot be read at a glance.

"Don Lius was right; it is only at Toledo that one can really understand El Greco. The religious pictures at the Prado had offended us. They had

THE BIBLIOPHILE

seemed the work of a madman. At Toledo one gets a true understanding of his original and extraordinary personality. He neither saw nor painted as other men see and paint. There was much that was morbid, something that was mad in his vision; but there was, besides, much that was sincere, honest and lucid. El Greco, who is now ranked as second only to Velasquez by many critics, by some as his equal if not superior, seems to have become so thoroughly saturated with the Spanish sentiment that, though his name is a constant reminder of his nationality, he is invariably spoken of as if he were in truth a Spaniard. The strange and wayward genius, who has so touched and influenced the imagination of Velasquez, of Sargent and so many other famous painters, was a true son of Hellas. To Greece belong his glory and his laurels."

Villegas was busier than ever, devising schemes for decoration, giving advice about a costume, receiving a distinguished visitor. He was continually summoned to the Prado to show the pictures to one or other of the wedding guests. Some days he hardly did more than look into the studio, where Cisera always had his brushes ready, and Angoscia, the model, waited sometimes all day, to pose for one little half-hour.

There are plates of Villegas' "The Dogaressa" and "The Death of the Matador." Maud Howe gives us an impressive scene of a bull-fighter, who in twenty-five years killed three thou-

sand five hundred bulls, standing before the picture of "The Death of the Matador."

He was silent a few minutes, looking down as if distressed; then he brushed back his hair with a spirited gesture and glanced again at the picture.

"Most of us end that way," he confessed.

From great pictures we come to witness the "Natural expression of the lust of life." Of Imperio, whom Villegas painted in her flower, Maud Howe says:—

The flexibility of her body was unbelievable. I can see now the little, little hands held over her wild head, the fingers snapping rhythmically, for the castanets were soon thrown away and her fingers themselves marked the measure to which she danced; the impatient tipping of the feet, the wild leaps in the air when she seemed to grow sullen, to tower above us and her own original self, and finally the abandon of her best pose, the final attitude; the head thrown back, the red lips parted, the gasping breath coming from between the small perfect teeth, the left arm down, the right arm thrown above her head, her whole body quivering with ecstasy of the dance—it was worth coming to Spain—just to see one of Pastora-Imperio's poses!

And now for farewell. Villegas hurries along the platform with a great sheaf of annunciation lilies, *adios* are said, and the good people of Hispagna cry "*Hasta otra vista*," and the train glides away, taking us out of the land of great artists, sweet melodies and myriad-coloured flowers.

"Sun and Shadow in Spain," by Maud Howe. Gay and Hancock. 12s. 6d. net.



BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

THERE is this great difference between the new and the antiquarian bookseller that whereas the former has his times and seasons like most other people who keep shops, the latter's even tenour goes on undisturbed. "His courses," as Charles Lamb would say "are perennial."

So though this is the dead season in the publishing world old book catalogues fail not—are in fact the more tempting because no rival challenges their appeal.

The Frankfurter Bücherfreund has always some good thing to read of even though the wonderful rarities which Herr Baer secures are beyond the average purse.

Early book illustration never loses its interest for the booklover and is a special feature of Herr Baer's lists. A fine Heures on vellum (Brunet, Heures No 233) coloured after the manner of the older MS. service books is priced 1600 m.

Fine examples of Durer, The Apocalypsis Johannis of 1511 (Procter, 11002) and B. Hieronymus Epistolæ of 1497 (Hain-Copinger 8565) are marked 900m. and 500m respectively.

But Herr Baer has books for all purses and the up-to-dateness of his lists is well exemplified by his July list No. 567 which deals with Aviation and contains some three hundred items on the subject.

Subject catalogues with good reason are becoming increasingly the vogue. Mr. Rimell's latest deal with Art and

Topography. In the former are a fine set of Ackermann's Repository marked at £44 and a remarkable assemblage of the much-sought-for books on costume. Racinet, Lacroix, Mercuri, Townsend, Pyne, Leigh and Bunbury are a few of the names and Hull's superb "Costume of the British Army" a perfect copy is priced £100. The beautiful Godard 1517 Heures, illuminated, £21, Kalthoeber's Biblia 3rd edition, finely illuminated, £9 9s., Perelle's Views of Old Paris £18. Rowlandson's Volunteers—a most desirable book—£26 10s., his "Cries of London," £5 15s. 6d., a fine copy of the Boydell Shakespeare £21, are other interesting items. The topography list is not less important and every English County is represented by scarce and desirable works.

The catalogues of Mr. James Thin, both second-hand and remainder, never lack interest.

No. 161 has an exceptional collection of books relating to Mary Queen of Scots as its *clou*. The items number seventy, and include the first edition of Blackwood's "Martyre de la Royne d'Escosse, Donairière de France," five guineas, and Foster's "Concerning the true portraiture of Mary Queen of Scots," £4 10s. M. Thin also issues separate lists of second-hand books on law and theology.

The specialities of Mr. Maurice, of Bedford-street, Strand, are his well-known fine sets and extra-illustrated books; Sowerby, third edition, fifteen

THE BIBLIOPHILE.

guineas ; "The Centenary Carlyle," £7 10s. ; a set of Hissey's "Coaching Works," first editions, £12 17s. 6d. ; a set of the "Three Tours of Dr. Syntax," £16, may represent the one ; Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of George Cruikshank," with 180 illustrations, six guineas ; Thackeray's Essay on the Genius of Geo. Cruikshank, with 100 etchings inserted, £5 10s. ; Mrs. Delany's Autobiography, the six vols. expanded to twelve, with four hundred and fifty illustrations, £35 ; "The Table Talk of Saml. Foote," with 100 added illustrations, £6 6s. ; Mr. Birrell's "Life of Hazlitt, with ninety engravings, £4 4s., represent the other speciality.

Messrs. Browne and Browne, of Newcastle, have several most desirable items in their list. A Mozart score, with his autograph, £5 ; Boydell's "History of the River Thames" £14 ; Visscher's "Atlas Contractus Orbis Terrarum," the first book with a view of New York, £25 ; the first London Edition of Burns, £3 3s. ; Euphues' Anatomy of Wit, 1581, £20 ; Mudford's Waterloo, with Cruikshank's illustrations, £18 ; are a sufficient indication of the quality of this list.

Mr. Meehan of Bath offers a remarkable collection of Authors' presentation copies. Lola Montez, and Hannah More, are incongruously brought together here, and Sir Robert Ball's "Ice Age" is in the company of Talfourd's "Ion."

Works by or relating to Dr. Saml. Johnson, Napoleon, Cardinal Newman and Bernard Shaw, form in each case an important collection.

Another speciality of M. Meehan is Bath and Somersetshire Bibliography.

The *bonnes bouchées* of Mr. Frank Holling's last list includes a complete set of the first editions of the Waverley Novels, marked £120 ; a remarkably fine copy of the first edition of Endy-

mion, £45, which is six pounds less than a similar copy fetched at Sotheby's last July, and the two volumes of Elia, first editions, £27 10s. ; the first edition of Swinburne's "Laus Veneris," £15 15s. ; and a quite remarkable set of Tennyson first editions, Poems—chiefly lyrical—Effingham Wilson, 1830, £22 ; Poems, Moxon, 1833, £20 ; and Poems, 2 vols., Moxon, 1842, £8 16s., all in the original boards ; a copy of the last in calf is priced £2 5s.

Rare Dickens' items include a fine copy of Pickwick, in the original parts, £24, and a companion copy of Martin Chuzzlewit, £5 15s.

Mr. Commin, of Exeter, has a fine collection of entomological works in his July list, and some desirable books on sport. Of the former, "The Transactions of the Entomological Society of London," a complete set, £42 ; the Entomologist, complete set, £14 10s., and a complete set of the Entomologist's Monthly Magazine, £18 10s., are examples.

A presentation copy of Beckford's Thoughts on Hunting, first edition, 1781, £5 5s. ; and the first six vols. of "The Annals of Sporting," £6 15s., have special interest.

Other noteworthy items are to be found under the headings of Bewick, Combe, Devon—a large section including many important works. The Garden, a complete set of this fine magazine, £7 10s. ; Leland's Itinerary and The Roxburghe Library, a complete set, £2 18s. 6d.

From Messrs. Robson and Co., of Coventry Street, Piccadilly, comes a small and most select catalogue of a couple of dozen items, sixteen of which are fine illuminated Horæ, and the rest remarkable examples of early printing.

The Horæ vary in price from £95 to £350.

BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

A fifteenth century Italian missal, finely illuminated, and in the original Venetian binding, is priced £185.

One of the most remarkable Horæ is English of Sarum use of the early 15th century. This, which has sixteen full-page miniatures of great excellence, is marked £200. Included in the catalogue is a splendid example of Godard's Heures on vellum, £155; also a practically unique Abecedarium of four leaves in Latin, with French rubrics, perhaps the oldest school book of its kind in existence, £120.

A very practical and tempting catalogue is that sent out by Messrs. Wm. Brough and Sons, of Birmingham. Sets of useful remainders occur frequently. Fielding, in a finely-printed edition of eleven volumes, is £2 17s. 6d. Fenimore Cooper, in thirty-two vols., £2 2s.; and Emerson, in twelve vols., for a sovereign; Oliver Wendell Holmes, in ten volumes, 9s. 6d. Finely-bound sets of Thackeray, at £8 8s.; and Whyte Melville at £6 10s., are also typical of the list.

Messrs. E. Parsons and Sons appeal strongly to the book-lover who has a leaning to art. Their lists catalogue fine works on Architecture, Decoration, and Handbooks on Art, but they have also fine old and modern bindings and most desirable books. Egan's Life in London is priced 25 guineas. Several beautiful 18 century French books are catalogued on list 263.

A special copy of Thomson's Seasons with twenty original water colours as illustrations, and a printed fore-edge in contemporary morocco, is ten guineas.

Costume books are numerous. A notable item is Captain Hamilton Smith's "British Military Costume of the Army," 1815, 40 guineas. A rare book, though on another subject, is Kenrick's "The British Stage or Literary Cabinet," Marshall, 1817-1822, six vols., 65 guineas. Several MS. Horæ are included at very moderate prices.

Volumes of Portraits and Artists' works also form considerable classes.

Mr. Hitchman, of Birmingham, is well known for high-class art books, and he specialises in the best remainders in this line. Gould's Birds of Great Britain, with walnut showcase, 65 guineas; Ackerman's Oxford and Cambridge Universities, £30; Sowerby's English Botany, 17 guineas; Nash's Worcestershire, 12 guineas; Shaw's Herefordshire, 14 guineas, are among the more important works in his latest list.

Allan Fea's Charles I., for £1 12s.; Ditchfield's City Companies of London, for 10s.; Dawe's George Morland, edition de luxe, £3 17s. 6d., are bargain offers.

Mr. Robert Forrester, of Glasgow, issues a very chaste and modest list, with many moderately priced items of interest. The first Newcastle-on-Tyne edition of Burns, 1811, a guinea; The Dictionary of National Biography for £27. A useful set of the Chamberlaine Holbein portraits, 1828, £7 10s. A well-selected lot of Kelmscott press books, among which is "The Sundering Flood," on vellum, £12 10s.

A first edition of Allan Ramsay's Poems, 25s., may be quoted.



ULLSWATER

TRAVEL FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

BY W. L. MUGLISTON.

THE time of the year is now upon us when book-lovers, students and workers of all kinds are reminded by Nature of an absolute rest from work.

Minds are exercised where the holiday shall be taken, and Bradshaw is carefully studied.

It is remarkable how golf has become an important factor in places of holiday resort. Conversation at table d'hôtes from North Berwick to Budleigh Salterton centres round golf, and the Finance Bill for the moment is forgotten.

The motor car has come to stay and the grit of the pedestrian is as good as ever, but the railways play now, as they always will do, the most important part of the game, and the management, after a long study, has shewn itself equal to the occasion.

If the mind is carried back to July, '41, when Mr. Thomas Cook organized the first publicly advertised excursion train from Leicester to Loughboro', to the present innumerable facilities for all kinds of travel at reduced fares, one is simply lost in amazement. Alliances have been made with steamers, coaches and hotels, new hotels of the most modern type having been built and the last word of luxury and convenience one would think spelt in

making palatial hotels and hydros to fit the convenience of the traveller.

Through services not hampered with intermediate stops are provided for the long-distance traveller.

Dining, restaurant, and sleeping cars meet every requirement. All that the holiday seeker has to do is to make up his mind where his holiday shall be spent and to transfer himself and his family and impedimenta to the railway companies. To facilitate travelling, luggage can be collected, sent on in advance and delivered at the journey's end.

Of course the antiquary and the devotee of fashion don't want to stay at the same place, but the spot required for all, whether invalids or athletes, can easily be found.

Look for a moment at the railway literature, the time tables, the guides, the lodging-house lists, the maps, and the wonderful illustrations of special scenery, and all your needs lie before you.

By the Midland you are carried to that wonderful district of health resort the Peak of Derbyshire, to the Isle of Man, Lake District, Ireland, Scotland, and innumerable seaside and inland holiday resorts. The pleasures of a railway journey through England are accentuated by magnificent views no

SUPPLEMENT OF TRAVEL

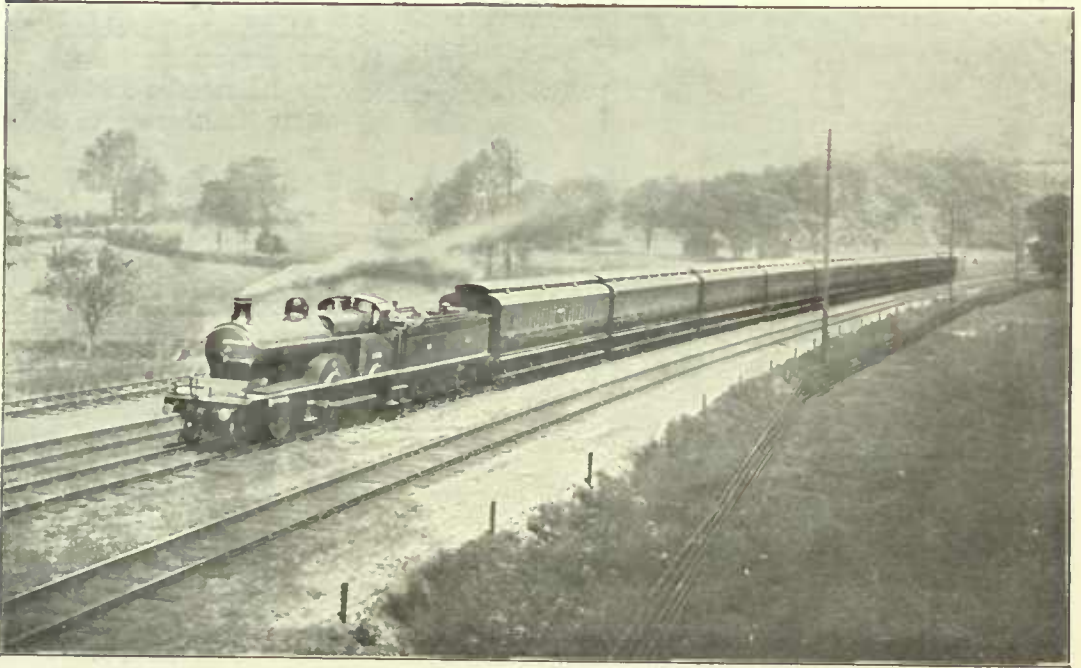
less than by the creature comforts provided, and by the lavish attention of an experienced staff everything is done to minimise fatigue and drive away ennui. You may, if you will, strike off to the West and South-West of England. Malvern, Cheltenham, Bath and Bournemouth are easy of access, and at Bristol you join the luxurious train services to the beauty spots of Devon and Cornwall.

tomed home life.

If it is change, rest or air, which is an absolute tonic you require, make up your mind says the G. W. guide to go to Brittany

The book is written in French and English, and letter-press, maps and illustrations are excellent.

It is not possible in the compass of this short article to give details of the



MIDLAND EXPRESS

The Great Western Company's travel books have become extremely popular and are well described as an essential part of the equipment of every traveller and holiday maker. The last issue "Beautiful Brittany" opens up new ground.

You are told that nowhere does a heartier welcome await the British traveller than in Brittany, where a week or a month may be spent at a cost, which is almost nominal and amidst scenes which present a striking contrast to our accus-

Brittany beauties.

Noble cathedrals, quaint old-world customs, a simple and pious folk are only a few of the attractivenesses of this most beautiful part of beautiful France.

For those who would go further there is fair Touraine, Orleans with its memories of Jeanne d'Arc, and all the wonderful old chateaux which carry the mind back to the days of romance.

Enough has been said in another place of the old abbeys and old halls

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of Yorkshire and the lovely seaside and inland health resorts.

The Furness Railway makes special appeal to the seeker for the unspoilt beauties of Nature. It was not for nothing that Wordsworth and Southey made their home here, that Ruskin the passionate lover of the beautiful chose to end his days here.



SKELWITH FALLS

How lovely Lakeland is and how variously lovely too is seen in the widely differing scenes which accompany this article.

Grasmere is poetry itself, Skelwith Falls in wild untamed force and the little cut of Ullswater at the head of this article has in its few inches all the primal elements of the picturesque.

The South Western health resorts

with equable and enjoyable temperatures are easy of access. Either from Waterloo or Templecombe you are taken by quick trains to Bournemouth Swanage, Weymouth, Sidmouth and Plymouth.

You have the choice of three forests, New, Exmoor and Dartmoor. You are within touch of the beauties of the Isle of Wight and the Channel Islands.

Affording a more bracing atmosphere there are Ilfracombe and its sister health resorts of never failing interest. Lynton, Lynmouth, Barnstaple, Bideford, Westward Ho, Clovelly and innumerable other beauty spots.

Good wine, we are told, needs no bush, and as long as the world stands the attractions of North Wales will render the place unique as a holiday country. A Guide, which gives an exhaustive account of the district, is published by the L. & S. W. Co.

No greater test of the large growth of holiday travel than be given by comparing the small beginnings of Messrs. Cook & Son with their

present establishment at Ludgate Circus, and their ramifications and agencies all over the civilized world. Wherever you want to go you have only to step into one of their splendidly organised offices and your journey, expenditure, hotel requirements, and banking needs can be all arranged for you in a few moments with scarcely any trouble or anxiety on your part.



By CLAUDE V. WHITE.

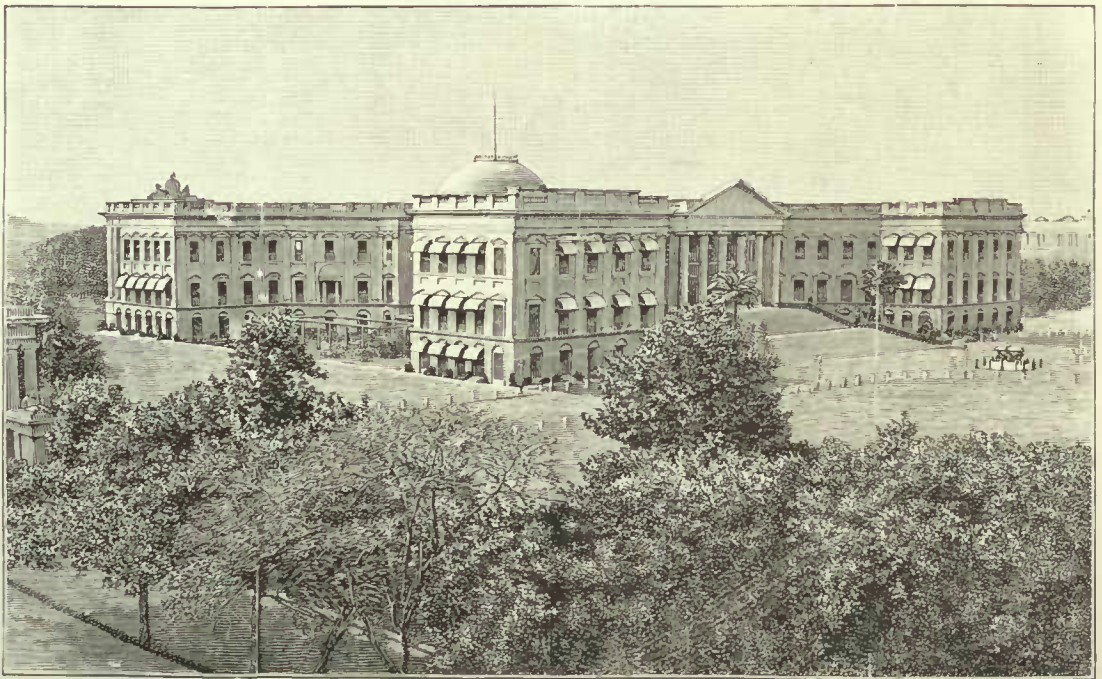
Ship me somewhere east of Suez,
Where the best is like the worst;
Where there ain't no ten commandments,
And a man can raise a thirst.

Kipling,

TO-DAY we are on the eve of great and drastic changes to be witnessed in the East. Public attention

over the huge continent of Asia, and time alone can tell what England's future position will be with regard to India and her other possessions in the East.

Since the East Indies came under



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA

By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

has been drawn to all parts of Asia; Turkey, Persia, Japan, Korea, and our own great peninsula, have all recently come into prominence. It is hailed by some as a great awakening. The cry of reform is echoing

the British rule another power has arisen—a power, be it to its credit, which has made in our own time enormous strides all along the line.

The Tokio correspondent of the *Times* writes that the Japanese are

becoming increasingly indignant at the failure of China to answer Japanese communications on the various points at issue between the two countries. The newspapers declare that Japan, while anxious for a friendly settlement, cannot exercise unlimited patience. They urge the Government to wait no longer. A message from the Peking correspondent printed in the same paper explains the unfortunate lethargy of China. Prince Ching, the President of the Chinese Foreign Office, has persistently ignored his duties, and has not visited the office for years. He accords rare audiences to the representatives of the Great Powers at his private house,—on an average less than one audience yearly. The dismissal of Yuan-Shi-Kai, who did enlightened and industrious work in Chinese foreign affairs, may soon prove to have been a very expensive act.

England has never been wanting for her Disraelis and her Clives. In Lord Morley we have a man in whom the State has every confidence. He has a difficult task before him, holding as he does the fate and destiny of three hundred millions of our fellow subjects in his hands. It is not generally known that there are one hundred and forty-seven distinct languages in India recorded as current. A great deal has been said of sedition and rebellious agitations in India of late, and it is pleasing to hear from authorities on the subject that only a few of the two-hundred and thirty-two millions of people in British India, and the vast numbers in the native States, are in any way imbued with disloyal sentiments.

At the present moment England is mourning the loss of one of her distinguished men in the cruel assassination of Sir Curson Wylie. England is not only the loser, but India has been bereft of one of her best and noblest friends. The fate of the man,

who committed this horrible deed, has drawn a letter from Mr. W. T. Stead. He says that "as Dhingra carried his political madness to homicidal lengths his proper place is Broadmoor . . . I venture, therefore, to submit that considerations of justice, policy, and mercy justify the commutation of Dhingra's sentence."

India is again recalled to the public mind by the loss we have sustained in the death of Lord Ripon. The late Marquis, blest with a long life, lost no time, and he has gone to a well-earned rest after a brilliant career full of useful activities. During sixty years of his life he fought his way to the top, and in him England has to record in the pages of history another of her noble sons.

It may be said by the superficial that such things as these do not quite come within the province of such a paper as *The Bibliophile*. But those, who know anything concerning books, are aware that passing events and certain happenings are responsible, by virtue of the influence they exercise, for most of the great works published to-day. Knowing how important the Eastern question is becoming, we have, as will be noticed from our reviews this month, specially endeavored to obtain all works published during the past month relating to the subject. In forming this bibliography on the East We have been careful not to omit books on religion, which has played such a significant part in the history of the world.

One of the first books to come under our notice is "India," by J. Keir Hardie, M.P. A short time ago he paid a visit to that great country where he spent two months. Most of that time, he tells us in his little book, "was occupied either in travelling or in interviewing officials or representative men of all stations in life and of

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all creeds, castes, and classes." This experience led him to certain conclusions, which he sets forth in this book. To write a book on such a vast country as India when one has "neither claim nor desire to pose as an authority on India and its affairs," after a few weeks' sojourn in the country, is to say the least hazardous. He has given us some astonishing figures. The amount of taxes, he writes, raised direct from the peasant is from 50 per cent. to 65 per cent. of the value of the yield of the land, in

are the noble endeavours of many Englishmen, who have gone out to a cruel climate, to be thrown away for perhaps some foreign power to step in and reap the laurels of England's labours, and exercise perhaps a severe and most likely a cruel hand over the people of India? It is only fair to state what England owes to Islam, but what do the people of India owe to us? If the day ever comes when British rule does no longer sway over India the interests of the Moslem races are lost irretrievably.

Mr. Keir Hardie asks many times through his little book for self-government for India. "Our whole system of government in India," he writes, "rests upon the assumption that its people are either unfit or unworthy to be trusted with even the semblance of self-government."

On page 84 :

What I am trying to convey is that the people of India are fit to be trusted with such a large measure of self-government as would give them effective control over their own affairs and generally reduce British interference to the same limits as are exercised over the colonies in Australasia or South Africa.

Has Mr. Keir Hardie

taken into consideration the vast difference between the people of Australasia and South Africa and the people of India? We have said above that there are one hundred and forty-seven distinct languages in India recorded as correct.

Now and again he relieves us of his biting criticism of the Government of India with a little description of places, men and things. He gives us the following impression of the holy city of Hinduism :

The glorious sun, the majestic buildings, the weird, sad



SONEPUR FAIR

By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

addition to which they have to pay local cesses and various other small items, so that probably not less than 75 per cent. of the harvest goes in taxes.

It is horrible to contemplate what would happen if England lost her hold on India. The conflict between the races would be appalling, and those who had been the bitterest against British rule would be the first to cry out for help from England. It has taken fifty years of laborious work to build up the fabric. Is this to be ruthlessly wasted, and

music and clang of bells from the temples, and the monotonous chants of the devotees; the minarets, towers, and domes, some plated with gold, others of brown and white stone; the varied architecture, from the ancient Jain to the modern Hindu; the moving myriads of brown figures clad in bright-coloured, loose-flowing garments, the women laden with ornaments, rings hanging from the ears and the nose, with bangles innumerable encircling arms and ankles, and rings on fingers and toes—these, with the beggars and devotees, made up a medley of sights and sounds which photographed itself on the memory in a way never to be erased.

He gives us a good description of Calcutta on a Sunday afternoon in the stifling heat. Through the late Mr. W. H. Lee we have a translation of the song *Bande Mataram*, of which he says :

I had heard and read much concerning the "seditious" song *Bande Mataram*, and was therefore only too pleased when a gentleman present consented to sing it.

The tune he goes on to say "was a weird wailing chant." The first two lines read :

My Motherland I sing,
Her splendid streams, her glorious trees, . .

It is a difficult thing to say what a seditious song exactly is. We should say that it is not the language or the words of the song which make it seditious, but rather the effect it has upon the people.

Mr. Keir Hardie thinks that our Government of India is "bureaucratic in form, . . . harsh and exacting in all its relations towards the people. To the heads of departments the people of India are but so many seeds in an oil-mill, to be crushed for the oil they yield." He says in another part of his book that "there is abundant evidence to justify the belief that the condition of the Indian peasant has worsened under British Rule." In burning words he writes :

Plague then, is, in the main, due to hunger, and it is a condition of things for which our system of governing India must be held directly responsible.

The real rat plague, then, in India, is poverty, and the flea which spreads the disease is the Government.

These are most inopportune statements, addressed to a Government struggling to control a most difficult country, and published at a time when every endeavour is being made

to keep peace among the natives. After praising the natives highly, he goes on to say that "they (the natives) are, if anything, too loyal." Does Mr. Keir Hardie really ask us to believe that a people so cruelly oppressed, are loyal—"too loyal" to their oppressors? Men are men all the world over, and it is not human in men to love those who illtreat them; for to be loyal one must have a certain amount of love. It is on this great misunderstanding of human nature that the Socialism advanced by himself and his colleagues falls to the ground. He seems to forget that in our days there are few men who, if they had two loaves, would sell one and buy lilies. Mr. Keir Hardie also seems oblivious of the fact that all governments are composed of men, and we must not forget that Diogenes went out into the world to find a *vir*, and failed. Even the Greek Gods wrangled between themselves!

He dwells upon the starving condition of many of the natives of India. There are men, women and children starving in London, starving in Paris, in fact all over the civilised globe. How many are there only within a short distance of Mr. Keir Hardie's residence here in London, who could not be too glad to scramble for a few grains of rice? Again, what an appalling book could not an Indian native write on a two month's tour, say in the Black Country of this merry England of ours.

Mr. Keir Hardie writes strongly on the question of the colour line, but this is the same "all the world to nothing." Even the natives of India have their castes exactly as we have our class distinctions in civilised Europe. Everyone will agree with Mr. Keir Hardie that the Government of India needs much improvement, and Lord Morley himself is strongly in favour of reforms in India. But a

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book such as this, full of bitter words against the Government of India, published at a price within reach of everybody, and perhaps to-day being sold among the natives of India, and also finding purchasers among our enemies in all parts of the world, is not making for the advancement of our great Empire. It is, if anything, taking off the polish of the brightest jewel in the British Crown.

Who by the Ganges' bank each early morn
Bedecks his images and shrines with flowers,
But, ere his votive offerings are outworn,
Returns to evil through succeeding hours ;
To him Great Brahma lends an unheeding ear,
Who should be sought in trembling and in fear.

In the Chancellor's Essay (1909) Mr. Herbert A. Smith, late Scholar of St. John's College, takes for his subject "The Influence of British Rule in India on Home Politics." It is a traditional requirement that Oxford prize compositions shall be printed, and this essay comes out at a very opportune moment. We congratulate the author upon its excellence. Seeing, what has gone before in the review above, it is interesting at this point to quote what Mr. Herbert Smith thinks of the Government of India : He says :

There is no need to deny that the Indian Administration, so far as one can judge from home, is conducted with great efficiency and above all with integrity ; in any case it is probably better than any of its numerous predecessors in India. But however this may be, it is a system for India, and it would be a grave danger if we allowed its principles to affect the government of the United Kingdom or any part thereof.

The wide difference between the moral, religious, and philosophical ideas of the East and the West has often been pointed out, and has not escaped the notice of Mr. Kipling.

What then asks the reader, as he takes up this little book, is the influence of British Rule in India on home

politics? In spite of the author's endeavour to set out upon his task with a positive conclusion, and the searching out for facts to vindicate his action he finds himself confronted with a negative one. The history of English politics during the three centuries of the Indian connection fails, in all but one brief period, to disclose any trace of the existence of such an influence. In order to show the actual extent of the influence he gives us an outline of the history of British India. The influence of India upon home politics ceases with the year 1784. This can



ON THE HOOGLY AT CALCUTTA

By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

be safely said when one is reminded that foreign policy has for the most part been kept almost entirely outside the sphere of English politics. The average voter knows little beyond his own duck-pond. Put a tax on his village pump and he will be up in arms in a moment, but as to a far away country like India he is quite satisfied to trust the Government of the day in dealings with foreign powers which affect our Empire of the East. The author takes an extract from Thornton

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in his preface to his *History of the British Empire in India* :

"Our magnificent Oriental Empire has never yet attracted that degree of attention which it merits, not less from its intrinsic importance than from the extraordinary circumstances under which it has been acquired . . . This state of the public mind with regard to India has often afforded a theme of regret or of remonstrance to the friends of both countries."

Mr. Herbert Smith then goes on to say that "it may be said with truth that an unusual number of members in the House of Commons are now for good or evil interested in India, and that the question of Indian reform has assumed a considerable importance."

Briefly why this influence has been so small is the great physical or geographical separation between India and England. There is, however, a greater and a deeper gulf that separates us. It is "not only geographical, but moral and spiritual as well." He also tells us that the Hindu aristocracy is probably equal in wealth, lineage, and social exclusiveness to any order in Europe; while it is far more aristocratic than the Europeans actually serving in India. Further, the constitutional relations between India and England are such as to keep the politics of the two countries as far as possible apart. The actual government of India is far too large and complicated a thing to be systematically controlled by a Minister in England. There is another reason: India is financially independent, and her administration makes no calls upon the English Chancellor of the Exchequer. How far it would be beneficial for India to come prominently into home politics is a doubtful question. Things might become far worse than they ever have been, but this is hardly a matter to be discussed now in a purely literary paper such as *The Bibliophile*. Nevertheless we cannot but take a deep interest in a country whose people have had such a brilliant reputation for art, science and literature. The true bibliographer can never let any movement

in India, however insignificant it may be, pass his ken without taking particular notice.

He has left his Golden Throne in India under the deep shade of the Himalayas; For he regards the people as his own offspring and wishes to promote their welfare in order that they may be as happy as the lotus in its natural element. His purpose is to personally pour the pure water of love on the people of the several provinces.

From a happy distance beyond the sea he has come through Assam accompanied by a large mounted Body-guard.

In this Royal Barge behold the illustrious politician of Imperial renown. He adorns the waters of the great lake of "Hainsavate," while on its banks the birds and flowers fill the air with song and fragrance.

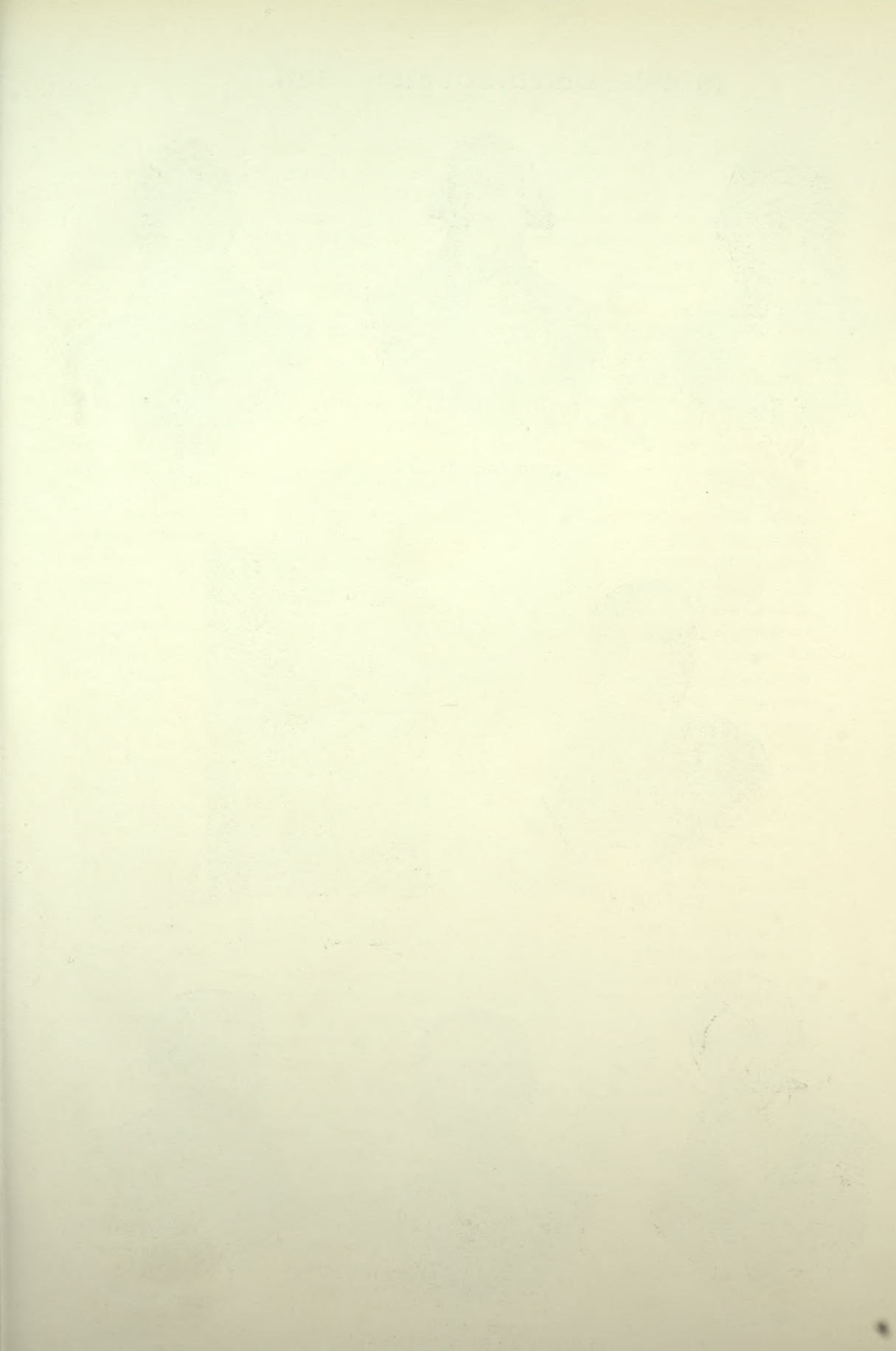
Oh! What a touching and picturesque scene this is.

Composed by S.A.Y.A. B.A., and sung by the boatmen towing the Royal Barge in which sat Lord Curzon, on the occasion of a visit he paid to Rangoon as Viceroy.

The more one reads of India the greater becomes the problem of how best to govern our great Empire in the East. Mr. Ian Malcolm, in his book entitled "Indian Pictures and Problems," has given us an interesting chapter on the Viceregal position. The old order in India is changing, yielding place to new. He says :

It is almost a truism to record the fact that India seems to be participating to the full in the desire for change, and, as some might say, progress, which is nowadays so distinguishing a feature in the social and political life of the Asiatic nations. The Home Government has certainly fostered this by its attitude and methods during the fierce controversy between the late Viceroy and his Commander-in-Chief; for it has lent the sanction of its authority and example to the idea that the Viceroy and his Council are no longer to be the supremely responsible arbiters and administrators of the fate of the Indian Empire, but rather the instruments by which the behests, or it may be the caprices, of a transient party leader installed at the India Office may be effectively carried out.

The supremacy of the civil authority has been seriously challenged by a brilliant soldier, with a limited experience of India. Much has been said concerning the partition of Bengal. There has no doubt been a great deal of liberty allowed, both to the speakers and to the press in Bengal. This has been brought about by a new spirit, which seems to have spread itself over the land, "born of partial instruction in democratic principles as carried out in the West, and of a first contact with British advisers of a younger generation schooled in the ways of democratic thought." The natural and inevitable



INDIA'S DISTINGUISHED MEN.



LORD CLIVE



LORD CORNWALLIS



LORD HASTINGS



LORD CURZON



LORD MORLEY

By permission of "The Bystander."



MARQUIS WELLESLEY



LORD MINTO

Photo by Elliott & Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.



LORD RIPON

INDIA

result is the cry for self-government. Into the brains of a certain type of Bengal politician and pamphleteer there has come the thought that the Viceroy is no longer the apostolic successor of the great Emperors of Delhi ; "the inaccessible omnipotent maker and breaker of men." A man he is discovered to be of flesh and blood. "He must explain to the ignorant, convince the opponent, argue and wrestle with all comers, face censure alike from friend and foe." Those who have any idea of the Asiatic mind must know what this means. This feeling with regard to the Viceregal position cannot be truly said to be shared by the races of India other than the Bengal Hindu. The writer says his "firm impression is that the idea of a benevolent despot is an entirely sympathetic one to the native, especially in Native States." He further goes on to say that "the blessings of peace under the British autocrat, as the native knows him, compare very favourably with the turbulent conditions of existence under the Asiatic potentates in India, of whom he learnt when at school." Mr. Ian Malcolm speaks very feelingly of the change in the position of the young man of to-day, who leaves England to administer vast tracts of territory in the name of the *Sirkar* and that of the Settlement Officer of the past. Though the work of these bright young Englishmen is of the very best, they feel they have no longer a free

hand to do the best for the districts assigned to them. Whereas the Settlement Officer's word was law—sacred law, and he was looked up to by the natives as the father or mother of his district. The young civil servant of our time does what he does by his sense of duty "and appeals lie piled up before the doors of Superior Courts." The writer closes a most entertaining and enlightening chapter with what was the constant topic of conversation during the Prince of

Wales' recent tour — the question of sending a Viceroy of the Blood Royal to take the place of the nominee of the party in power. The points in favour of this proposal are many, and will at once cross the mind of the intelligent reader without recitation of them here. Mr. Ian Malcolm quotes in full an opinion expressed by one veteran statesman in a Native State, which, he says, seems to sum up the native feeling on the sub-

ject. This opinion so logically worked out though negative to the proposal is undoubtedly a correct one. The Eastern idea of how the Viceroy of the Blood Royal should perform his duties is given by this veteran statesman in the quotation of a verse from a Persian poet :

The King should have both favour and wrath,
There should run two rivers from his sleeve :
One, the water of the Fountain of Life,
The other whose whirlpool is the circle of Death.

For a Prince of the Royal House then to take the place of the nominee of the party in power, he must be



LORD KITCHENER

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, London.

THE BIBLIOPHILE

given absolute personal control. In short to the Eastern mind he must be omnipotent, all-mighty, holding life in his smile and death in his frown. Without this unlimited power given to him the natives of India will not recognise him as their ruler, but as a servant subjected to a higher authority.

Another great problem of India, and I would venture to say the greatest problem of our Eastern Empire, is the FAMINE. Mr. Ian Malcolm speaks highly of the famine administration, and in a noble appeal to us in England he asks why is there not a permanent Mansion House Famine Fund. He does not load the already over-burdened shoulders of the Government with any responsibility for the existence of the famine or the plague in India. As is well known the cause of these millions starving is the failure of the summer rains, and if the Xmas rains also fail then the state of things becomes appalling. With the famine there naturally comes hand-in-hand disease which spreads among the people and the cattle with deadly effects. The Indian Civil Servants, both mentally and physically, have done and are doing a noble work to cope with this lamentable and recurrent distress. Mr. Ian Malcolm believes, when the actual state of things is thoroughly understood in England, that there will not be a single corporate body, however humble, which will not be proud to associate itself with so worthy a movement.

In spite of the poverty of the title of Mr. A. J. Wilson's book and the magiloquent style in which it is written, we have a most interesting and entertaining work. He is a financial pessimist to say the least, and had we not read the sweeping Macaulay's reply to Southey's economics, we might have turned over the leaves with fear and trembling, filled as they are with the increasing debt of the Empire. Ac-

cording to him England, India, the Colonies and the municipalities all are drifting down the swift stream of borrowing to the gulf of bankruptcy. We would remind Mr. Wilson that borrowing money to build a railway which is to open up a country, make great markets and success of at present a sleeping land, is not borrowing at all in the broad sense. There is borrowing *and* borrowing.

The two concluding volumes of Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher's History of England differ as he writes in his preface to some extent from their predecessors. He says "The book has unconsciously 'grown up.' It began as a book for boys, and has ended as one for young men. The fact is that certain persons, for whom it was commenced eleven years ago, have set it a bad example by growing up themselves." We hardly think it is a book for boys, and but for the interesting episodes of the eighteenth century, it is beyond their reach altogether. He has given plenty of care and attention to Scotland, Ireland, and India. There are many men — distinguished names in history, who are still mis-known, and one of them is the famous Warren Hastings. Of him Mr. Fletcher writes :

"In spite of it all, Hastings triumphed, and triumphs still at the Bar of History. He laid the foundation of one of the best things of which human nature is capable, namely the Government of conquered races, unfit for self-government, for the benefit not of the conquerors but of the conquered themselves. . . . And for doing this Hastings was rewarded with such black ingratitude that, in 1814, even the Prince Regent could speak of him as 'one of the worst used men in the Empire.' In India, except his three Councillors and a few disappointed jobbers, high and low retained the greatest faith in, and affection for him. Honourable natives, of whatever rank, caste, or religion, put all their trust in him. Cornwallis his successor, to whom it fell to build on his foundation, gave, on his return to England in '94, his warm testimony to what Hastings had done for India, and the far greater Lord Wellesley, who had actually voted for his impeachment, acknowledged in after years how wrong his vote had been."

The work is a brilliant achievement and will prove of inestimable value to all true lovers of history for its own sake.

One has come to look with interest

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and delightful expectancy to Mr. Murray's quarterly list of forthcoming books. In the July list among his forthcoming publications are: "The Life of Sir William Russell," based on his private correspondence and diaries and other hitherto unpublished documents, by J. B. Atkin's. "Billy Russell" was a most distinguished war correspondent, and, from the time of the Danish War in 1850, of the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny down to the Egyptian campaign of 1882, there was no campaign of consequence of which he was not an eye-witness. His experiences during the Indian Mutiny should be read with much interest now India is coming so much to the fore. Another interesting book from the house of Murray is a thoroughly revised and enlarged edition of Fergusson's authoritative work, "A History of Indian and Eastern Architecture," revised and edited, with additions and many new illustrations.

In "The Nineteenth Century" for this month there is an interesting article by Sir Harry Johnston, on "The Native Problem and Sane Imperialism." He has much to say about the school of politicians whom he describes as "'shoot 'em down' Imperialists." "It seems to me," he says, "that, unless we can face, digest, and gradually provide for, prudently admit the demand of the black, brown, and yellow peoples under our sway, for a voice—and a slowly increasing voice—in their own destinies, we must be prepared to face an awful national rebellion in India, and an uprising of the negro throughout British Africa." After reading Sir Harry Johnston's contribution it is at least interesting to read in the "Indian Spectator" of another curious marriage reported from Kathiawan. A man of 70 marries a girl of 9. Seeing that this class of Hindus generally become fathers at about 15, is one wrong in asking if this particular man was not married to a girl fit to be his great grandchild? And what has his caste to say to it? Where is the Sankaracharya? Where are the Sanatan Dharma preachers and where are the reformers? Statistics show the

number of female children in India married under 4 to be more than 200,000; of those married between 5 and 9 to be over 2,000,000; and those married under 14, the lowest marriageable age in civilized countries, to be 800,000. And yet we expect an independent Government of our own with our own warriors, statesmen, philosophers, and men of affairs! What a generous provision we make for the physical and mental development of our girls, the future mothers of the race that is to conquer Asia and bring European nations on their knees!

In this month's issue of "The National Review" we read: "There is no essential difference between Moderates and Extremists; and the only difference between the ordinary Nationalists and the Anarchists is that while the latter frankly seek to take life, the former work towards their ends by less murderous but more insidious expedients, which will probably be far graver in their ultimate consequences."

Among Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s classified catalogue published last month we notice the following books on India and the East: *India: its life and thought*, by John P. Jones, D.D., illustrated (10s. 6d. net); *Leaves from a Diary in Lower Bengal*, by C. S. (21s. net); *The Reshaping of the Far East*, by B. L. Putnam Weale, illustrated, 2 vols. (25s. net); from the same pen is *The Truce in the East and its Aftermath*, being a sequel to the above-mentioned book; illustrated (12s. 6d. net), and *The Coming Struggle in Eastern Asia*, illustrations and maps; second edition (12s. 6d. net); *Impressions of India*, by Sir H. Craik, K.C.B., M.P. (3s. net); *Persia Past and Present*, by Prof. A. V. W. Jackson, with over 200 illustrations and a map (17s. net).

"An Empire in Pawn," by A. J. Wilson, T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.

"India," by J. Keir Hardie, M.P. I. L. P. Publishing Dept. 1s. net.

"The Influence of British Rule in India on Home Politics," The Chancellor's Essay, 1909, by Herbert A. Smith. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

"Indian Pictures and Problems," by Ian Malcolm, E. Grant Richards.

"An Introductory History of England." By C. R. L. Fletcher, formerly Fellow of All Souls and Magdalen College, Oxford. Vols. III, and IV. John Murray. 5s. each.



THE PROGRESS OF RELIGION.

JESUS preaches, and Catholicism creates the Vatican and the Mass. Mohammed reveals the divine unity in Allah, and the Islam of to-day builds on his doctrine a huge complex of religious policy. In the soul, as in the astronomical world, or the geological world, perpetual changes and interactions operate. Professor C. H. Becker, of Hamburg, compares Christianity and Islam, and finds that Islam was, even in its origin, influenced by Eastern Christianity, and that European Catholicism has been influenced by Mohammedan thought and feeling. Many Christians and Jews accepted Mohammedanism. Within the borders of Islam both Jews and Christians freely followed their respective cults, and even held offices in Moslem administrations. "So late as the eleventh century," says Dr. Becker, "church funeral processions were able to pass through the streets of Bagdad with all the emblems of Christianity," and "in Egypt Christian festivals were also regarded to some extent as holidays by the Mohammedan population." The Moslem armies that swept on their conquering course were not, as is commonly supposed, bent on fanatical suppression of alien creeds. Many of the early military leaders were practically indifferent to religious issues. Professor Becker traces the double process of Moslem evolution and Christian history and discovers Islam everywhere "following in the path of Christian thought." He does not make disparaging comparisons. At the close of his examination, he does indeed affirm that the Christian West has forged ahead in the physical sciences and intellectual speculation. But he immediately adds the hope that the Moslem soul will pursue a similar development, and "Islam may gradually acquire the spirit as well as the form of modern Europe."

Such a modification is doubtless inevitable. It takes us back to the view of Auguste Comte, that the two monotheisms, Catholic and Moslem, having come into rivalry and conflict, and failed each to absorb the other, will merge into the broader stream of the Religion of Humanity. Professor Becker's essay is liberal, guided by a strong sense of evolution, and instructive in

its comparative treatment of Christian and Mohammedan tenets.

..

In July, 1850, Mirza Ali Mohammed was publicly shot by the authorities in Tabriz. He is known to Persia as "the Bab," or the Door. The aristocratic Baha'u'llah continued the apostolate of Light; and to-day his son, Abbas Effendi carries on the evangel of Persian mysticism or Babism. Extracts from Babist writings, with an introduction by Eric Hammond, are picturesquely entitled "The splendour of God." Students of Jacob Böhme, or George Fox, or William Penn, or of the latter-day Fielding Hall (see his *Inward light* with its Burmese atmosphere of quietism) will recognise kindred teachings in the Way of the Bab. "The spiritual unification of the race" is the aim. Hence all are invited to the mystic feast, and "Buddhist and Mohammedan, Hindu and Zoroastrian, Jew and Christian, sit at one board in amity, eat of one dish, and offer united thanksgiving to one Giver." Such unity is, of course, only possible on the ground of extreme generality of doctrine. Nothing is asked of believers but acceptance of the doctrine that the essence of religion is the individual seeking after union with the Desired One, God and Light. The Divine Voice appeals to the seeker:

O Son of Light! Forget all else save Me, and be comforted by My Spirit. This is from the essence of My Command; therefore direct thyself to it.

One catches in such gentle exhortations an oriental harmony with the meditations of Thomas à Kempis in his *Imitatio Christi*. The Bab movement is another illustration of the tendency of religion all over the world towards escape from old dogmatic forms into a higher unity which embraces the Bab, and (somewhat to the astonishment of the Babists) the agnostic!

..

And St. Mary's, Westminster, also moves. In his "Old Beliefs and Modern Believers," the Vicar, the Rev. Percy A. Ellis, engagingly and tactfully draws his orthodox readers out of

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the ancient tangle of "a dictated Bible," and its implications of miracles, etc., to the larger creed which puts the stress on Charity of heart, and loyalty of personal life. "What we know and what is hidden from us belong to one universe, and over all is God, and God is Love," observes Mr. Ellis, and the remark is characteristic of the tolerant spirit of his book, which, while accepting modern Biblical criticism, endeavours to edify and console. Even the Rationalist can respect the sincere and pastoral attitude.

F. J. GOULD.

* *

THE EASTERN STUDENT.

THOUGH written for the use of Eastern students, and primarily for Chinese students, this outline of the great events in general history should prove a source of instruction and interest to others. The author has wisely, we think, neglected the purely intellectual and artistic side of the Græco-Roman history. The strange complexity of the subject does not admit of summary treatment which could be of any profit to the Eastern mind, but only breed confusion in the brain of the Asiatic scholar. Only one short chapter is devoted to the whole Era of the Protestant Reformation. The reason is obvious. A large proportion of the book is assigned to the history of Islam, and to the Mongol and Turkish Conquests. This should make it interesting to the Western mind. In spite of the difficulties the author has had in the selection from an enormous number of facts he has succeeded in his endeavour to show the continuity of history. It is a book like this that not only makes for the enlightenment of the Asiatic student, but brings about happy relations between the East and the West.

C. V. W.

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THE PROBLEMS OF THE MIDDLE EAST.

IN such a work as this of Mr. Angus Hamilton's there are discussions of more or less contentious questions which are beyond the purview of a purely literary publication like the *Bibliophile*, but it is permissible to us to criticise the book as literature, to comment upon its quality, its importance, its appositeness, &c. In all these respects we can offer unqualified praise.

The author is an honourable specimen of that significant outcome of

modern conditions—the "special correspondent," and has ably qualified for the production of this his new book by journeys "made to the Far East for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to the Middle East for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Times of India*, and to the Near East for Reuter's Telegram Company." His previous able works on "Korea" (which has passed through several editions) and on "Afghanistan," have made his name for some time past familiar to the public.

The present volume, though concerned chiefly with the "Problems of the Middle East," also contains valuable and welcome chapters on "The Story of the Young Turks Party," "The Story of the Hedjaz Railway," and "The Passing of Korea." The other chapters severally deal with "The Story of Persia and the Powers;" "Great Britain, Germany, and the Baghdad Railway;" "The Anglo-Russian Convention," with sub-heads "The Question of Persia," "The Position of Afghanistan," "In Respect of Tibet;" and "Great Britain and Afghanistan."

A glance at the above list of contents will at once reveal both the importance and the appositeness of this book, in which Mr. Hamilton has given us an invaluable addition to the interesting body of literature on the various Eastern Questions that is rapidly accumulating, not only in our own language, but also in several of the languages of the Continent. The future is big with these problems. It is difficult to say where the greatest danger to the world's peace lies—in the Near or the Middle or the Far East. Each of the three danger zones appears to be the most explosive when we are studying it, until we turn our attention to either of the other zones.

The book is less descriptive, less of a traveller's story book, than the author's "Korea," or even than his

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"Afghanistan," and deals, as the title suggests, almost exclusively with political and international relations. Much of its value as a book of reference and as a source of information is derived from the appendices, containing the Turkish Constitution of 1876, the Persian Constitution, the Persian Articles of the Anglo-Russian Convention, 1907, and the Baghdad Railway Convention. The text, moreover, gives a number of important extracts from diplomatic papers, imperial rescripts, &c., &c. Altogether, we hold the work to be indispensable to anyone who would understand or who would endeavour to understand the great complicated Eastern problems which may any day set the world in a blaze.

It is no derogation to the ability or judgment of Mr. Angus Hamilton to remind his readers that even such an acute and astute and zealous special correspondent as he is does not discover everything. The world has recently been sharply reminded by that remarkable German production, "*Der Erlöschende Halbmond*," that there is nearly always a hidden diplomacy behind the avowed diplomacy, and that this most secret of all diplomacy, which is seldom divulged until a generation or two later, and often is never divulged at all, is very frequently a direct negative to the avowed diplomacy. But in any case, such information as men like Mr. Angus Hamilton can place before the public deserves to be most seriously considered, whatever value may be attached to their suggested policies.

ARTHUR RANSOM.

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MODERN THOUGHT AND THE CRISIS IN BELIEF.

IN these days the busy reviewer always has one or more examples of this class of book on his table. The authors of such books seek to trans-

form the content of our deliquescent dogma into a practical idealism in accord with modern intellectual conditions. As the *Bibliophile* is in no sense a theological journal, it is not for us to decide how far the authors are successful in their endeavours. Our duty begins and ends with a purely literary appreciation of such of their books as happen to be submitted to our notice. Therefore when we say that Dr. Wenley's work is exceptionally deserving of study, we mean simply that its literary character is high, and that its author shows himself to be eminently qualified for his task. We take a little exception, however, to the fancifulness of the titles of the chapters, which remind one of the style of the young preacher in his early affectation of fine oratory. But Prof. Wenley is a layman, and has passed his first youth long enough to have become D.Phil., Hon. LL.D., Sc.D., F.R.S., and Hon. Litt. D., as well as to have written much of a high character in theological and philosophical criticism. It may be thought a small matter, but what we are objecting to involves some loss of scholarly dignity. The text, too, exhibits that American-English mannerism of style with which students of Transatlantic philosophy and theology have to become familiar.

The special occasion of the book was the author's appointment to deliver the "Baldwin Lecture" for 1909. This annual lectureship is endowed by the trustees of a fund left in 1885 by Bishop Harris of Michigan. The lectures are to be "for the Establishment and defence of Christian Truth." Dr. Wenley's attitude towards his subject, as well as his breadth of reading, are suggested by initial quotations from the French of Fouillée, the English of Browning, and the German of Nietzsche. In the preface he tells us that he has tried "to indicate some

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reasons for doubting doubt that remains merely destructive;" and he anticipates "anathemas alike from defenders of 'the faith once delivered to the saints'—for whom religion has achieved a finality—and from rationalists who, in their horror of the sympathetic fallacy, cherish the notion that technical research can accomplish a perfect work." Lecture I., entitled "Sheaves of the Threshing-Floor," deals with the new attitude of culture to religion, and the nature and instability of intellectual constructions; Chapter II., "The Waters of Meribah," discusses the scientific view of the universe; Chapters III. and IV., "Breaches of the House" and "Humiliation in the Midst," take us through the historico-critical movement; in Chapter V., "The Pre-established Discord," we are shown man forced to take refuge in the ethical consciousness; while in Chapter VI., "The Adjournment of Well-Being," it is contended that the ethical consciousness fails to satisfy man, involving a passage to religion; in Chapter VII., "The Penumbra of Belief," we are led up to the proposition that "a human God was our imperative necessity;" and in Chapter VIII., "The Valley of Blessing," we find Christianity to be a process, in which are combined both absoluteness and change.

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EASTERN CHARM.

THE whole of this admirably-written story is comprised in two figures—that of an Eastern man and a Western woman, with a characteristic English nobleman in the background. Lady Wyverne and her husband, Sir Claude Wyverne, a simple and rather heavy young Englishman, make a point of going to Algiers. They go and there at the gate of the desert this Western woman meets an Eastern officer by name Benchaâlal, and known as the Spahi. They arrive at El-Akbara, where the husband discovers that great inducement to every English mind—namely, Sport. He can shoot Barbary sheep to his heart's content, and

here he leaves his wife alone while his whole mind is on Barbary sheep. There is no intentional neglect in this. It is simply the sporting instinct which holds the whole personality of every English gentleman. The wife thus left to herself is drawn gradually and forcibly under the charm of this dark-skinned Arab. It is a talk and a walk when the husband has retired for the night, added to each night. The woman resists the spell as far as possible, but the enchantment is too great for a woman's total power of resistance. And then the husband with his guide Achmed, who is in the pay of the Spahi, through the latter's influence, stays away all one night, and the wife is left under the influence of the Eastern man. Sir Claude, however, while staying at this place hears accounts of Benchaâlal which disquiets his mind and he decides at all cost to return that night. He does so and meets the Spahi, and unknown to him his wife is hiding behind a rock beside him, covered with the officer's cloak. He goes to the inn where they are staying and finds his wife's room empty, but he says nothing. The next night he goes out camping for the night, and with loaded gun prepares to watch. He waits and sees. He sees his wife walking with the Spahi decked with her diamonds. The spell is on her and in fancy she sees herself spending her life in the desert with this Eastern man. But she is rudely awakened. Arabs are all thieves, and the diamonds have affected the greed of this Eastern officer. The lover in him becomes dead and greed becomes uppermost. He makes a grab for the jewels, and the husband watching, wondering whether to shoot the man or the woman, is decided on seeing his wife's aversion. Before he can take aim the mad Marabout, who once loved a girl who was murdered for her jewels and went mad always looking for the assassin, comes in frenzy and puts a knife between the Spahi's shoulders. "Sir Claude leaped into the road. As his arms went round his wife the cry rose up again, "Allah! Allah! Allah!" So it ends. The spell is broken, and the wife is once again in the arms of her husband who worships her. It is beautifully and poetically written. All disguised under those words, "Barbary Sheep." The husband thinks of nothing else, the officer's excuse for staying on is the same "Barbary Sheep." The book entrances and enchants, for we are carried into that land of the East which is far different to the cold business, self-seeking land of the West. Mr. Hichens has produced one of his best stories, where our sympathy goes out to the woman and we, too, come under the spell and enchantment of the beautiful desert. No one opening the book will put it down until the last leaf is turned, leaving us

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even then wrapt in the beauties and glories unfolded beneath the Eastern sky.

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DEMOCRACY ? ?

THE double query above printed represents the mental attitude of Sir Henry Maine in the four essays, first issued in 1885, and now brought out in a sixth and popular edition. Even the Socialist, while writhing uneasily at occasional expressions, will admire Sir Henry's admirable style, and will keep a genial face turned towards a critic who tells how Benjamin Frankling "pleased the school of Voltaire because he believed nothing, and the school of Rousseau because he wore a Quaker coat." The learned essayist is not so despondent about democracy as Mr. Lecky, and he is not a pleader for aristocrats, though he does observe, half ironically—"I have sometimes thought it one of the chief drawbacks of modern democracy that, while it gives birth to despotism with the greatest facility, it does not seem capable of producing aristocracy." But he says candid things that should give the hasty Populist pause. When he remarks that "there is probably no country except the United States in which the army could not control the Government, if it were of one mind and if it retained its military material," he points to a factor that may yet have its significance in European politics. Sir Henry rather too easily slips into the common error that the typical Democrat has a rage for dividing up. With a fairly extensive acquaintanceship among Socialists, I have met not a solitary case of this alleged mania. It is curious that Maine should travel along nearly two hundred pages of criticism—very readable and entertaining—of the People's will, before he propounds a query which should have formed the topic of an introduction, namely, What is meant by democracy? Is it, he asks,—

Is it a sound in which the note struck by minorities is entirely silent? Is the People which speaks the People according to household suffrage, or the People according to universal suffrage, the People with all the women excluded from it, or the People, men, women and children together, assembling casually in voluntary meetings? None of these questions have been settled.

In that case Sir Henry's grave warnings, and his elaborate array of historical illustrations fall a little beside the mark. We agree that he fights elegantly, but are not sure who or what the enemy is! Nor is he quite successful in the line of prophecy. Writing in 1885, he says ominously that we English are drifting towards a type of government associated with terrible events—a single Assembly armed with full powers over the Constitution, which it may

exercise at pleasure. The drift is solemnly slow, for the House of Lords still floats as securely as Noah's Ark. Bernard Shaw, Hyndman and Bax probably spend far more political anger on the Commons than the Peers. Sir Henry is on safer ground when, in a most interesting discussion on Progress, he sums up the evidence on the strength of habit and fashion,—the natural enemies of change. Perhaps the application of the thesis to fashion may seem strange, but, in a happy passage which one need not stay to cite, Maine indicates certain permanent elements even in the chameleonic life of fashion in dress. "The immobility of society is the rule," he writes: "its mobility is the exception." So that if, as Positivists say, progress is the development of order, the order has the superior pull on human nature. It follows that, in the long run, the world need fear nothing from its revolutions. Sir Henry never gets anxious. He reminds us, almost contemptuously, that British popular government is only two hundred years old, and American a mere century; and the old planet need not tremble at the antics of these youthful experimentalists.

F. J. GOULD.

"Christianity and Islam," by C. H. Becker. (Library of Living Thought.) Harpers: 109 pp. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Splendour of God: being extracts from the sacred writings of the Bahais." Murray's "Wisdom of the East Series"; 124 pp. 2s. net.

"Old Beliefs and Modern Believers," by Percy Ansley Ellis. Melrose: 183 pp.; 3s. 6d. net.

"Outlines of General History for Eastern Students," by V. A. Renouf, B.A. With maps and illustrations. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.

"Problems of the Middle East." By Angus Hamilton, author of "Korea," "Afghanistan," &c. London: Reveligh Nash.

"Modern Thought and the Crisis in Belief." By R. M. Wenley, D.Phil., Hon. LL.D. (Glasg.), Sc.D., F.R.S. (Edin.), Hon. Litt. D. (Hobart). New York: Macmillan Company. (6s. 6d. net).

"Barbary Sheep," by Robert Hichens. Methuen & Co. 6s. net.

"Popular Government," by Sir Henry Sumner Maine. Murray: 261 pp. 2s. 6d. net.

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A POET OF THE HOUR.

FLEET STREET! What memories do not these simple words recall! What struggling pens have not endeavoured to describe it! What unfortunate misguided genuises have not left its thoroughfare for the river! What a history it could tell! But the Fleet Street of Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith is no more. To-day it is filled with business men—business men, keen, cute, and hard. Davidson, in the last he has left us of his work, writes of Fleet Street:—

Labour and pleasure, law and crime, are sucked
From every urban quarter: through this strait
All business London pours.

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In beautiful yet remarkable words (most of Davidson's work is remarkable) he panegyrises bricks :—

Who can tell

When filthy fog comes down and lights are out,
Machinery still, and traffic at the ebb,
If idle streets with time to meditate
Resent enforced passivity? I think
The admirable patience of the bricks
May fail them of a Sunday. Imagine it :
To be for ages unalterable brick,
Sans speech or motion, nameless in a wall
Among a million bricks alike unknown !
I think the splendid patience of the bricks
Gives out in darkness and foul weather, even
To the length of envying the wonderful
Exalted destiny of Saturn's belts ;

.

But you, most genial, intellectual bricks,
Most dutiful and most important, you
Are indispensable, are integral
Component of the world's most famous street.

.

" Gallant souls," I cried,
" Noble and faithful bricks, be not dismayed !

What ambition then to be a brick ! In this little volume there are other poems, which go to show how Davidson forgot not the passing hour of events. Where is the man who for a single moment would dare to forget his slavish adherence to classics and write a poem on automobilism ?

That railways are inadequate appears
Indubitable now. For sixty years
Their comfort grew until the *train de luxe*
Arrived, arousing in conducted Cook's,
And other wholesale, tourists, an envious smart,
For here they recognised the perfect art
And science of land-travel. Now we sing
A greater era, hail a happier Spring.
The motor-car reveals ineptitude
In railway-trains : and travellers conclude
The railway is archaic.

Or take for a subject " Liverpool Street Station." In trying to re-call, dish up afresh, quote and requote the past, the present is quite obliterated. The life of to-day is the romance of to-morrow. Now we are looking for the poet of the *aéroplane*—for the man who can poetically describe the feelings of flying through the air like a bird. What a god would not the Greeks have made of M. Blériot ! But Davidson has omitted *aérolanes*, devoting his other poems to things that crawl upon the earth. In " Rail and Road " he has given us a familiar passenger on the line :—

But prompt at Basingstoke an interlude
Began : a reckless youth, possessed with seven
Innocuous devils of self-consciousness
Primeval, bouncing in irruptively,
Lusty-Juventus-wise, annexed the whole
Compartment—as a pendant to the earth.
Already his ! Wind-shaven, ruddy : hunched
And big : all knees and knuckles : with a mouth
That opened like a portal : fleshy chops
And turned-up nose widespread, the signature
Of jollity : a shapeless, elvish skull ;

His little pig's eyes in their sockets soused
But simmering merrily : just twenty years ;
One radiation of nervous energy :
A limber tongue and most unquenchable,
Complacent blaze of indiscretion, soft
As a night-light in a nursery. " Where away ? "
Quoth he : and " Hang the weather ! I've seen worse,
In my time for the season." Then : did we think
The train was doing thirty or forty miles
An hour ? Sometimes, by instinct, he could tell
To a mile the rate at which a train went,
This morning, for a wonder, he couldn't trust
His judgment in the matter :—annoying !—still
A man's form varied, and we must excuse
His inability to gauge our speed.
Good golf about here,—very ! Did we play ?
And, by the by, talking of golf, he did
A brilliant thing just now :—missing the train
At Farnham on the other line, instead
Of waiting for the next, he tramped across
To Basingstoke,—some decent tale of miles ;
His destination being Winchester,
Either line suited,—see ?

And so the inane youth prattles on. In this disjointed " see ? " the youth of twenty almost comes before our eyes. From " the mouth that opened like a portal " came words on the question of Women's Suffrage.

But he, for his part, took it that the hand
That rocked the cradle ruled the world : to drop
A signature into a ballot-box
Would make no earthly ! (slang, elliptical),
Although we must remember, all of us,
This rocking of the cradle was out of date ;
But that he wouldn't canvass :—We were to mind
There must be no mistake : women were women
All the world to nothing : and—mark him—if
They had political enfranchisement,
No one could say—no one at all !—what might
And mightn't happen : not a doubt of that.

Davidson concludes the volume with a patriotic song. He might well have called this book " Fleet Street and Poems of the Present."

C. WHITE.

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JOAN OF ARC : A DRAMA.

MR. Presland has put some excellent workmanship into this new dramatic picture of the Maid of Orleans. The action begins in the Dauphin's Court at Chinon, where Joan's first interview with the Dauphin takes place. The second act takes us to Orleans ; the third to Rheims ; the fourth to the Burgundian Camp and to the Court of Charles ; the fifth gives us the trial scene, and the curtain falls as Joan makes her last address to the Bishop of Beauvais, from the stake.

" Think you my tongue shall turn to blasphemies,
To cursings and revilings against you,
Against my foes who make me suffer here,
My friends who let me suffer, and my God
Who ordered all these things to come to pass ?
But, no ! I say, so near eternity
The evil dwindles, good alone remains,
And good triumphant—God is merciful,"

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The early life of Joan is gathered from conversations, and the fighting takes place off the stage. But the action never flags. The attention is sustained by the play of characters and the well-balanced development of the story. The verse is fluid, natural, yet dignified, and adapts itself easily to the varying requirements of the situations. The author has succeeded in writing a play which leaves in the reader's mind a picture that grows upon him. One forgets everything but Joan, and that not because of any lack of proportion in the composition, but because of the naturalness and force of her beautiful character.

* *

THE NEW MIND.

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD in some three hundred pages has told us a little about multitude and solitude. We have multitude in the first chapter; ill actors performing before an ill-crowd, among whom sits Roger Naldrett, "the writer," witnessing his own play. As he sits in the royal box (where else could *the writer* sit?) he is told that "the audience don't know what to make of it. They are puzzled by the new mind." Naldrett becomes famous so famous as to get his portrait published in *The Bibliophile*. An enterprising journalist snatches an opportunity a broken-down car affords, and taps Naldrett on the shoulder.

"Mr. Naldrett?" said the interviewer, taking a long shot, "I recognised you by your portrait in *The Bibliophile*. A lucky meeting. Perhaps you didn't get my telegram. I called round at your rooms just now, but you were out. I want to ask you about your play 'The Matron.' It attracted considerable attention."

Things happen as sometimes they do, and in the end we find Naldrett sad. He would have been proud to have given a cure to the world. It would have been an offering to Otalie. How many more have not endeavoured to cure this poor old world of ours? and how many more have not, like Roger, gone out alone "thinking of the crusade" to be waged "against the weariness and filth of cities"? This is the solitude. No, one must not think too harshly of Dame Nature. We know the rose is blighted and the weed spreads, but Nature, it was, who made the rose bloom and the fields white with lilies.

* *

ST. MARTIN: ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ST. MARTIN of Tours divided his cloak with the beggar, and the saint and the mendicant were both well pleased. The modern St. Martin takes a collective shape in the public

and philanthropic conscience; and in this case the saint writes Majority and Minority Reports on the Poor Law, and attempts to satisfy the importunate by means of Charity Organization and the Salvation Army. Mr. William Booth, in his capacity of S.A. General, gave evidence before the Royal Commission, and now reprints his statements, with a preface by his son, and various explanatory notes comparing his own proposals with those of the Commissioners' Reports. Two-thirds of the book cover the all-too-familiar ground of descriptions of social evils, failure of workhouses, and suggestions of Evangelical methods of converting sinners into thrifty and effective artisans. When Mr. Booth arrives at the central question of how to ensure employment for the able-bodied, even his Evangelical resources prove inadequate, and he says, "it seems to me that ultimately we must look to a Statutory authority to set in motion the necessary machinery." But while the now-famous Minority Report makes a very respectable attempt at the solution in the shape of Training Establishments with "Maintenance under Training," Mr. Booth merely says that "every man who is able to work should be enabled to work, and that at some form of remunerative labour." So that he has nothing to offer in the way of original ideas. Meanwhile, one has to recognize his earnestness; but so also are the Minority Reporters and it would seem the proper thing to say the Majority Reporters too, in earnest. And though Mr. Bramwell Booth grumbles at the Commissioners for making "no allusion to religion" "from beginning to end of their exhaustive series of recommendations" (he having apparently plodded through the whole heap with a detective eye), one may safely say that the Commissioners were moved by the spirit of humanity quite as genuinely as the magnates of the Salvation Army.

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BACK TO THE LAND.

THIS valuable little book is published by A. C. Fifield, in the Cottage Farm Series. It is the further experiences of a small holder, and coming, as it does, from one experienced in these matters, should prove of inestimable value to those who are intending to launch out on three acres, to say nothing of the cow. He clearly shows us that only by continual striving and plenty of courage one can eke out an existence on a small holding—an existence of open air, good food and healthy work. Though the profits are small, and very slow in accruing, the life is undoubtedly one of the finest in the world.

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MEREDITH.

THE possibilities of the press-cutting agency in the authorship line of business could hardly have better demonstration than in Mr. Hammerton's "George Meredith in anecdote and criticism." Here is a collection motley and curious of whatever gossip and writings—good, bad and indifferent about Meredith—it has been possible to rake together. The field has been gone over with painful ease; no blade or bent of comment, or even mention, seems to have missed Mr. Hammerton's acquisitive search.

A compilation of this nature—in Gilbertian phrase "a thing of shreds and patches," would seem to be fated to be a mere heap of scrappy journealese, and any disappointment of this anticipation must be placed to the credit of the compiler.

It is a wise saying that when one turns brass candlesticks into gold no question is asked as to where the candlesticks have come from.

The application would be, perhaps, over favourable to Mr. Hammerton, but he has certainly made astonishingly good use of his heterogeneous material, and by its orderly disposition has made a very readable and informing book.

The general effect left on the mind on closing the volume is one of heightened appreciation of Meredith and very doubtful feelings as regards the critics.

Agreed on their verdict, they come by it in utterly differing ways and for opposing reasons.

Take for instance the comments on "Love in the Valley." According to Mark Pattison it is "minor poetry," the rhythm in Mrs. Meynell's judgment undignified, Mr. Swinburne calls it "the finest love song of the century," "to which," Mr. Courtne says, "nothing but praise should be accorded."

Of the many—distractingly many—criticisms given, that of Mr. Macaulay Trevelyan is remarkable, both for its insight and forcefulness.

The title is hardly comprehensive, for to anecdote and criticism must be added parody and caricature as well as illustration.

In connection with this last it is of interest to note the materialization of Meredith's fancies in successive decades and under the hands of successive artists, though it is quite impossible to agree with Mr. Hammerton's exaltation of Mr. Bedford's rather insipidly pretty miniatures.

Far more deserving of his praise is the truly noble drawing of Sandy's "The Old Chartist," as verile and strong line as ever cut by graver.

The Meredithian compressions of metaphor he terms "foreshortening," and illustrates it by

a most striking passage from the "Young Princess":

"All cloaked and masked with naked blades,
That flashed of a judgment done,
The lords of the Court, from the palace door
Came issuing silently, bearers four,
And flat on their shoulders one."

Mr. Hammerton's appreciation of the tremendous sufficiency of the last line is "Like blow of the Matadore, it makes an end."

* *

CONFISCATION, RESTORATION AND RENUNCIATION.

THIS is the story of an heroic soul, of a fragrant and tender passion and a great resolve accomplished by stern and austere denial of all the fairest things of life. Francisco Manoel Oliveira da Rocha, otherwise Father Antonio, a Portuguese of noble lineage, enters a Benedictine Monastery near Oporto, and when the story opens has just been raised to the priesthood. It is in the last year of the reign of King William IV. of England, and there is peace at last in the Garden of the West after five-and-twenty years of devastating war. But the decree goes forth that all Convents shall be suppressed and the Abbey with all its treasures of gold plate, its priceless paintings and relics is confiscated, while the monks are scattered over Belgium, Brazil, and Spain. But the dying Abbot prophesies that Antonio will restore the ancient glories of the Order. And to that end Antonio, though he returns to the world, dedicates his life. He starts work in a humble way at a firm of wine merchants at Lisbon, rises to a position of trust and is sent to England with a consignment of port for King William. He returns to Portugal and by hard work and frugal living plants a vineyard by the seashore and begins to save money. Ultimately he attains his heart's desire and wins back the Abbey for his Order, but not until he has passed through the bitter pangs of renunciation of the only love that comes to him in his lonely life—the love of Isabel Kaye Templeman, the beautiful daughter of an English baronet who buys the Abbey to tear down its beautiful blue tiles illustrating the lives of saints—but fails.

Antonio has to wage a heart-breaking battle against the charms of a finely-tempered lady. He loves her with a pure spiritual sympathy unwarped by earthly passion, and the scene in which he has to reject such a brave and ardent love as that of Isabel is indeed a moving one.

We have learnt to look for masterly weaving of passion and delicate sunny humour in Mr. Oldmeadow's books, and we are not disappointed in his latest effort. The workmanship is as

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attractive as ever and the book makes a very definite appeal, graceful, temperate and tender is the theme, and vivid and picturesque the telling.

The author gives us some charming glimpses of Portuguese country life, of the seraos and the peasants in all their glory of feast-day raiment, their whole-hearted abandonment to fleeting pleasures and their gay games under the skies of the sun kissed south. There are several delightful interludes which in no way interfere with the serious purpose of the story. Mr. Oldmeadows further essays in the realm of pure romance will be awaited with pleasure.

* *

PAN AND TERPSICHORE.

IT was only the other day—a sunny day—I was sitting beneath a tree in Hyde Park, when my attention was drawn to a tiny child, prettily dressed, indulging in a weird dance on the grass before a little boy. Had I not seen this I would have attached a good deal of imagination for the creation of E. Nesbit's heroine, Alexandra Mundy, whom Edmund Templar, a Corporal in the C.I.V., saw dancing fantastically to the accompaniment of a small boy's whistle in the New Forest. Templar goes to South Africa, and returns to England after an absence of eight years. We see him again in Hampshire, now making inquiries of his aunt and uncle as to what has become of the little dancer. He learns that death has visited the house where Alexandra lived, and she, without waiting for the funeral, etc., "just took all her clothes, as well as other things, and went." The author tells us very little of what happened in those eight years to either the man or the girl. He says "it would have been quite legitimate development of character and elaboration of incident. But this story is not a problem novel, nor a study in realism. It is just the story of the way things happened—the most curious and unlikely things, some of them." After a few words with his conventional aunt, Templar comes up to London, where everybody is dancing mad. It is here, of course, that he sees his Sandra—the Sandra of the forest glade. Where else should he see her but on the stage as Sylvia in an interpretation of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." The next thing is to meet her, and oh, the difficulty! At last he succeeds—quite by accident, of course, on the river Medway. There was only one place to meet Sandra other than in a forest, and that was on the river. Naturally he falls in love with her, and what is more he confesses his passion to her. But something has happened in those eight years—Sandra had been lured into a marriage with a horrid little musician.

We hear her crying, "Oh God! what have I done to deserve this—what have I done!" Anyway she did not deserve it long, for lo, the horrid little musician died, and Sandra is free. Salome gets the head, and a man washes his hands in water. It is a weird fantastic story, strange as life sometimes is itself.

C. W.

* *

AN APOLOGY FOR M. RENARD.

MR. ERNEST THOMSON SETON has given to animal lovers and nature students another of his fascinating books, abounding in remarkably clever illustrations. The subject this time is "The Biography of a Silver Fox," and a very wonderful biography it is too. Mr. Thomson Seton's works have the charm of appealing to old and young. His work is good work. Not only is it entertaining reading, but he makes us have a better understanding and a higher appreciation of animals. Of the fox and his family circle, he says that not one man in every thousand has the good luck to see this family group that charms us by the appeal to the eye, and touches our hearts by showing how very near these creatures are to us in their affections and their trials. This book is an apology for M. Renard, whom we learn is not such a cunning scamp as he is made out to be, but only furtive, clever, and unremitting in his care for his wife and family. There are many human beings who have not these qualities, and the much-abused fox sets them a noble example.

* *

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

IN boat bottom I lay me down mid the silent reaches of the Norfolk Broads, and read a tragedy—a tragedy the more acute because of its truth. The pen of the modern novelist has got into the corners of our hearts, but such a book as this envelopes the whole. There was hardly a breath of wind, and to the accompaniment of the gentle flapping of the sail I read of hearts made sore with unhealthy toil, and young girls, nearing motherhood, struggling for their daily bread. Some startling facts are given on physical disease and defects in children. In Blackburn, out of 8788 children examined, nearly 4,000 were found suffering from defective vision. Dr. Brudenal Carter reported 75 per cent, and Dr. Kerr found about twelve different eye diseases among the London school children. This is only one defect. There are the teeth, and here again are given some surprising figures. The physical abnormalities, we are told, alike with the intellectual, are in the main due to

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starvation. We are reminded of Mrs. Browning's little poem, and Hood's "Song of the Shirt." The author deals strongly with the importance and the necessity of the municipalization of milk. The half-time question also comes under notice. We have heard no doubt a great deal on this subject before, but it does not do away with its importance, as it cannot be emphasised too strongly. The wealth of a country, Dr. Johnston properly says, lies not in material possessions, but in richness of life. In spite of the difficulties the modern reformer has to contend with, it is at least encouraging to note, and to note well, that the statistics show that the general death-rate in England and Wales has *declined* during the last 50 years from 20·6 to 15·4—a distinct gain of 5·2 per thousand. With this thought my boat glides into more pleasant waters. W.

* *

THE PESSIMIST OF CRICKET.

MAJOR PHILIP TREVOR in his book, "The Problems of Cricket," has a whole chapter devoted to what might quite easily be called an attack on the Criticism of Cricket by the Press, and yet I should say, in the whole of Major Trevor's book there is hardly one original proposal brought forward, and practically not a single question that has not been discussed, and quite as well discussed, in these particular columns.

There is perhaps one chapter which is rather novel in its way. Major Trevor suggests that the "left hander" should be obliterated from the game altogether, although he confesses there have been a few "left handers" who could be numbered among the Powers of Cricket.

When I read the title "Problems of Cricket," combined with the name Major Trevor, I hoped to spend a delightful time reading some useful hints as to how to keep fit and play the game; by the bye, he leaves the necessity for good health out of it altogether. What I did read was a rather tedious account by one who has really gone out of his way to search for all the bad points (many really imaginative) of what is still one of the finest games for the real sportsman that ever existed.

It would be refreshing to know what an eminent Cricketer and also Press Representative of the *Daily Mirror*, Mr. F. B. Wilson, would call the "Problems of Cricket." I could imagine him saying "the quickest way to make four."

WILSON BAILY.

RUSKIN'S LETTERS.

MORE than six hundred pages in this volume are filled with letters written during what may be called the second great period of Ruskin's activity. This period—1870-1889—covers the Slade Professorship, the establishment of the Ruskin Museum, the publication of the "Fors Clavigera," of the "Proserpina," and of the "Præterita," besides a number of other works. The letters include the whole of the "Beever" series, of the "Faunthorpe" series, and of the "Greenaway" series; besides a lengthy continuation of the "Dr. John Brown" series, the "Norton" series, and "Mrs. Arthur Severn" series.

Above a hundred additional pages are devoted to a Bibliographical Appendix, giving lists of publications containing letters addressed to correspondents, and letters (or extracts) in sale catalogues of autographs. Scattered through the volume, as notes, are reminiscences of Ruskin by different well-known men, and a number of letters addressed to Ruskin. The volume abounds in illustrations and facsimiles.

It is unnecessary to insist here upon the interest attaching to Ruskin's letters as gems of epistolary literature, quite apart from their connexion as illustrative of the life and times of the writer. It is impossible to turn to a page on which one does not find examples of the naive humour, often passing into an almost unbridled eccentricity, peculiar to Ruskin, especially in his later days.

A. R.

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THE CALL OF THE CITY.

THE compilers of this little volume of prose and verse are children of the city. They follow in the wake of the original Johnson, who said that one green field was like another. Yet it was Cowper, I believe, who wrote God made the country and man made the town. If we do see "a pig on a dunghill or a crow on a tree," what we do see is no sham; it is the plain ungarnished truth, and all men should seek to live in an atmosphere of verity. In the country we see nature in the real; she goes out into the sun naked and is not ashamed. Great praise is, however, due to Helen and Lewis Melville for the care and good taste they have displayed. The book contains selections from the writings of such men as Hazlitt, Thackeray, Goldsmith, Lamb, Swift, Spenser, Dickens, Disraeli, Hawthorne, Leigh Hunt, Hood, Gissing, J. M. Barrie, Theodore Watts-Dunton, and many other distinguished men of letters.

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A PRIMER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

IN our days the path of the student is made easy, and the old difficulties, which confronted the scholar of former times, have been cleared away. In some 209 pages the authors have given a concise primer of English Literature. In the preface we read that an ideal Primer of English Literature should be "sound in its facts, clear in its arrangement, simple in its expression, sparing and circumspect in its criticisms." This exactly applies to this small volume. Though scientific discoveries had a profound influence on literature, the discoverers themselves do not come into this survey, but just mention is made of them. This publication should prove a valuable help to students and others, who are about to enter the wide fields of literature.

* *

VIA CRUCIS.

WE feel in reading this small volume of verses, for which the author properly thinks they have "little or no claim to rank as poetry," that he has come via crucis, "that ancient way of pain." There is a note of deep feeling here and there, and perhaps experience of pain has been the origin of many of these little effusions. Mr. Hardy is of religious mind, and his doctrine is distinctly Christian. To the troubled soul he says :

Lift up thine heart, and hear the voice of Jesus.
He bids thee trust Him, and have done with fear.

If our hymn book was not already overcrowded two or three of these little endeavours might be useful for devotional purposes. "The Church Window," which was inspired one winter's night by the reflection on the snow by the light within the church, is one of the best in the book.

* *

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

IT is a rare event in our days, when one can pick up a witty book. We often meet witty men, but witty men seldom if ever write. What with the clever sketches of George Morrow and the original humour of the author, we can guarantee the reader a laugh on every page. Mr. Graves tells us many surprising things, and amongst others that M. Paderewski "is a fearless aeronaut, and nothing gives him greater pleasure, when rustivating on his beautiful Galician estate, than to take out his week-end house party for a cruise in his air-ship the *Manru*, so-called from his successful opera." We know M. Paderewski soars high in the musical world, but we did not know his ambition would lead him to the skies. We do not agree with the opinions of Mr. Graves' experts as to having music at meals,

except in the case when we happen to be on friendly terms with the wielder of the bâton, in which case for a consideration he might let the "mealer" down lightly. To pick up peas on a dodging fork with a society lady opposite is one of those acrobatic performances when the orchestra is required to be silent. In our days, when we all have to bow to the little man with thick lips and long hair, and the junior reporter has to write up his account of allegros, symphonies and pandemoniums, a book like this should command a wide circle of readers. We heartily recommend those who are suffering from the weather monstrosities to be *sharp* and get this clever little book.

* *

NO RHEUMATISM.

THIS book should prove a boom to those who are victims of this cruel disease. Dr. Arnold Eiloart acts up to what he preaches. For several years past he has lived considerably either in the open air by night as well as by day, or merely under a canvas, and the fact remains that the author has actually freed himself of rheumatism as well as many others, who have wisely taken his advice. He advocates Nature's cure. Nature demands purification in general. Thus, he says, we must purify the intestines by injecting water, the whole body by fresh air and pure drinking water; also by fasting, and the skin by washing and sweating. Judging by the prevalence of rheumatism this little book should boast a wide circle of readers.

* *

THE VOICE OF THE BABBLING BROOK.

WE are all more or less victims of our environment, and the lady who has written this little volume of poems upon wild flowers, the birds and the seasons of the year, is the daughter of a Norfolk farmer. Her endeavours breathe the atmosphere of the country lane, and those of us, who are confined in large cities, really pine, as we read her simple verse, for a "sweet country home, nestling amid the flowers."

* *

THE YOUNG FOLK.

AMONG the recent publications of the R.T.S. during the past month is a neatly printed book with several suitable illustrations, entitled "On the King's Highway" (2s. 6d. net.) The Rev. Charles Brown has spared no pains to give to the children some interesting talks on the second part of "The Pilgrim's Progress." The book should find a large circle of readers, and is a most suitable present for young folk.

THE STONE AGES IN NORTH BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THERE is enough that is original in this work to ensure for it keen criticism; but no careful student of it will doubt that the greater number of the author's contentions will be finally accepted. That in the book which gives form to the title is the proof adduced of the pre-glacial and inter-glacial existence of man in Scotland and Ireland, as well as in England. As Dr. Keane says, in the introduction, Mr. Smith has opened "a new and wider chapter in the history of early man by extending the enquiry to the whole of the British Isles, and producing for the first time convincing evidence that both Scotland and Ireland were inhabited during the old Stone Age." The author had already, in 1892, made this claim in a paper read before the British Association; but, as he here tells us, his "approach to that great Society was the reverse of encouraging," and "very few took the trouble to inspect the specimens." He has been working at the subject ever since; and the main *motto* of the present book is the attempt to establish his contention.

In no respect is the work an ordinary one, a mere narrative of fresh finds to corroborate old conclusions. The author does much more than multiply museum specimens; in several directions he makes—or claims to make—important advances. He is not disposed to accept an antiquity for man of less than a million years; and the tone in which he writes suggests the idea that he would be quite ready to ask for a longer period.

Then he is dissatisfied with the common conception of the character and capacity of the man of the Palæolithic age. Particularly does he reject the estimate made by Mr. Worthington Smith, who, in "Man: the Primeval

Savage," says "It is in the highest degree improbable that the human savage ever hunted animals much larger than the hare, the rabbit, and the rat. Man probably was the hunted, rather than the hunter." In reply to this, our author contends that a study of the weapons and implements which the man of the early Stone Age has left behind him certainly shows him to have been "no coward, no craven," but "a man of heroic qualities, . . . fully equal to the then momentous demands upon his courage, upon his skill in offence and defence; and this not in civil warfare, in man against man—the evidence is strong against such a picture—but in his defence against the great mammals of his day; in offence by the exercise of his mind and the skill of his body in the necessity of maintaining his own existence." He was the hunter rather than the hunted. "He hunted and trapped and slew" the great mammals; "flayed them and cured their skins; and the craven he is depicted could have done none of these things." He not only had weapons; he used domestic implements, "skin-curers, and flayers, and knives, and choppers, and other associated forms." When we remember this, "there comes a man out of the past who stands before us, instinct with humanising traits, . . . a man already so far human as to have his home industries," &c.

We would gladly mention other interesting features in this valuable and handsome volume, but we must confine ourselves to the prediction that it will certainly mark a distinct stage in the development of opinion concerning primeval man. We fully endorse our author's contention that we are only beginning to understand this subject, that "the most learned among us . . . know nothing in comparison with what is yet to be discovered concerning ancient man." Mr. Smith would have

deserved the thanks of all students of science if he had done no more than throw down this stimulating challenge.

* *

A POT-POURRI OF MEN, PLACES AND THINGS.

IN some four-hundred pages of clear type James Douglas has given us a *pot-pourri* of word paintings and character studies of London and its people. We have all had more or less adventures in London, but few of us could write them in such an artistic style as the author of this entertaining book. This volume of short papers, essays—call them what you will—have a personal note running through them and while one is reading them this personality, though in the background, is still felt to be there. This is the charm of Stevenson's best work and also that of Joseph Conrad.

The book opens in a mist—a regular Turner haze. All artists love mist and James Douglas loves fog. He thinks a Whistler symphony is cheaply purchased at the price of six million sneezes. He pulls us out of our arm-chairs, and makes us sally forth into the fog. Where should he take us but to Fleet Street? The good old round of the clock! The Griffin at Temple Bar, we are told, actually flaps its wings in the porous gloom. No doubt endeavouring to soar up to the office of *The Bibliophile*, but the author does not say so. Down the Strand and then to the river under the influence of the fog sprite, he drags us along.

Waterloo-bridge is like the mouth of Hades spewing out of its formless lips a groaning multitude of vehicles, coming out of nowhere through nothing into nowhere. In an alcove a man is roasting chestnuts. He seems absurdly solid compared to these phantoms of men and horses. The bridge is like the bridge of Mirza, for the ghosts seem to fall through broken arches into the river that seems to be a fog moving under a fog, as one cloud moves under another. . . .

Through the fog a sea-gull flies like a shadow, and in the blurred water casts a shadow of shadows. But for the rough, cold, hard granite under our elbows we should doubt the reality of the bird and its shadow, and the river which seems to be the shadow of the fog. . . .

Cleopatra's Needle floats elusively in the grey like a spectre on the Wharves of Aekeron. Its sphinxlets smile their bland native smile, and protrude their malignantly placid paws. . . . They look like evil monsters that have crept out of the curdling leprosy of the stygian stream below.

And so London becomes a haunted place of ghosts and elves till he wakes up with his "Look! What is the shadowy shallop shooting out of the arch?" Fully expecting some weird explanation to follow, he calmly informs us that it is a Thames police-boat, patrolling in the fog for casual suicides. Ugh! So we come down with a thud to earth from the enchanted city. In Trafalgar Square, "the Nelson column is strangely unsubstantial, a shaft of shadow without beginning or end, base or apex, a mere slit in the curtain of fog," and "the National Gallery looks like a cardboard toy." Yes, we can quite believe all this, but he cannot persuade us that that most mundane of all London creatures, the London policeman, looks in the thickest of fog "a faint, wan phantom, a belted ghost." Having told us how he loves fog, he next goes on to talk about how he welcomed the rain as if it were a friend. From fog, rain and storm he turns up our heads to the "only unexplored and unexploited region of the earth." This can scarcely be true now. He writes:

Wordsworth rediscovered the lyrical loveliness of the land. Swinburne rediscovered the lyrical loveliness of the sea. The world now waits for the advent of a great bard who shall rediscover the lyrical loveliness of the sky.

After dealing with holidays, which have taken a little of the fog off our chests, we find ourselves at a Covent Garden Ball, where we are introduced to the Merry Widow. Under the influence of the Latin he addresses her:

Widow of Widows! Thou art spring in mid-winter, and April in December. Thy winking and sparkling smiles make the old young again, and the dullness of life cannot live in thy bubbling mirth. Thou art immortal, for the eternal sunlight feeds thy veins, and the everlasting joy of the earth is in thy soul. . . . O, maddest and merriest of widows, I salute thee!

We next move into theatre land, and after a peep "Behind the Scenes,"

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we take our places in the stalls. Adeline Genée is the first to step on the boards. By her we are enraptured. "Her laughing face is a mark of joy. . . . so airy is the joy that laughs in her laughing blue eyes and her laughing teeth and her laughing lips." The next is Lily Elsie, "the last word of willowy gracility." At the Alhambra, which "breathes fantasy from the very porch," we are introduced to Mlle. Gaby Deslys. She is "champagne," and champagne reminds us of something which has to go before. So he goes on to talk to us "mainly about eating," in which he deals with everything from the cattle market to "the philosophy of beer." Afterwards our attention is again drawn to the stage, and to the men who have made it what it is. His best character study is undoubtedly that of "Le Grand Coq." The impression was written before the death of M. Coquelin. Of the personalities of the House, Burns, Crooks, and Winston Churchill come under his hammer. After taking us from West Ham to the Old Bailey, and from there to the Derby, and telling us about sport, in short about everything, he concludes with "Heliotrope" and "Indignant Spring," wherein he speaks of primroses, roses and a girl. Reluctantly the book is placed upon the table, and we fall back into our chairs with plenty of food—good food—for reflection.

C. WHITE.

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MASTERPIECES IN COLOURS.

Messrs. Jack's "Masterpieces in colours" are in new manner becoming important. The former volumes were handy synopses of the life and work of already well-known artists, and the only claim they made to popularity was handy cheapness. To compete with bigger books was not their intention. In these latter volumes artists are selected for subjects of whom comparatively little is known and who can be written as interestingly upon in an eighteenpenny volume as in a more pretentious book.

Mr. Paul G. Konody's "Chardin" is an excellent example of this, and the broad review of the painter's life, the exact and penetrating criticism of his work, and the literary finish of the writing give that sense of judged definitive pronouncement which, and not bulk and cost, constitutes importance.

Mr. Haldane Macfall's "Fragonard" is a little different. It is delightfully interesting, and 18th Century French History is admirably outlined because by Mr. McFall. Fragonard is touched upon with as airy a grace as his own delicate sketches, but he is not dwelt upon with undue insistence, and does not cramp Mr. McFall's charming phrases. Still this book too achieves importance, for Mr. McFall's brilliancy as a writer on subjects he has made his own is undoubted.

The excellence of the illustrations, of which eight appear in each book, may be judged from the pleasing examples in this number.

"Fleet Street and other Poems," by John Davidson. Grant Richards. 5s. net.

"Joan of Arc," A Historical Drama, in Five Acts. By John Presland. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. 5/-net.

"Multitude and Solitude," by John Masefield. Grant Richards. 6s.

"The Salvation Army and Poor Law Reform," by General Booth: with Intro. by Mr. Bramwell Booth. Simpkin, Marshall: 64 pp. 1s. net.

"Winning a Living on Four Acres," by Fred A. Morton. A. C. Fifield. 6d. net.

"George Meredith in anecdote and criticism." By J. A. Hammerton (Grant Richards) 32s. 6d.

"Antonio," by Ernest Oldmeadow. Grant Richards. 6s.
"Salome and the Head," by G. E. Nesbit. Alston Rivers. 6s.

"The Biography of a Silver Fox," by Ernest Thomson Seton. Archibald Constable and Company, Ltd. 5s. net.

"Wastage of Child Life," by J. Johnston, M.D. A. C. Fifield. 6d. net.

"The Problems of Cricket," by Major Philip Trevor, Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Works of John Ruskin." Vol. XXXVII. The Letters, Vol. II., 1870-1889. London: Allen.

"London's Lure," by Helen and Lewis Melville. George Bell and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.

A New Primer of English Literature, by T. E. Tucker Litt. D., and Walter Murdoch, M.A. George Bell and Sons. 2s. 6d.

"The Way of Light," and other verses, by T. J. Hardy. George Bell and Sons. 1s. 6d. net.

"Musical Monstrosities," by C. L. Graves. Illustrated by George Morrow. Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd. 1s. net.

"No Rheumatism," by Dr. Arnold Eiloart, B.Sc., Ph.D. A. C. Fifield. 6d. net.

"Heartbreathings of Delight," by M. S. Elliott & Stock. Cloth gilt. 1s. 6d. net.

"The Stone Ages in North Britain and Ireland." By the Rev. Frederick Smith. Introduction by Augustus H. Keane, LL.D., F.R.G.S. 500 Drawings. London: Blackie and Son, Limited.

"Adventures in London," by James Douglas. Cassell & Co., Ltd. 6s. net.

"Masterpieces in Colours." Chardin by P. G. Konody. Fragonard by Haldane MacFall. T. C. & E. C. Jack. 1s. 6d. net each.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE completion of the "Cambridge Natural History" deserves noting. These ten volumes, written by some of the foremost exponents of the natural science of to-day, and copiously illustrated by exact and beautifully reproduced drawings, mark the present high-water of British science. The several volumes have appeared at intervals, and have been eagerly anticipated by students.

The remarkable German work ("Der Er-löscheude Halbmond: Türkische Euthüllungen," by Alezander Ular and Enrico Insabato), incidentally mentioned in our review of Mr. Angus Hamilton's "Problems of the Middle East," forms the subject of a long article, as well as of a brief review-notice, in the August issue of the *Westminster Review*. What promises to be an interesting series of popular shilling histories of the sciences is announced by Watts & Co., for England, and Putnam's Sons, for America. Eight volumes are already in preparation, viz.: "Astronomy," by Prof. George Forbes; "Chemistry," by Sir Edward Thorpe; "Geography," by Dr. John Scott Keltie; "Geology," by Mr. Horace B. Woodward; "Anthropology," by Prof. A. C. Haddon; "Old Testament Criticism," by Prof. Archibald Duff; and "New Testament Criticism," by Mr. F. C. Conybeare. These writers have already made their mark in the several sciences.

Messrs. Longman hope to publish in the autumn a memoir of W. E. H. Lecky written by his wife. The volume will contain many interesting letters, and will be illustrated by several portraits.

"The Last Years of the Protectorate," by Prof. C. H. Firth, a continuation of the "History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate" by S. R. Gardiner, is also being published by Messrs. Longman. They are also publishing "Schoolboys and Schoolwork," by the Head Master of Eton, who has had the assistance of the Headmaster of Winchester in an inquiry into a rational curriculum.

A short biography of the late Dr. Walter Headlam, of King's College, Cambridge, together with an appreciation of his classical and practical work, written by his brother, Mr. Cecil Headlam, will be published in the autumn as the Preface to an edition of Dr. Headlam's original English poems.

In the early autumn Sir Isaac Pitman will publish "The Lighter Studies of a Country Rector," by Canon Vaughan, Rector of Droxford, who has for many years been writing excellent articles, especially on botanical subjects.

Mr. Andrew Lang has had his book on Joan of Arc done into French by a capable translator.

Messrs. Putnam's Sons have just republished a little anthology of "Shakespeare Proverbs," which Mrs. Cowden-Clarke published some fifty-years ago. She, it was, who made the "Shakespeare Concordance." The introduction is by Mr. W. F. Rolfe. (6s. net.)

To lovers of mediæval glass Mr. C.H. Shenill, an American, has supplied a long-felt want in his book *Stained Glass Tours in England*, which proves he is a thorough master of the subject, dealing as he does with its evolution and its changing style.

It is seldom in a banker one looks for a composer. Baron d'Erlanger is both. He has written a musical version of Mr. Thomas Hardy's famous Wessex novel, "Tess of the d'Intervilles." Perhaps no higher compliment can be paid to Baron d'Erlanger than when we say Mr. Hardy is satisfied with the adaptation. It has been produced at Covent Garden. The composer could not have chosen a more difficult subject. We cannot conceive what an Italianate "Tess" can be like.

In *Lyra Evangelistica: Missionary Verses of Mashonaland* (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell, 2s. 6d. net) welcome a new poet. Though at heart a classic, Mr. Arthur Shearly Cripps is a missionary, but with none of the common missionary view. His book on its merits will be read and a welcome surprise to many.

The English censor has no jurisdiction in Ireland. It is announced that Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, "The Showing up of Blanco Posnet," is to be produced by the Abbey Theatre Company in Dublin during Horse Show week. We therefore conclude that the Directors of the Abbey Theatre do not agree with the view of this play taken by the English censor.

"The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies," by Beatrix Potter (Frederick Warne and Co., 1s. 6d. net) is an ideal book for children. This little volume is profusely illustrated, and is one of the few best books which has ever been published

LITERARY GOSSIP

for the little ones.

This month our attention is drawn to the Centenary of Tennyson. In his early work we see the ideals and the cravings of a soul unadulterated, but later he became the poet of convention. His pen had always a plentiful flow of beautiful language, but what is beautiful language without a message? Tennyson was too much of a sychophant and too greatly superficial ever to strike a deep note in the hearts of men. His best poem was undoubtedly his "Lotus Eaters."

Among a classified catalogue of books published by Macmillan & Co., Limited, is "A Bibliographical Catalogue of Macmillan and Co.'s Publications, 1843-89," with two portraits; also a Bibliographical Clue to Latin Literature, edited after Dr. E. Hülner, with large additions by John E. B. Mayor, M.A.; and a Bibliography of the Sanskrit Drama, by Montgomery Schuyler. Another interesting book from the same house is "Kotto: being Japanese Curios, with Sunday Cobwebs," collected by Lafcadio Hearn (6s. net.)

We deeply regret the death of Mr. Craig, better known as the "Surrey Poet." He made the world brighter by having lived in it, and those who knew him will have lasting memories of one who possessed such a charming personality.

In their well-known "Told to the Children" Series, Messrs. Jack announce two new volumes for publication in the autumn, viz.: "Stories from Wagner," by C. E. Smith, with illustrations by Byam Shaw; and "Stories from Dante," by Mary Macgregor, with illustrations by R. T. Rose.

In "The English Review" for this month, Professor E. G. Browne writes on "The Persian Crisis," expressing his belief that, if Russia and England remain neutral, the Persians "have the wisdom, the prudence, and the patriotism, as they undoubtedly have the genius, to raise their unhappy country to a position more worthy of its glorious past." This certainly is very hopeful.

In the autumn Mr. Edward Arnold will publish the first volume of Sir Herbert Maxwell's new work, "A Century of Empire," in three volumes.

We congratulate Dr. F. G. Kenyon upon his appointment as Director of the British Museum. He succeeds Sir E. Maunde Thompson.

It will be interesting to bibliographers to note that during the year 1908-9 the Barton Library at Bhavnagar, a progressive State in Guzerat, added 380 new volumes to its collection, which, in addition to a large number of Sanskrit works, contains over 6,000 standard books in English.

There are eighteen travel libraries throughout the State.

The following are the Parliamentary Papers just published: Report of the Consultative Committee on attendance at Continuation Schools, Vol. ii.; Summaries of evidence (1s. 6d.); and Elementary School Teachers' Superannuation Rules (½d.)

Dr. Henry Cazalis, well known in the literary world under the name of Jean Lahor, died a short time ago at Geneva. Cazalis was a versatile writer, and amongst other work he wrote an essay on Buddhist philosophy, "La Glorie du Néaut."

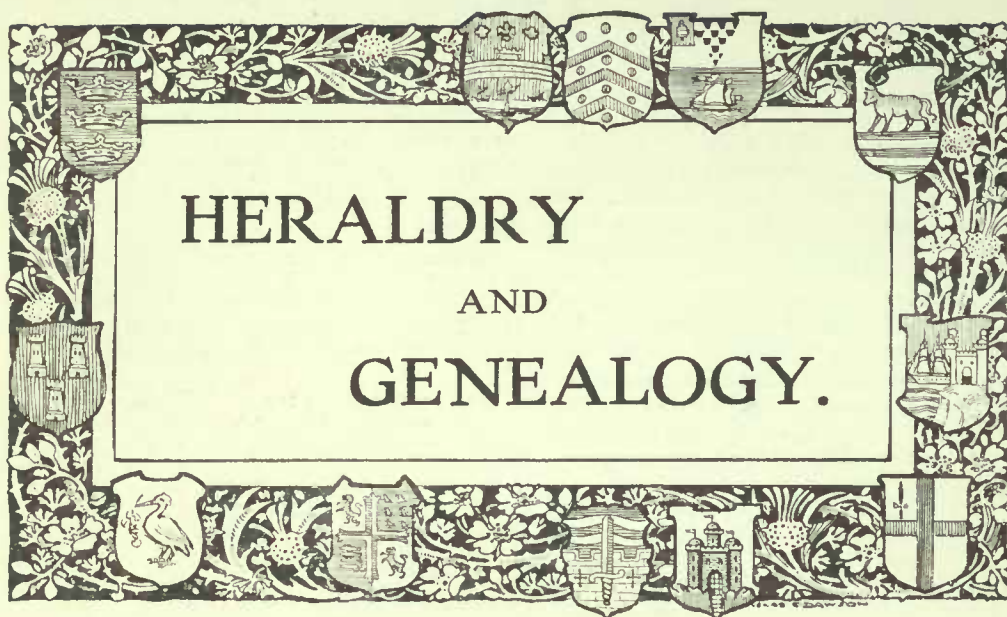
We have received a copy of "The Saga Book of the Viking Club." Professor Alexander Briggé has contributed an excellent article on "Seafaring and Shipping during the Viking Ages"; while Jón Stefánsson has written a highly-entertaining contribution on "Vikings in Spain" from Arabic (Moorish) and Spanish sources. The publication contains several other interesting articles.

There has come about a new venture in the form of a two-shilling novel. Few of the publishers are accordance with the speculation. Mr. Eveleigh Nash is one of the few publishers, and has just published at this price a book which, he says, "is in all respects the same as a six-shilling novel." Our experience teaches us that the public are quite willing to pay for a good work. Of course trashy, sensational stuff can well afford to be knocked down to two-shillings, if not less.

Among Mr. Murray's forthcoming works is "The Great Wall of China" by Dr. W. E. Geil. The book is illustrated, and written in Dr. Geil's unconventional style. His book is a mine of history, legend, sociology, botany and zoology connected with the walls. Another publication is "History, Authority and Theology," by A. C. Headlam, M.A., D.D. The work consists of a collection of essays, written at various times.

While the proposed Byron statue for Aberdeen is being discussed, it is interesting to note a forthcoming book by Richard Edgcumb. It is entitled "Byron: the last Phase." Mr. Edgcumbe gives us a detailed account of the last three years of the great poet's life. The first part is devoted to interesting records of his expedition to Greece, and his death at Missolonghi. The second and third parts deal with the mystery of Lord Byron's life. Byron's conduct in regard to Mrs. Leigh is discussed. We regret to see that these questions are again to be dragged up. It is never interesting or of any value to a bibliographer to read what is nothing more nor less than old women's gossip. Byron had his faults we know, but why because he was a great poet, second only to Shelley, should we have his indiscretions and the fair names of those with whom he associated, drawn again across the public path. If Byron had not been the genius he was we should never have heard anything about his private life.

Owing to extreme pressure on our space the article on "Aerveturador" (Air-Navigation) written in Esperanto has been held over for the next issue.



HERALDRY AND GENEALOGY.

QUERIES.

What is the origin of the Prince of Wales' feathers? The old King of Bohemia, whose feathers the Black Prince is said to have worn after they had been stripped from the dead King's helmet, had no ostrich feathers on his helmet, his crest being the wing or wings of a vulture. W. S. (St. Albans.)

Can any reader inform me whether any fresh light has been thrown on the origin of the collar of SS? The best theory which seems to have been formulated hitherto is that the word *sovenez* was one of Henry VII.'s watchwords, and the two S's worn by his queen and the more powerful of his subjects, had reference to this, the phrase for which they stood being *Souvent [me] Souvient*. It must be remembered that the two SS. were linked by the forget-me-not which was sometimes called in French *n'oublie mie* and sometimes merely *sovenez*. A. M. (London).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. M. (Hampstead).—Before spending money on parish register searches, you should have a thorough search among wills, both local and those proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. This should be done by an expert who can dovetail one search in with another, and knows exactly where to go for any local wills. Wills are the *backbone* of pedigrees, and having started with these, the parish registers are most useful in filling in gaps and dates. They do not, however, *prove* much unless they are corroborated by wills and other documents. The Heraldic expert would gladly advise you if you send him all documents and information you have in hand.

A. C. M. (Kensington).—The best peerage for the genealogist is "The Complete Peerage of England, Scotland, Ireland, Great Britain, and the United Kingdom, Extant, Extinct, or Dormant," edited by G. E. C. (London,

HERALDRY AND GENEALOGY.

George Bell and Sons.) It is the only one in which scientific methods of research have been exclusively used. The ordinary peerages are mainly compiled by the families included, and are not always reliable, except for quite recent material.

Arellano (Madrid).—The arms of the Castille family of this name are illustrated on pl. LXIII. of "*Armoiries des Familles contenues dans l'Armorial Général de J. B. Rietstap publiées par l'Institut Héraldique Universel* (Paris, 1903). They are "Per pale azure and gules within a bordure of the first eight fleurs-de-lys or." Rietstap's "*Armorial Général*," like our own "*General Armory*," is a most useful work of reference, but it contains (unavoidably) many errors, and should not be relied upon without corroboration from some authentic source. The writer has a note, given him by a very painstaking and correct herald, that

the arms of this family are "Per pale, gules and or, three fleurs-de-lys counterchanged.

"*Citizen*" (London).—The so-called dagger in the first quarter of the arms of the City of London is really the sword of St. Paul, both he and St. Peter being patron saints of London from very early times. The supposed grant by Richard II., on account of the service done by William Walworth in Wat Tyler's rebellion, has no foundation in fact. It may possibly have arisen from a remark of the King's, that the sword on the arms had an added significance. The writer remembers seeing an article somewhere, endeavouring to prove that the sword was originally derived from the letter L, which in its gothic form would have a certain resemblance to a sword.

E. V. (Croydon).—Your enquiry as to the arms of Joan of Arc will be dealt with, if space permits, next month.

Several enquiries of late have suggested to us that readers of the "*Bibliophile*" interested in the subject of Genealogy and Heraldry, should be invited to write for the assistance of the "*Bibliophile*" expert in any case of difficulty.

Special attention is devoted by the "*Bibliophile*" expert to tracing pedigrees, enquiring into the accuracy of Armorial Bearings, and other research work.

Book plates will be designed, and paintings of arms made with the utmost accuracy.

The Fees charged will be the lowest compatible with the amount of work involved, and must be paid in advance.

Questions of general interest will be answered free in the Correspondence column.

N.B.—It is necessary, when making an enquiry, to send the fullest particulars, so far as they are already known.





BY

Our Philatelic Editor.

NEW ISSUES.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—The various values of the current type are slowly turning up.



The latest is the 50 centavos, and being printed in a grey black shows up more clearly than the other values; 50 centavos grey black, watermarked "rayed" sun and perforated about 13.

This issue is probably only a make shift one, pending fresh arrangements. The illustration is intended to show the design merely.



BELGIAN CONGO.—The permanent issue is now appearing, and we have much pleasure in illustrating two of the values. As will be seen, they do not differ materially from the old series, except in the inscription. The production is in Waterlow's best style as usual.

Values and colours are 5 centimes green, and 10 centimes lake.

Collectors may be interested to know that two series of provisionals were made, one at Boma, for immediate requirements, and very roughly produced; the other at Brussels, in slightly different type, and much more clearly printed. We will shortly illustrate specimens



of both issues, showing the main differences in type. Collectors should not delay too long in filling their requirements, as they will probably both be rare, especially the local print.

BRITISH HONDURAS.—The 5 cents "all blue" has at last appeared, and this Colonies stamps are as regards the 1, 2 and 5 cent stamps, now in Postal Union colours. The stamp is printed in the usual ultramarine on ordinary multiple watermark paper, and perforated 14.



MALDIVE ISLANDS. The long expected permanent issue to follow the ephemeral one, overprinted on Ceylon stamps, has at last made its appearance, at any rate in part.

The stamps are printed from steel plates on the paper with quatrefoil multiple watermark, the same as for Zanzibar and other dependencies. The design is severely simple. The



STAMPS

picture in the centre might be a glorified post box, but is probably some tower of local interest. The inscription is in English and the Native dialect, the sole variation in the stamps being the corner figures and the bottom tablet containing the value.

The values and colours are : 2 cents burnt sienna, 3 cents deep green, 5 cents purple, and 10 cents scarlet, though why the colours should not follow Postal Union rules as near as possible is not clear. The monetary denomination is cents of a rupee, one hundred equal a rupee nominally one shilling and fourpence.

NICARAGUA. — This country, after running the issue prepared by Waterlow and Sons, and winding up with a miscellaneous collection of provisionals, overprinted on fiscal stamps, have again reverted to their old printers—the American Bank Note Company. The series now issued is exactly the same in all details, except that the colours are changed. They may possibly be printed from new plates, but there is no means of telling at present.



The colours and values of the series are : 1 centavo pale bright green, 2 centavos, scarlet, 3 centavos orange red, 4 centavos violet, 5 centavos deep blue, 6 centavos sepia, 10 centavos crimson lake, 15 centavos slate, 20 centavos

greenish brown, 50 centavos deep green, 1 peso orange, 2 pesos light carmine. The 5 peso is apparently not issued yet, but collectors can hardly hope to escape the infliction. The stamps are all printed on smooth unwatermarked paper, and perforated 12. The illustration is to show the design merely.

QUEENSLAND. — The fourpenny stamp, after being printed for many years in an indistinct lemon yellow shade,



has now appeared in grey black—certainly a more useful colour from a postal standpoint. There is no variation in design, which is the usual Queen's Head to the left and figures in four corners. The stamp

is printed on Crown and A Commonwealth paper, and perforated about 12½. The illustration is intended to show the design merely.

TURKS AND CAICAS ISLANDS. — Little

colour changes have occurred here, the twopenny value appearing in deep brown, and the 2½d. in a dull bluish grey. The reason for the change is not apparent, the tint of the 2½d. being a long way off the 2½d. Post Office blue. The stamps are printed on multiple crown and C A



paper, and perforated 14.





A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

SOMEONE—I can't remember who—
Has sung the charms of early rising ;
The trees, the grass, bepearled with dew,
And so on. That is not what *I* sing.

Health, wealth, and wisdom come, 'tis said,
To those who, silken dalliance spurning,
Leap from the matutinal bed
Without a backward look of yearning.

For years I've doubted this, although
I've never hitherto denied it,
But now I'm sure it isn't so
Seeing that, once for all, I've tried it.

It chanced I woke one summer night
(The time was 7 a.m.) and, loathing
The very thought, I put to flight
The eiderdown and donned my clothing.

'Twas raining, but the man who swerves
Is lost. I ground my teeth to harden
My half awake rebellious nerves
And boldly ventured in the garden.

Now Mistress Nature loves me. We
Know one another well, believe me,
But at that hour 'twas plain to see
She was not ready to receive me.

'Twas just as when a dinner guest
Arrives at six for seven-thirty
To find his host as yet not dressed
And frankly—so to put it—shirty.

Dame Nature's greeting chilled me through,
Cold tears she showered on my raiment ;
Whatever prize she thought my due
Health, wealth, and wit were not my payment.

I harboured not the smallest germ
Of anything approaching rapture ;
I felt precisely like the worm
Which early birds are said to capture.

So, Nature having voiced the pain
She suffered—forcibly though mutely—
I hurried back to bed again,
Feeling her reprimand acutely.

And there, not all against my will,
I vowed I'd rise, henceforth for ever,
At 10 a.m., and let who will
Be healthy, opulent, and clever.

C. E. HUGHES.

THE QUESTION OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SEPTEMBER, 1909.

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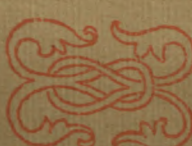
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THE
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OF THE
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA

BY
ARTHUR MEREDITH BURKE

Author of 'Key to the Ancient Parish Registers of England and Wales,' etc.

Imperial 8vo. pp. 500

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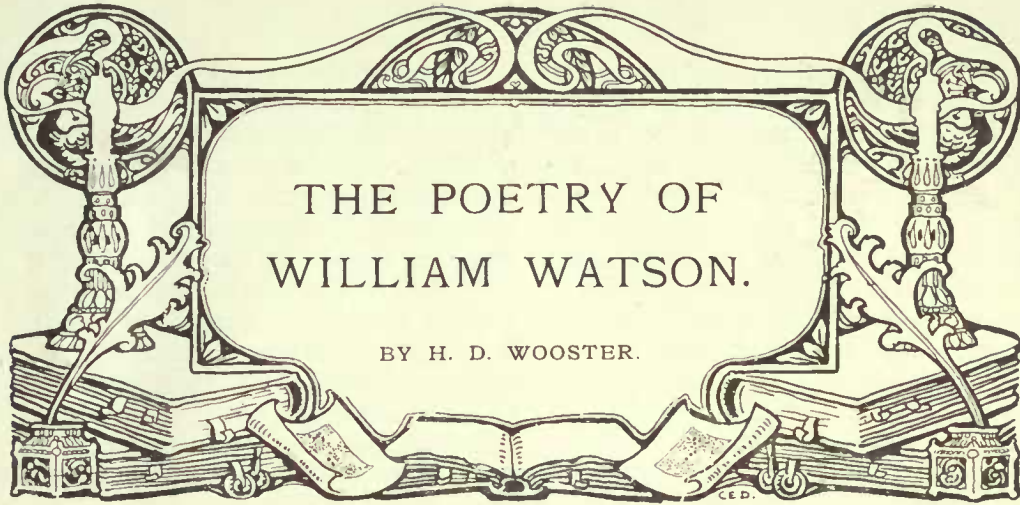


Painted by J. Hopper

*Engraved by J. R. Smith Mezzotinto Engraver to
His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales*

SOPHIA WESTERN

Fieldings Tom Jones.



THE Reign of Victoria has been called the Augustan age of English poetry, and in the trail of this comet-like grandeur shine a host of lesser luminaries. Among them there are poets who, while they never appeal to the man in the street, will yet be remembered by those who roam through literary bye-paths, and who conceive beauty to be a necessity and not a mere luxury. There are so many claimants, and so many more opinions, that it is difficult without risk of rebuke, to name those giants among the Liliputians, but two or three, of whom Mr. William Watson is one, have already become more than a name.

There is something not unmindful of Tennyson's Lotus Land stream, that—

"Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem"

in the thin thread of Mr. Watson's poetry. There is the same impalpable strength, the same gentle langour, the same consistent but unaggressive movement. It is a vein that must be typified as insistent, not persistent. There is no rancour, no passion; fervour, but not fire. If the comparison is permissible, it has the contour of the Cotswolds or the Sussex Downs, but lacks the character of the Alps.

Modern poetry is agnostic and erotic,

the love interest, indeed, predominating. Mr. Watson, while not wholly ignoring the gentle passion—the "Eloping Angels" is a tender and delightful love idyll—makes far less use of this motif than most of his contemporaries, and for this very reason is cold, reasoned and reserved verse is a splendid antidote to the narcotic influence of others of the modern school. What a contrast the following presents to the barbaric splendour of the choruses in "Atalanta in Calydon":

"And these—are these indeed the end?
This grinning skull, this heavy loam?
Do all green ways whereby we wend
Lead but to yon ignoble home?"

"Ah well! thine eyes invite to bliss;
Thy lips are hives of summer still.
I ask not other worlds while this
Proffers me all the sweets I will."

There is in the quotation content—but the content created by an exertion of the will, not by the repose of the emotions.

Nor is it to be wondered at that Mr. Watson does not feel the latter and greater content, which involves the former. He but pays the penalty, which few escape, of intellectuality. Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and perhaps Browning, almost alone among poets, retained the innate sense of content when delving in the wastes of thought. Mr. Watson feels only too

THE BIBLIOPHILE

keenly the strength of man's ambition, and knows too well how meagre the result, "insulted by a flower's immaculacy." This is that slow thin poison of scepticism which runs through modern verse, and which follows too surely a period of great poetic activity. Our poet is deeply conscious of the existence of this scepticism. He gives way to it even when writing of a poet so strong in faith as Wordsworth :

" It may be that we can no longer share
The faith which from his father he received ;
It may be that our doom is to despair,
Where he with joy believed."

The creed of to-day this,—the true Agnosticism ; and because it is so thoughtful, so beautifully expressed, so destructive of all effort towards faith, it must poison as no unrelenting Atheism can. The poet has the open mind which never knows conviction. He never strikes the string of Hope ; he never holds down the tense, tremulous chord of Expectation ; nor yet is there any strident discord of Despair ; always the minor key of Regret :

" Man looks on his own bliss, considers it,
Weighs it with curious finger, and 'tis gone."

Mr. Watson is thus a very modern poet, who is under the influence of the intellectual spirit of the age. He is keenly appreciative of beauty, and deeply conscious of its evanescence :

" Seabird, elemental sprite,
Moulded of the sun and spray ;
Raven, dreary flake of night,
Drifting in the eye of day ;
What in common have ye two
Drifting 'twixt the blue and blue ?"

Could the fact that, while the seabird of beauty and the raven of regret have little in common they are nevertheless inalienable, be more finely expressed ? They can no more be divorced than a man may put away from him his shadow.

It is in the expression of such thoughts that Mr. Watson's perfectly blended and beautifully-phrased poetry finds its finest charm. He embalms his idea in the most delicate wording,

without obscuring the development of the thought. He seizes on some aspect of beauty and expresses it, purged of all dross, clear as the bluest ether, and divinely spiritual. Labouring with the enthusiasm of love, and with the diligence of duty, he chisels each metaphor with exquisite touch, striving, like a true artist, after the "flower's immaculacy," which man, as he knows, can never attain. The ideal is an impossible one. Imitation is not the object of the poet. Interpretation of Nature can be, and this is the highest place Nature can occupy in Art. The poet who makes Nature his Goddess, subjects the noble to the less noble. The poet who makes Nature his servant becomes but a glorified artisan—a rhyme-miller or a verse mechanic. But the poet who makes Nature his friend has in her a wife who can console, and a lover who will inspire. To Mr. Watson Nature is a beautiful, luxurious Goddess, making, Venus-like, spouses of many a man, whom for the consummation she blights with the lightning of failure.

In Mr. Watson's eyes, however, Nature has reared a standard, to which man, whose whole progress is a succession of failures, strives ever, but never attains. In "The Dream of Man," which perhaps best expresses his creed, he almost seems to condemn Man's energy of desire. He sees in him infinite capability to realize the dream of immortality. This attained, he shows him as wrapt in eternal *ennui*, and draws the moral, which the preacher drew long ago, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit" :

" The torment of all things compassed, the plague
of the naught to desire,"

Mr. Watson bewails the loss of that faith which is Wordsworth's, but surely there is in this poem great loss or lack of faith. He seems only partially to grasp the true motive power of Man. He finds him the possessor

THE POETRY OF WILLIAM WATSON

of great curiosity, a seeker after human treasure, an analyser; when Man is to a much greater extent a designer, a creator, a poet. If this latter postulate be admitted, then it is false criticism to assert that, when Man has comprehended nature, and brought her partially under control, he cannot do more. Rather it were more true to say that then, and not till then, Man begins his work. With all materials ready, and all forces disciplined to his will, Man will begin to make. The bricks being baked, it will be time to build. Mr. Watson sees Nature harnessed, and asks of what avail is all this labour.

None the less the message conveyed in "The Dream of Man" marks Mr. Watson as a real poet. He makes Man a setter-up and a striver after gods and ideals. Man, says our poet, thrives best on opposition; he rises greatly with the greatness of the obstruction. His noblest nature is often shown on the threshold of his most evil destiny, Death. Such is the message of this poem, a message that is here most emphatically expressed, and is sometimes repeated, and often alluded to in other poems: so "The Eloping Angels" escaped from heaven to earth,

"Vowed that naught should ever them decoy
Back to their selfish heaven of unearned joy."

In that wonderful metrical excursion, the "Hymn to the Sea,"

"Amorist, agonist man, that, immortally pining and
striving,
Snatches the glory of life only from love and from
war."

and,

"Man that his galled in his confines, and burdened yet
more with his vastness,
Born too great for his ends, never at peace with his
goal."

Mr. Watson's diction is that of the stylist. The clear cut metaphor, the concise simile, and the precise epigram mark his language. His adjectives illuminate their substantives with stabbing incisiveness—"the gradual violin," "the volatile song," "word

mosiac artificer," and those wonderful sea expressions, "the labyrinthine sea," "the obsequious sea," "the sleek sea." He has the concentrated balance of the true epigrammatist:

"Song is not truth, not wisdom, but the rose
Upon truth's lips, the light in wisdom's eyes."
"Beauty, whose voice is earth and sea and air."
"The sense of greatness keeps a nation great."

As in his thought, so in his description, the expression is classically cold and restrained; the rhythm of the verse stresses the significant words, forcing the passage, sentence, or phrase to sink deeply into the mind:

"Lady, were you but here.
The autumn flames away.
And pensive through the antlered shade I stray."
"The sleek sea, gorged and sated, basking lies;
The cruel creature fawns and blinks and purrs."

and in the same sonnet, of the waves,

"With wild, white fingers snatching at the skies."

But quotation is futile. The felicity of the diction makes the task hopeless. Page after page the reader finds lines, loaded with music, pregnant with fancy, palpitating with emotion. Sadness and sweetness, tears and dew; regret, but not despair; smiles, but not laughter; bravery, but not hope; love, without passion; hate, without wrath: such is the pageant of his verse. Of turmoil, of desperate movement, of fire and storm, our poet says nothing. His keen eye surveys the enigma of life, and his analytical, lovely Muse turns the picture into song. He feels the doubt which washes the world round, but he will not snatch at straws afloat in it, and by faith turn them into spars of safety, as does Browning, who found,

"A fancy from a flower bell, someone's death,
A chorus ending from Euripides"

not merely enough to build an Ark of Hope, but also to destroy the Leviathan of Doubt. And this is what the world wants. Many men are poets enough to feel the piteous aspect of our existence, but what is desired and prayed for in poetry is that sense of strength, which another's faith gives.

THE BIBLIOPHILE

Great poetry is actuated by deep emotion, and with all his sweetness, his tenderness, his gentle autumnal sadness, Mr. Watson is not greatly emotional. The reader longs for his Muse to stride across the stage, bedrabbled with the blood and the dust of murder or combat, or rosy with the fire of love, or attenuated with the intense self-concentration of the ascetic.

This does not happen. The style is perfect, the thought exquisite, but the creed by its very nullity forces the writer back on technique and intellect. Mr. Watson approaches very near the point where imagination is so pruned that it becomes hardly more than fancy. A parallel effect is noticeable in the verse of the eighteenth century, when intellect restrained emotion until it became merely sentiment, in the worst meaning of that word.

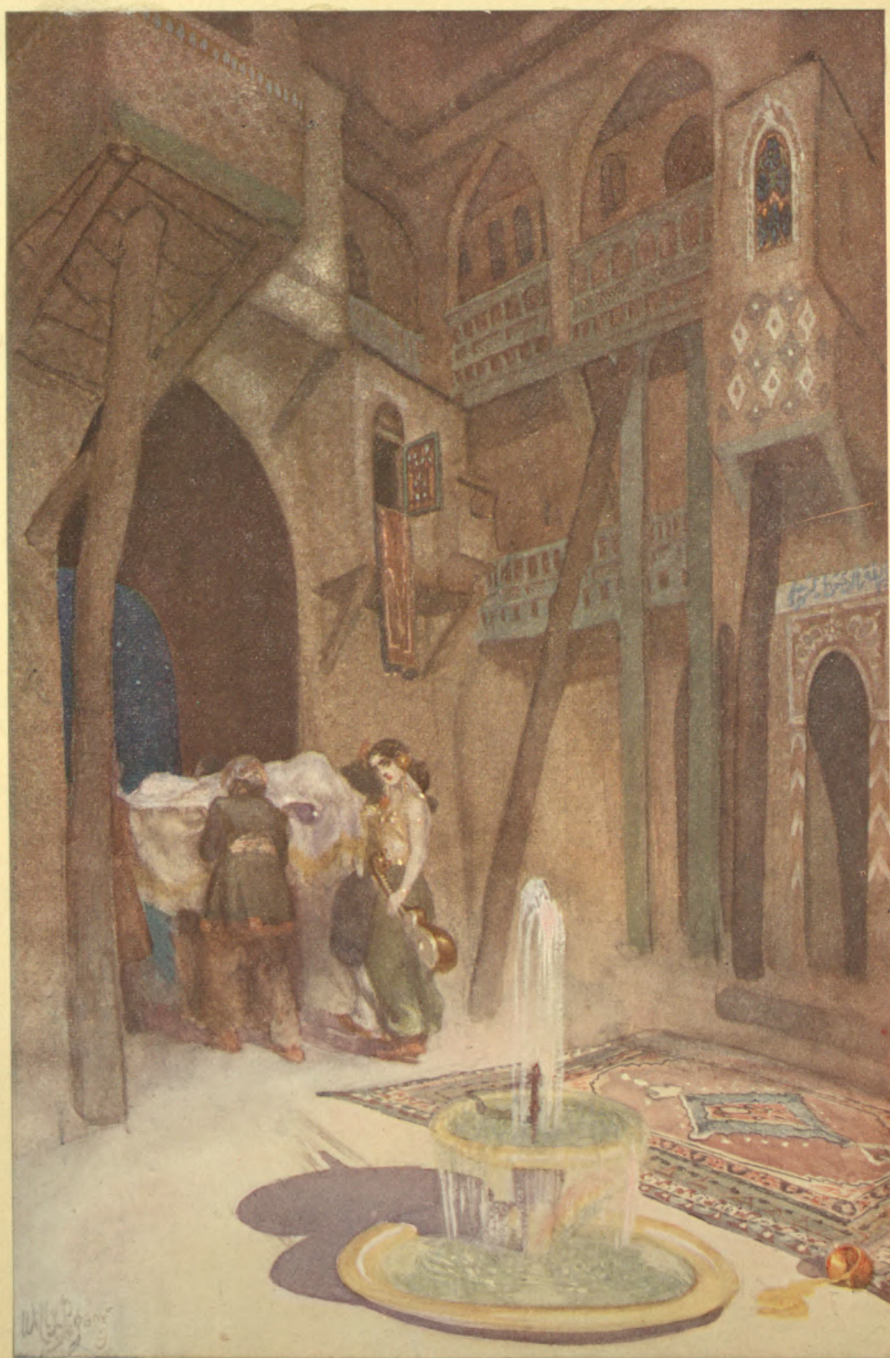
Realising these limits, recognising the greatest height of his verse, there yet remains the truth that Mr. Watson is no mean poet. He is a poet without age; his younger work, differing from the usual tendency, does not outshine the older. Generally poetry is most beautiful in its youthful prime; Mr. Watson's Muse has grown stronger, if less hopeful, in its maturity. It is true there is a lighter touch in the two or three lyrics printed with "The Prince's Quest." One, "A Song of Three Singers," with its wonderful wail of music, and its inlaid rhyme, literally haunts the memory:

" Wave and wind and willow tree,
Speak a speech that no man knoweth;
Tree that sigheth, wind that bloweth,
Wave that floweth to the sea.
Wave and wind and willow tree.

" Peerless, perfect poets ye.
Singing songs all songs excelling;
Fine as crystal music dwelling
In a welling fountain free.
Peerless, perfect poets three."

This, an early poem, approaches nearest to the abandon usually associated with the lyric. Later his work, as did Tennyson's, becomes a "word mosaic," but unlike Tennyson's, who had set up a standard by which the world judged him, our poet's later work is undoubtedly his best. He has concentrated his thought without jeopardising the style; his is the work of a delicate fingered man—a man of great strength and great restraint. Nothing is slipshod, nothing overweighted. His poetry resembles a delicate porcelain of exquisite finish and fragility, and unexpected strength. Even in those rare outbursts of passion, which mark his political sonnets and poems, his thrusts are rapier thrusts, not sabre slashes. In all he does he is an aristocrat of thought.

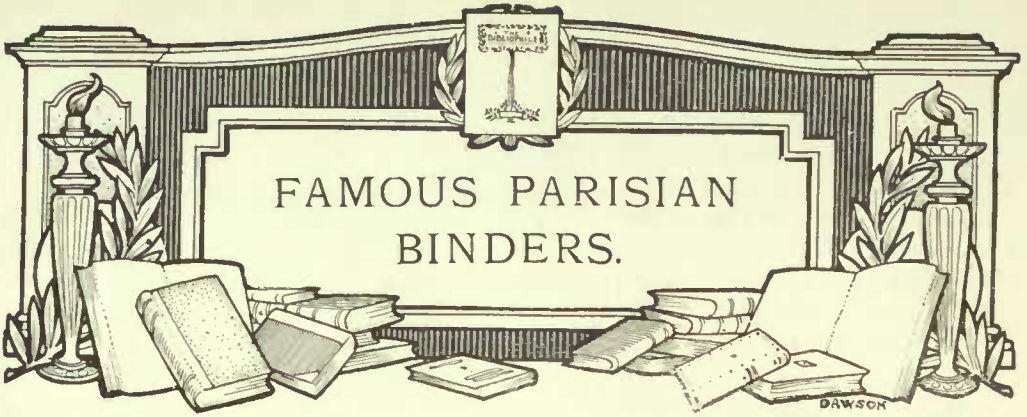
A true poet and a child of the Victorian tradition, he has decorated English poetry with beautiful flowers, even if they scent somewhat of the hot-house. He has the true artistic yearning towards the spirit of beauty, of which matter is medium of expression. He strives to dissect the beauty from the bloom, and the glamour from the dawn; and if he fails in the splendid effort, he emphasizes the fact that the value of matter depends on the abstract loveliness of the mind. He has placed his finger on the pulse of beauty, and beautifully his soul records the pulsations.



BY WILLY POGANY.

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. GEORGE HARRAP & CO.

Think in this battered
 Caravanserai
 Whose Doorways are alternate
 Night and Day,
 How Sultan after Sultan with
 his Pomp
 Abode his Hour or two, and
 went his way.



BY J. C. MACGREGOR.

THE excellencies of a fine piece of modern Parisian binding are as easily recognizable as they are difficult of description.

It is a commonplace of contemporary criticism that Parisian binding is perfection as regards technique, but is poor in inventive design.

The former and commendatory part of the criticism, though an absolute and sweeping statement, is entirely true, the latter hardly so.

The fact is that the French mind, which the uninformed opinion of the average Englishman writes down as revolutionary and erratic, is the most conservative in the world.

An appreciation of past bests, a grip of past achievements are the worthy reasons both for the acknowledged perfection of French craftsmanship and the choice of style and design in which that trained skill has already proved itself.

Thus, as Charles Nodier so well says, it was "pour les surpasser en les imitant," that after the Revolution Thouvenin caught the spirit

of Derome, Padeloup Du Seuil, Anguerrand, Boyet and Le Gascon.

It was, too, because Thouvenin came near to his great precursors in the mastery of his craft that he, rather than the brothers Bozerian, is to be regarded as in the direct line of succession and as handing on the great



FIG. 1.—BINDING BY CHAMBOLLE-DURU

THE BIBLIOPHILE

traditions of the binder's art in France to the craftsmen of to-day.

The brothers Bozerian, like Hering and Lewis in England, were largely influenced in their designs by the chaste style which Roger Payne had brought to such perfection, though curiously enough none came near to him in constructional skill in the build of the book.

Thouvenin did not entirely escape the craze for the hollow and flat back, but his designs are almost unaffected by contemporary influences, and are generally reserved and formal.

He often mixes gold and blind in his designs, a "Manon Lescaut" in my collection being thus treated.

After Thouvenin, Simier and Capé who had royal patronage were in chief esteem, but it is to Trautz who in 1840

joined his father-in-law Bauzonnet as partner that the honour of continuing the best traditions of the art must be given.

Bauzonnet had been trained in the workshop of Purgold a contemporary of Thouvenin whom indeed in forwarding he excelled, retaining the rounded and solid back still characteristic of the best French work.

The year of the Bauzonnet-Trautz partnership saw the founding of the firm of Duru.

Cuzin too worked at this time and he and Duru were rivals in skill and finish.

Cuzin was a workman at one time in the employ of Trautz.

My copy of the 1719 *Daphnis and Chloe* bound by Cuzin has on the back doublure the name of the gilder "Mail-lard" and the brilliancy and solidity of the decoration is exceptionally fine. In design however Duru certainly excelled and the precision and accurate finish of his work has not been exceeded by any French binder.

Charles Nodier's copy of the *Elzevir Satyre Menip-pée* which is in my possession is in a beautiful Duru binding, perfectly forwarded, with solid back and with a design slightly suggestive of the plainer work of Samuel Mearne. Chambolle who succeeded Duru in 1852 continued the honourable traditions of the house and his son is the present head of the firm Chambolle-Duru.

The fine examples given of the work of this firm though differing entirely in design both evidence the perfection of workmanship which have rendered the

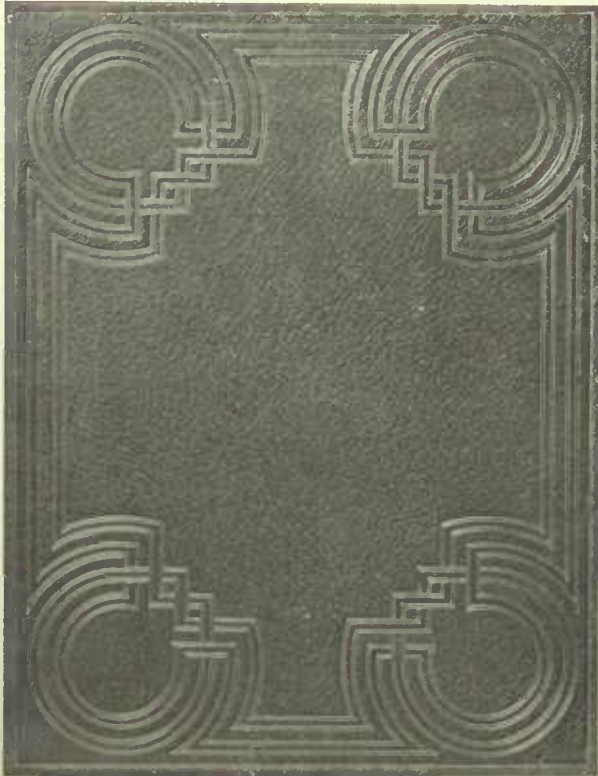


FIG. 2.—BINDING BY CHAMBOLLE-DURU

FAMOUS PARISIAN BINDERS

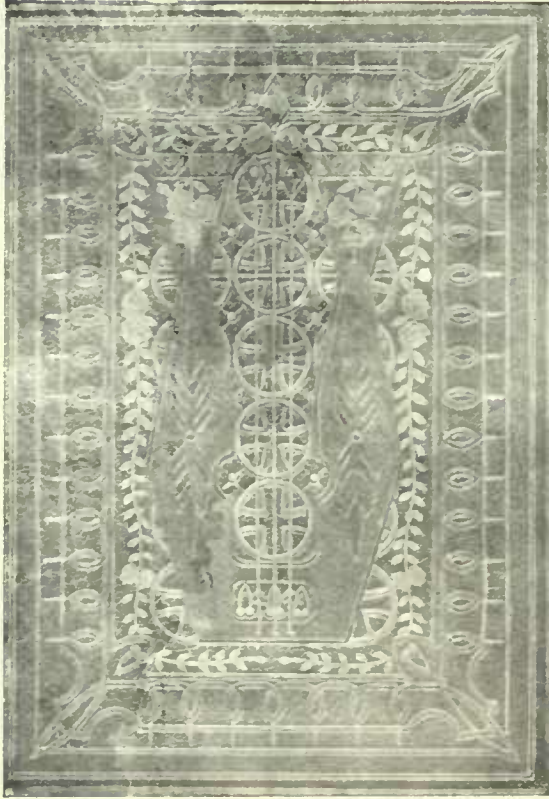


FIG. 3.--BINDING BY DAVID

name of Duru famous. Fig. 1 is a Persian motif in which the flowers are mosaic, the branches, leaves and small ornaments being treated in unburnished gold. Fig. 2 is a beautiful example of work executed entirely in *petits fers*.

Of the other houses which date from the middle of the century famous names are Lortic, Thibaron, Niédree, Capé, Marius Michel and David.

Bernard David who in 1855 established a still flourishing business, was one of the best workmen of his time and in 1855 obtained the gold medal at the Paris Exhibition. His successor the present head of the firm exhibited at the Franco-British Exhibition, and was awarded there the highest honours. M.

David has permitted the reproduction of two of his masterpieces. Fig. 3, which was exhibited at the Salon de la Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, is a binding of "Theodora." It is Byzantine in character, and is carried out in various coloured mosaic and gold. Fig. 4 is the doublure of "Le Printemps des Cœurs." Like No. 1, it is carried out generally in polychrome mosaic and gold, but the suggestion is Moorish, and platinum is also used to give added brilliancy to the lines. The reproduction gives but a feeble idea of the beauty of the work.

A more modern atelier devoted entirely to fine bindings is that of Pagnant in the Rue Jacob. A Tissot Bible is reproduced here as an example of M. Pagnant's fine and sensitive work. The panel is in model-



FAMOUS PARISIAN BINDERS

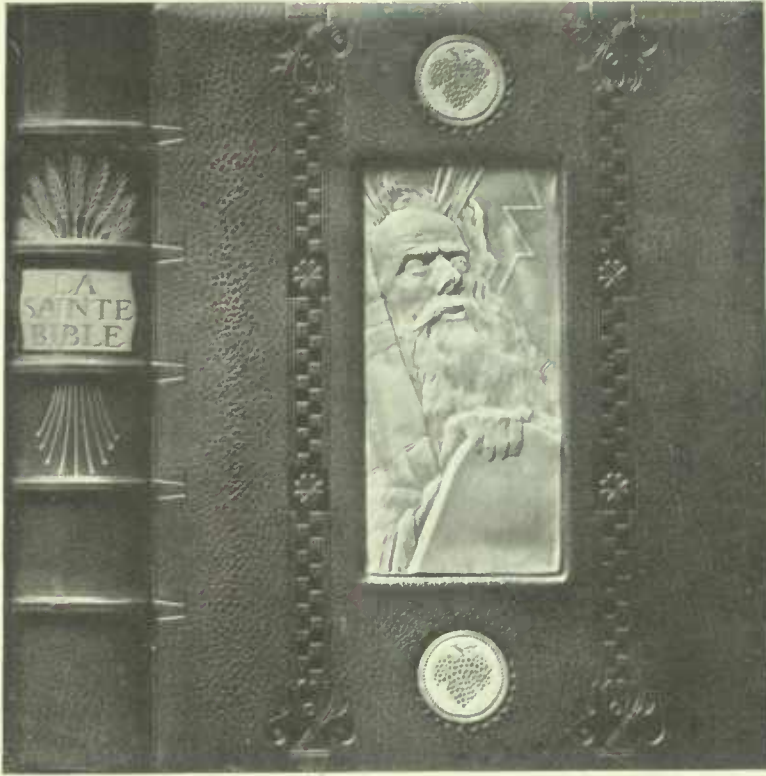


FIG. 5.—LA SAINTE BIBLE

BINDING BY PAGNANT

led leather and the bands are tooled in blind.

To M. Pagnant was awarded the gold medal of the Milan 1906 Exhibition.

The small block of a prayer book is a characteristic binding from the house of Bouasse-Jeune whose work in marbled leather is so famous. The cover is in leather repoussé after a design by Gicar and is a fine piece of work.

Examples of these bindings are to be seen at various London bookshops. Mr. Bumpus of 250 Oxford street has at present a specially fine selection.

In no occupation is there so left to

us to-day the sincerity and devotion which characterised the craftsman of the past as in the art and craft of the binder. The great French binders whose work has been described in this article are in general still content to have the greater honour of the artist rather than the importance of the manufacturer. Hence the work done by these famous houses amounts in all to a small quantity as compared with what might be turned out by them if they chose to do commercially competitive work. The natural result is that with time bind-



BINDING BY
BOUASSE-JEUNE

ings such as these appreciate in value as well as in interest.



SOUTH AFRICA

I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice : then must you speak
Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well.

—Othello.

THE day is drawing to a close, and the heavens are a glorious blaze of red. The bullocks have been out-spanned, and the waggon stands idly by. The crack of the long whip and the groaning noise of the bullock-waggon is no longer to be heard. The three Kaffirs have fallen asleep — sound asleep in spite of the flies crawling over their faces. The traveller, artist and maker-of-books lies near a few charred embers, which have been burned to boil the water for the coffee-drink. The honey-bird calls, but there is no one to follow. The veldt lies out in a broad expanse, but the traveller no longer heeds its invitation to search out its mysteries, and the lions roar in the forest. On a neighbouring tree the vultures cluster together, looking with patient eyes on the artist and his servants. Two or three yellow manuscripts crowded with notes, a roughly-drawn map and three scientific works lie in a confused pile against the wheel of the waggon. The boots of the artist and traveller are torn and tattered like the soul of their owner. They have been far, seen much, have had hard knocks, and now tired out and waiting for rest.

The lover of strange men and strange places looks once round him, at the glorious sunset' at the trees, and with the use of custom heeds not the lions' roar as he draws the skin of a wild beast about his loins. At last he is to set out on the great exploration — the exploration of his life. His desires are about to be fulfilled. He spreads the map over his lap, and marks the route with his finger, frequently gazing up to the sky. As darkness approaches he becomes tired, and just as the sun disappears behind yonder range of hills he falls asleep.

The Kaffirs are about in the early hours of the morning. The bullocks are inspanned, the birds are singing, and a fire is boiling the water for the morning coffee. The bullocks begin to switch their tails, aggravated by the flies, but the artist and traveller does not move. He sleeps on peacefully with his lion's hide wrapt round his body, his map clutched tightly in his right hand, and his manuscripts and books lying near. "The Boss" does not wake, and the vultures come nearer. The oxen get restless, anxious to be on their way, and

the kaffirs are ready, everything is in the waggon but — but the artist and traveller is dead.

The above is a conception of the end of unhappy Thomas Baines, artist, traveller, and writer of books. He left behind him a warm corner in the hearts of those who understood him. He passed from this world to join the



Thomas Baines



13.000

43. Matabili Warriors. Umbombula Induna of
 Ionyati at the head of his regiment reporting to
 the King of Benguela the conduct of his men during
 a recent plundering expedition

My paper letter in 1st July 1859

Mr. J. Barnes

I have no objection to your leaving the office again and charging that you are going to the repetition. It is necessary for that I should not permit you to commit that whole department to overlooking the facts of your leaving. I have given away considerable quantities of public property (your own confession) and others on that ground of your having been affected by the fever, a renewal of such conduct will at once incur the stigma of your being a dangerous person and a liability to be impeached.

on me also to invalidate you,
if I find that you again
go off skylarking with the
the Portuguese as you did
taking the whaler without
authority, and very materially
damaging the boat - or
if you spend repeated
time and materials in
painting Portuguese portraits
I shall have no option,
however much I should
like to please you - I must
do my duty.

It is right that I should
inform you that C² Bedingfield

43. Mata complained twice of your
Jagat and company, saying old Bame
the King of Bame knows nothing about
a recent ~~visit~~ ^{visit} to the ~~king~~ ^{king} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~Bame~~ ^{Bame} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~never~~ ^{never} ~~altered~~ ^{altered}

SOUTH AFRICA

brilliant army of artists, authors, and thinkers who died not unknown but who were not only a lover of art, but an explorer, a naturalist, a collector, a botanist, an entomologist, and a naturalist. He could take no account of his own health or occupation. In some cases there is too much high colouring, but it must be remembered that there is some waste of labour in the room in which Baines was a self-taught artist, and that many of his numerous pictures were painted in the room in which he lived. It must not be forgotten that he lived in a brilliant climate where all the various shades of the rainbow are in very strong light.

my conduct in the least to you in consequence. But now I have seen the stores left to any one who chose to steal them. and this now even allowed to take what

he liked in your presence. I hereby caution you that if what I have taken I trouble myself to arrange so that you can easily examine them every day. and I should be engaged to take charge when you are ill, be not properly attended to. I must perform the painful duty of separating you from the expedition.

You are required to furnish me with my return in a series of portraits of natives. On one of the banks of the River North-east of London, the artist like Mr. Baines, was born at King's storekeeper, he was a man of considerable energy, was the master of a small ship, and was engaged to that port. No doubt this was the early artistic training of the second son Thomas, who received an excellent education. Although he was never to be quite realised in the grand continent. These portraits of Robert White, Esq., of London, were painted and admired by

for the purposes of study - young
men of nearly all the colleges
to show the shapes of the heads and
bodies as accurately as you can.
You have already begun to do this
and I have seen what the results
depicted - except by exaggeration of certain features
don't you will be able to make
drawings which will do
to the satisfaction of the artist and
animators who are also required
I gave you a copy of the book
last time and to do
more at that building than
merely show the carpenters how to
do it as a little exercise for
yourself. I now report that
nothing is to be done in that
building at all.

SOUTH AFRICA

brilliant army of artists, authors, and deep thinkers who died not unknown but mis-known. He was not only a lover of scientific works, an explorer and artist, but a geographer, geologist, botanist, entomologist and natural historian. He could take an accurate observation from lunars or occultation. It may be urged that there is some want of finish to many of his works. In some cases there is too much high colouring; but it must be remembered that Baines was a self-taught artist, and that many of his numerous paintings were hastily done to supply his daily wants. It also must not be forgotten that he painted in a brilliant climate where all the varying tints of nature shone out in very strong lights.

thousands in the picture gallery of the Crystal Palace, and subsequently at the Dublin Exhibition, and at the Alexandra Palace. Mr. Kirk highly applauded them, and Sir George Grey, in a note to the mother of the artist, stated that "Her Majesty expressed much pleasure in inspecting them, and allowed the work to be dedicated to the Prince Consort." Nor was this all. Mr. Glover, the librarian, declared that he never saw the Prince more interested in anything of the kind than the paintings. They kept them at Windsor a week; and Her Majesty took her children into the room in which they were placed, and explained them to her children. Unintentionally, perhaps, Dr. Livingstone was a little harsh with Mr. Baines; it is therefore with the greatest pleasure that with the kind permission of Robert White, Esq., a gentleman well known and highly esteemed in African circles, to whom the writer is much indebted for aid in the progress of this work, that we reprint the following memoir of the late Thomas Baines, Esq., F.R.G.S.



On one of the vast plains near Olifant's River, North-east of Lydenburg.

In vol. ii. of Ritchie's *Life and Discoveries of David Livingstone* we read:

In an evil hour for himself he (Mr. Baines) unfortunately joined the Livingstone expedition, in a situation for which he had no qualifications whatever. As a storekeeper he was the wrong man in the right place. As an artist and explorer, or astronomer, his services were invaluable.

Sir Roderick Murchison, in an address delivered before the Royal Geographical Society, declared that with an artist like Mr. Baines, who has sent home such admirable coloured drawings of South African scenes, particularly of the falls of Zambesi, those of us who are destined never to penetrate into the southern part of Africa may quite realise to our mind's eye the fine characters of that grand continent. These pictures, purchased by Robert White, Esq., of London, have been seen and admired by

Thomas Baines was a native of Norfolk, the nursery of the Anglo-Saxon race, whose energy he so truly inherited. He was born at King's Lynn in 1822. His father, also a man of considerable energy, was the master of a small vessel belonging to that port. No doubt this marine life as well as the striking scenery of the Norfolk coast, gave a tinge to the early artistic tendencies of his second son Thomas, who received the rudiments of at least an excellent English education. Although the art school he had to study in was of a humble nature—the heraldic department of a coach builder, we must not forget Hogarth's early experience as a

THE BIBLIOPHILE

Screw Steamer Pearl, at Sea,
18th April 1858

Nº 5. Dr Livingstone to T Baines

Mr Thomas Baines

Sir

The main objects
of the Expedition to which you
are appointed Artist and
Storekeeper are to extend the
knowledge which we have
already attained of the
geography and mineral
and agricultural resources
of Eastern and Central
Africa, to improve our
acquaintance with the
inhabitants and to engage
them to apply their energies
to industrial pursuits and

Dr. Livingstone's instructions to Thomas Baines on his
appointment as artist and storekeeper to the expedition."

SOUTH AFRICA

plate engraver of crests, or Stanfield and Roberts in the painter's loft in Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres as scene painters. His first sketches were apparently marine subjects, a type which he afterwards abandoned when his mind got thoroughly saturated with the love of travel and the magical romance of African landscape and animal life. He arrived in Cape Colony in 1842. After eking out a precarious livelihood by painting for a few patrons African landscapes, and groups of game and native figures, and by teaching drawing he was taken with a desire to explore, and proceeding

under heavy fire, with the coolest courage, to very great personal risk.

At the conclusion of the war of 1854, Baines returned to England, and got attached to the exploring expedition to Northern Australia under Gregory as artist, and as usual took his full share of the dangers and fatigues. He received the special thanks of the colonial government for his services.

On his return to his native town, King's Lynn, in 1856-7, he was presented with the freedom of the borough, with an address under the Cor-



—ambiguous between sea and land,
The river horse. Milton.

to the frontier during the Kaffir wars of 1846-7, he made ample opportunities of employing his pencil. During the progress of the Kaffir wars of 1848 and 1851 Baines, we read, "was always to the front." He was in the field with the brave Colonel Tylden, in the country, now the division of Queen's Town, but then Tambookieland, where he got materials for some of his best pictures. On the 6th November, 1851, he was present at the action with the rebel Hottentots in Water Kloof, where the lamented Colonel Fordyce, 74th Regiment, was killed, and on every occasion in front of the enemy, he was busy with his sketch-book, exposing himself,

porate seal. The name of Baines was now becoming well-known to the scientific societies both of England and Europe—not only as an artist, but as an accurate and scientific geographer; and this led to his appointment, at the recommendation of the Royal Geographical Society, as artist to the Livingstone Zambesi Expedition, in 1858. He, however, unfortunately for himself, also accepted the somewhat inferior office of storekeeper, which led to some very unpleasant differences with Charles Livingstone, the doctor's brother, and eventually with the doctor himself, as will be seen from the facsimiles of Livingstone's letters,

THE BIBLIOPHILE

here produced by permission of Miss Morison-White, of Brighton, who has kindly lent the original letters in her possession for the purpose of this article.

The memoir includes a narrative of the facts of the origin of the dispute between Baines and Livingstone, and the public are at once able to see how harshly poor Baines was treated. Prostrated by fever at Tete, after almost superhuman exertions, to bring the little steamer through the fever-stricken marshes of the Zambesi delta, he was there received into the commandant's house and treated by the Portuguese

authorities with the greatest kindness, until he recovered. Grateful for this treatment, Baines conceived, as an artist, the best way of expressing his thanks was to offer to paint the portrait of his kind host and nurse. The offer was gladly accepted, and executed. This graceful recognition of his obligation was converted by Mr. Charles Livingstone into a charge against him, made to the doctor, as leader of the Expedition, of embezzling, in the shape of colours and canvas of the portrait, the stores entrusted to his charge; and, we regret to say, the doctor never hesitated for a moment in accepting this

The Mosi-o-a-tunya (Smoke Soundings) or Victoria Falls - of the Zambesi River South Africa

Sketched on the spot by J. Baines. F.R.G.S. A.H. & N.E.

*Artist to the North Australian and Zambesi
Expeditions*

*Map
I think Mr. J. Martin
of the Zambesi party
company 110 Regent
Street has the
map - and will
kindly give it to
me. He has the
map of the Zambesi
River & has
sent*

*The popular Idea of Africa has
long been that its interior was
a vast desert. the traditions
of inland waters were discredited
and only recently the lakes
and rivers of
were erased from our maps
even while they were actually
being rediscovered by modern
travellers*

*The Great River Zambesi
rises not far from the west
coast and flows into the sea
near Mozambique. Draining
as much of Africa as lies
between the parallels of
10° & 20° South latitude*

Senna 21st July 1859

Mr Thomas Baines

Sir

On further examination
of your conduct in my absence
in order to have materials ready
for a proper report to my
superiors, it appears that
while making away with
large quantities of public
property you took very good
care of your own private
property; So, though as you
are aware, I was inclined
to take the most lenient
view of the case, and
even overlook the serious

THE BIBLIOPHILE

here produced by permission of Miss Morison-White, of Brighton, who has kindly lent the original letter to the Editor of this article.

The memoirs of the late Mr. Baines and Livingstone, and the public are at once able to see how harshly the fact is mentioned. Prostrated by fever at Tete, after almost super-human exertions to bring the little party through the fever-land of the Zambesi delta, he was there received into the commandant's house and treated with the greatest

kindness, until he recovered. Grateful for this treatment, Baines conceived the best way of expressing his thanks to offer to paint the portrait of his saviour and nurse. The offer was gladly accepted, and executed. This graceful recognition of his obligation was converted by him, made to be doctor, as leader of the Expedition of exploration of the lake of colours and conquest of the Zambesi, into a charge against his duty; and, we regret to say, the doctor hesitated in accepting this

To report the whole of your conduct to the M. Government and there no doubt as to the opinion that will be formed thereupon. You will therefore consider your salary stopped; yourself as separated from the Zambesi Expedition from the 30th July next, and give over the charge of Maser Secord all public property, & all paintings, drawings, &c. properly secured: my previous orders are cancelled.

If you wish it, your services may have the use of the field

SOUTH AFRICA

the materials, and your
usual relations after the four
months' detention now in
your possession are extended
but I shall take the earliest
opportunity my other duties
allow of sending you home.
I am Sir
Your Most Obedient Servant
David Livingstone

Cousin
The failures of duty which I am obliged
to report against you are neglect of
duty as storekeeper of the Expedition
in not only leaving stores exposed
to be stolen but by your own
confession giving away large
quantities of them to Generoso & others -
a fact which lays you open to

prosecution & leaving your duties entirely
and without leave in order to stay
with certain Portuguese, in doing which
you took a whaler without authority
and very seriously damaged its
master's artists materials in painting
portraits of Tasca & Albino
without authority &c. &c. from the
officer left in charge. It is with
deep regret that I have to make
such a report, but I am unable
to find an excuse for the serious
features of duty enumerated and
must therefore perform a painful
duty. D. Livingstone

SOUTH AFRICA

accusation and refusing to hear any explanation on the part of Baines. It eventually led to the dismissal of Baines, as he could not remain, branded as he was, with the name of a common thief, and it certainly does not redound to the credit of Dr. Livingstone, that to the last he did not honestly acknowledge his error. Into his conduct on this occasion Baines always challenged the strictest inquiry from his accusers, and was refused it. He appealed to the Secretary of State, and to the Council of the Geographical Society, but without effect. What could the friendless unknown artist do with the influence of a man like Dr. Livingstone against him? He could only wait for Time, and he left the court of public opinion without a stain upon his character. We know, in fact, that the great motive which actuated him in joining Chapman's Expedition to the Zambesi in 1861 was the hope of meeting Livingstone, and personally confronting him on the Zambesi, or at Tete; but the meeting never occurred. This expedition went from the West Coast overland to Victoria Falls, meeting Chapman on the way. Baines painted, shot and preserved the skins of animals, besides



A lightning sketch by Baines illustrating the Development Theory.
Note the evolution from the tadpole to the angel's wing.

superintending the construction of boats, etc. His series of pictures of the Victoria Falls, and other scenes on the Zambesi, are well known, and were the property of Mr. Robert White, on whose decease they came into the possession of his daughter, Miss Morison-White, who on all occasions is most willing to show and explain them to visitors interested in South Africa. On his return from this Expedition, Baines again visited England, and for some time he had his studio in a spare room at the Royal Geographical Society's Rooms, in Whitehall Place. In 1865 he published his drawings of African scenery, and his explorations in South-eastern Africa, which acquired quite a European celebrity. Attention having been called to the existence of gold-fields in the Tati and the ruined cities in the region North-east of the Trans-Vaal Republic, he entered into arrangements with a company formed for the purpose in London for exploring them, and obtained the friendship of Lo Bengula, the successor of the once dreaded Um Zelikatzé, who granted him, on account of the company he represented, many valuable concessions north of the Tati, which, unfortunately, were not al-

ways properly utilized through the mismanagement of the directors at home failing to provide the proper capital and machinery, etc. Like too many other pioneers, poor Baines never reaped the harvest he had sown. In a short poem in *Miss Morison-White's* possession the artist has written a skit on whom he terms "Miss Limited Company." Throughout all his difficulties, and they were many, Baines never shrank from a fixed determination to open to civilization the great country of the Northern gold-fields of Southern Africa. He knew that locked-up treasures existed; he knew also they required a golden key to open them, and want of funds crippled his energies, and weakened all his efforts, causing delays and disappointments that eventually broke down his health, already seriously impaired. At last it seemed that all his hopes were about to be realized by the establishment of a company at Port Elizabeth. There were

difficulties in the way, but Baines was still undaunted, and he made arrangements to proceed to the fields almost alone. After having proceeded to Durban he purchased a Cape Wagon, and every preparation was made for a long journey, but un-

happy Baines was unconsciously preparing for a much longer journey into "a land from whose bourn no traveller returns." The anxieties of mind he had lately gone through, as well as the injury sustained by the many years of hardship experienced in his travels, had fatally affected his digestive organs, and at last, after a short illness, he succumbed to a long and eventually fatal attack of dysentery, on the 8th of April, 1875, at the comparatively early age of 53 years. The same disease had killed Anderson, Chapman, and Livingstone, caused, doubtless, by the necessity for so many years of feeding on the tough and indigestible flesh of the elephant, rhinoceros, lion, and other large game.

It is, however, pleasing to note, that he died as he had lived, a traveller on the road, in the land of and among those whom he so truthfully depicted by his brush. Whether he will ever be well known is a difficult thing to say, but this we know, that he lies peacefully sleeping in the wilderness among people whom he loved so well.

"The Gold Region of South-East Africa," by Thomas Baines, F.R.G.S. Stanford, London.



A RARE COLLECTION.
THE OLDEST WORKS OF
ART IN EXISTENCE.

BY C. V. WHITE.

I HAVE spent a weirdly interesting few hours with the ancient pottery discovered last year in the interior of Peru, by Mr. T. Hewitt Myring. Sir Clements Markham's recent letter and Mr. Marriott Watson's article in the *Evening Standard* on the subject had prepared me for an interesting visit, but I never dreamt that in the heart of prosaic London I should find an artistic treasure, not only pleasing to my eye, but almost talking to me audibly and giving me more than a mere idea of the habits and customs of a race which existed not less than 5000 B.C. The Chimu nation has disappeared from the face of the globe, there is no indication left on the surface of the territory they occupied that they ever existed, there is no line of feature in the Indian race which now occupies that territory, that would indicate a descent, however remote, from the Chimu, and yet, buried with their dead, they have left a record in cunningly modelled and painted pottery, from which the merest tyro in antiquarian research can to-day form a fairly correct estimate of the laws and customs of this highly civilized race.

There are nearly 800 pieces of pottery on view, and it would have taken me several days to have studied them all, for there are no duplicates, excepting in one instance, which I will refer to later. One of our greatest living antiquarians has stated his opinion that the whole of the pottery was the art collection of a king or high personage of the Chimu nation, and his theory is that during a period of trouble—

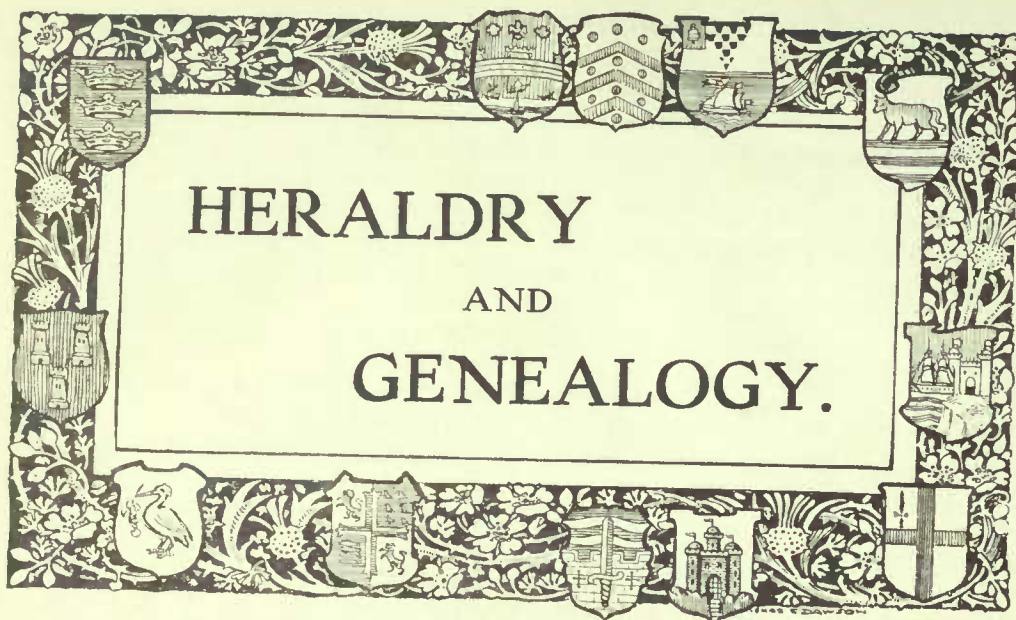
perhaps when attacked by a hostile race—the art treasures were buried for safety in a Tumulus as being the place where they would be least likely to be sought. He bases his theory on the fact of non-duplication, and also on their superiority in design and finish to anything which has yet been discovered. Mr. Myring, however, disagrees with this opinion, and thinks that Sir Clements Markham's statement that “the burial ground was probably that of the richest people of the Chimu race” is the correct one, for, he says, the vessels were too much distributed among the dead bodies and could never have been buried at one time. They were, in his opinion the funeral offerings of friends; for instance, one grave would contain a piece of pottery which probably cost the giver the equivalent in the money of that period of £100, in the same grave would be three or four pieces costing say from £10 to £20, and perhaps half-a-dozen more, the gifts of humbler friends, which cost from 2d. to 1s. All of the vessels, however artistic, had some utility, most of them were made to hold liquids and were probably charged with liquid when buried with the corpse, others—beautifully designed and painted bowls—held food, and some in the shape of fruit or heads had in their hemetically sealed interiors money of silver and copper, some few splendidly modelled heads were inlaid with silver and turquoise with a gold ring through the nose, but the silver had corroded away, the turquoise fallen to powder and

THE OLDEST WORKS OF ART IN EXISTENCE

nothing remained but the glazed pottery and the gold, both unchanged after nearly a hundred centuries of concealment.

The modelling and paintings on the various vessels delineate severally the occupation or favorite amusement of the person they are buried with, the disease he died of, the modelled head of the dead person, the head-dress and face-marks showing his rank, the house the dead man lived in, the crime the person was executed for, the gods the dead worshipped, the favorite animal of the buried person, the cause of his violent death. With each of nearly 800 vessels telling a separate tale it will be seen how impossible it is in the limits of this article to give more than a mere outline of what I gleaned from them of the habits and customs of this pre-historic race. That they were highly artistic people the vessels themselves vouch for. They were fond of dress and ornamentation, for their clothing was most elaborate in all respects. In head-gear they had a greater variety of designs and shapes than you could find in all Europe to-day, and many of these would bring to the blush the most arrogant matinee hat in Paris; their clothes were equally varied in design and were highly embroidered, and they wore stockings and boots. They were fond of music and dancing, and had a great variety of musical instruments. They were fond of children, and in each child's grave they buried toys. They were careful in their class distinctions. They were heavy in their punishment of sexual crimes and in gross cases of that nature the criminal was executed and one vessel containing liquid put into his grave by order of the government; this vessel graphically illustrated the nature of the crime and across the bowl a thick black line was drawn diagonally. This vessel was made in a mould, and several were found by Mr. Myring,

who states that no other vessels were found in a grave which contained one of this nature. They were fond of horticulture and their vessels depict gardening operations. They hunted wild animals and deer—and in many cases the wild animals hunted them. Their weapons were javelins and clubs and they used a shield in warfare. They wore nose-rings or crescents, and ear-rings, bracelets and necklets. They rode an animal now extinct, of great girth, guided it by ropes attached to the ears, and lay across it. Their houses were elaborately decorated, and they used stairs, the roofs were slanting, with a highly decorated centre ridge. All native races from the Incas down to the present Indians made flat-roofed houses. They worshipped the sun, but had many other lesser gods, such as thunder and lightning. There are a thousand and one other facts to be gleaned from this rare collection, and one need not be an antiquarian to find an inspection of it both instructive and intensely interesting. I agree with Sir Clements Markham that the British Museum *must* have it. It would be a crying disgrace if this collection, once having come to England, should leave it again for America or Germany. Mr. Myring informs me that if anyone comes forward who would present it to the Museum he would let it go at a price which would only repay him for his outlay and trouble, although experts in these matters value the collection at a very high figure. It took £70,000 to buy the Holbein, a painting of a person of but slight interest to England by an artist as modern as a beehive hut in comparison with the artists of the Chimu nation. Probably a sixth of that sum would secure this collection, which to 99 out of 100 of the population is of infinitely superior interest. We trust some good patriot will come forward in time.



QUERIES.

Any references to MS. Pedigrees of the Hall family of Yorkshire would be much esteemed. In replying kindly give the locality of the branch of the family dealt with, and also, roughly, the period over which it extends.—Enquirer (Sheffield.)

I am anxious to know how the Irish, Yorkshire, and Lancashire branches of the Pilkington family are connected. Can any reader supply a reference to a pedigree giving these connections?—J. P. (Liverpool.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. V. (Croydon)—The arms of Joan of Arc are given correctly in the New Edition of Rietstap's *Armorial Général* (published by L'Institut Héraldique Universel, Paris, 1903). An interesting Account is given in Spenser's great work, the *Opus Heraldicum, pars specialis*, which is worth quoting :—

"King Charles VII. granted to the Maid of Orleans, because of her courageous conduct, these arms, — azure, a sword [in pale] or, between two fleur-de-lis or. On the helmet for a crest an apple and a cross or., with a coronet of the same. In the year 1431, when she was condemned by the English for Sorcery, these

arms were burned with Jeanne herself. This shield was also granted to her relatives together with the name "*du Lys*." Many distinguished members of the family long survived both in Paris and in Vaucouleurs, being descendants of Jeanne's brother's."—p. 119, s. 38.

It appears that it was after his disastrous reverses and during his temporary holding of a Court at Bruges that Charles VII. ennobled the Maid of Orleans and her family, "to testify and render thanks," say the letters patent which bear date December 1429, "to the Divine Wisdom for the numberless mercies vouchsafed through the hands of his chosen minister and our well-beloved Maid Jeanne D'arc of Domrémy." After this recognition of her services to himself and his kingdom, the apathy with which Charles endured the misfortunes of Jeanne, her imprisonment and cruel death, is without parallel in modern history.

Heraldicus.—The arms of the Royal House of Braganza are :—On a field or, a saltire gn. charged with the five escutcheons of Portugal, viz., five shields az. each bearing five bezants.

Erratum.—In last month's query as to the Prince of Wales' feathers, Henry VII. was an error for Henry IV.

Several enquiries of late have suggested to us that readers of the "*Bibliophile*" interested in the subject of Genealogy and Heraldry, should be invited to write for the assistance of the "*Bibliophile*" expert in any case of difficulty.

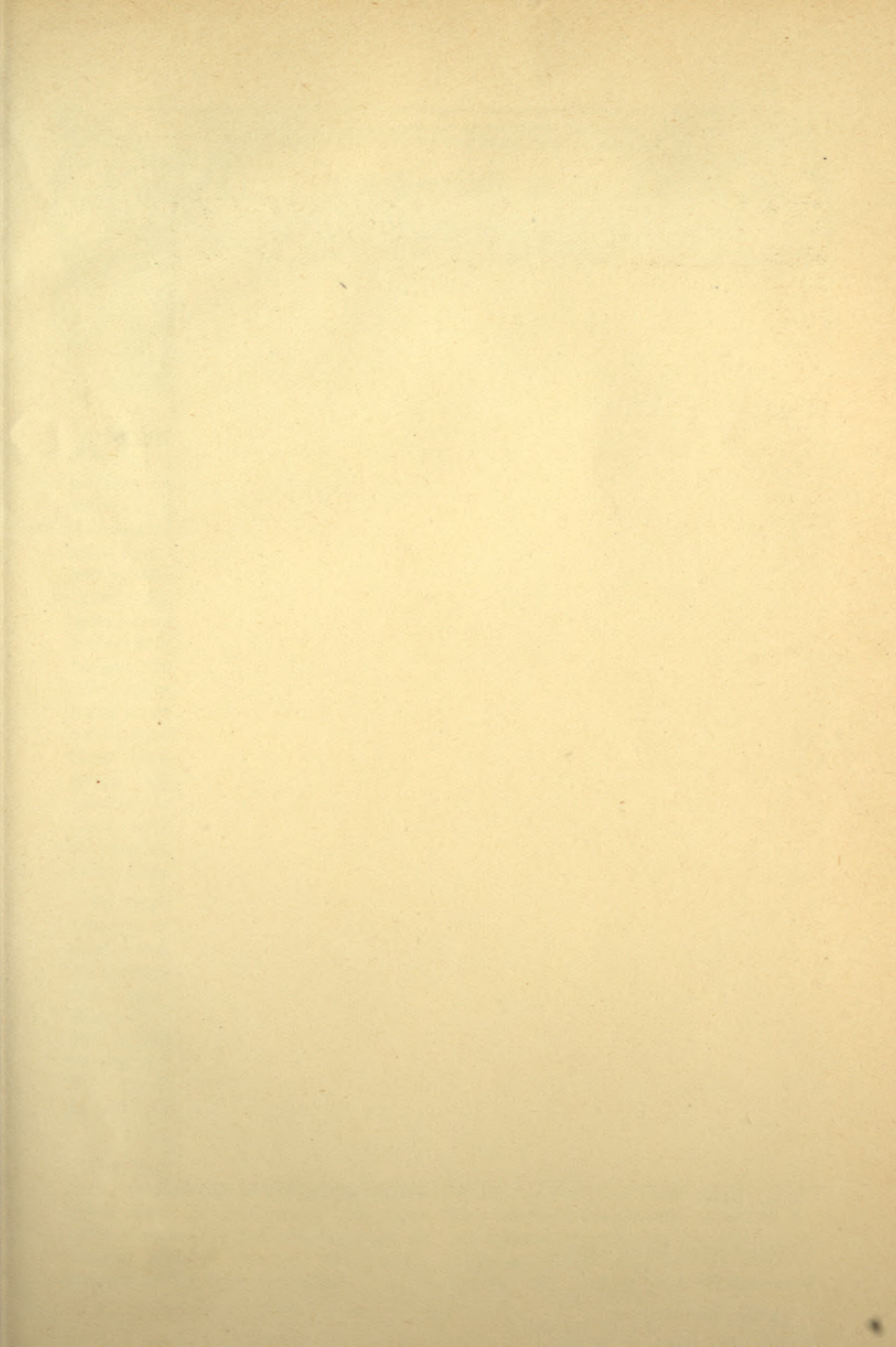
Special attention is devoted by the "*Bibliophile*" expert to tracing pedigrees, enquiring into the accuracy of Armorial Bearings, and other research work.

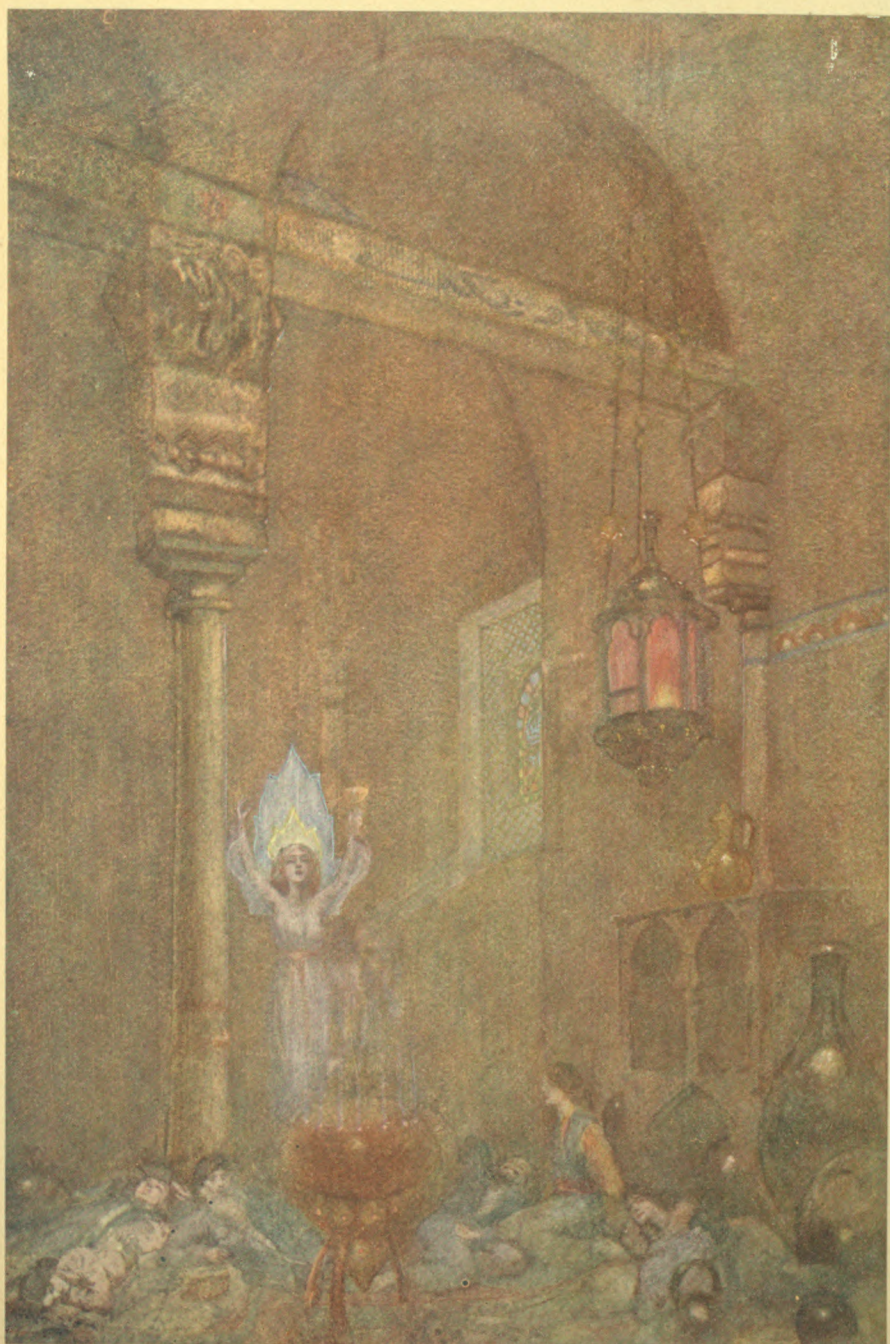
Book plates will be designed, and paintings of arms made with the utmost accuracy.

The Fees charged will be the lowest compatible with the amount of work involved, and must be paid in advance.

Questions of general interest will be answered free in the Correspondence columns.

N.B.—It is necessary, when making an enquiry, to send the fullest particulars, so far as they are already known,

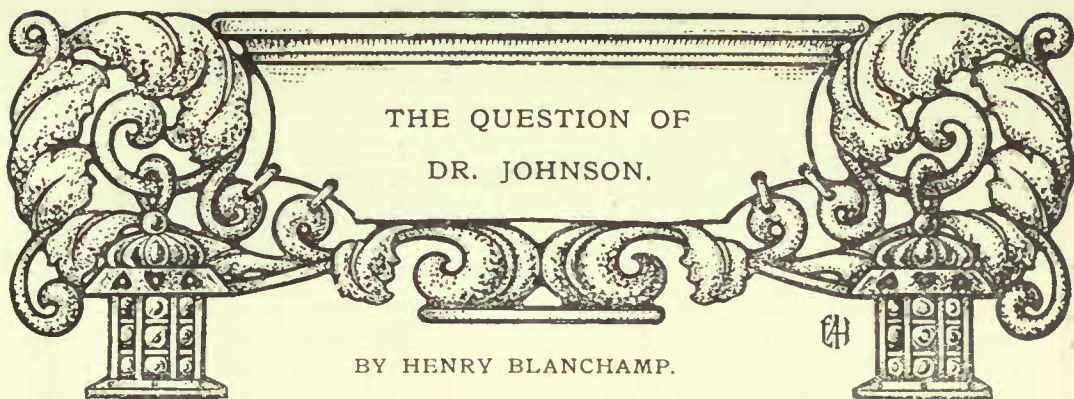




BY WILLY POGANY.

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. GEORGE HARRAP & CO.

Dreaming when Dawn's left
 Hand was in the Sky,
 I heard a Voice within the
 Tavern cry,
 "Awake, my little ones,
 and fill the Cup
 Before life's liquor in the Cup
 be dry."



AMONG the centenary-heroes of the year Dr. Johnson occupies a most extraordinary position. Far and away the most popular figure, he is the object of an admiration, nay even adoration, and worship, among English-speaking peoples, for which an examination of his literary productions makes it difficult to account. There is a certain mystery about the apparently dogged determination on the part of 'Britishers' and Americans alike to make a national hero of the bluff, uncouth, tender-hearted, human, doctor. How does he "abide our question," when, with perfect impartiality, we proceed to an investigation into his claims of provisional immortality? Let us take him step by step through his various literary achievements.

To begin, as Johnson's career properly began, with his poetry. His chief contributions to poetry are of the satirical and didactic order: "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes." Who can say truthfully that either of them is read, except by literary specialists and students? Of "London" the only line at all generally known is:

"Slow rises worth by Poverty depress'd."

"The Vanity of Human Wishes," the finer work of the two, contains some thirty lines of declaration and eloquence regarding the unhappy fate of Charles XII. of Sweden, which conclude with the now proverbial

"He left the name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral and adorn a tale."

The rest of the two poems consists of irreproachable moral or religious sentiments, quite decently expressed and quite commonplace. The mantle of Pope and Dryden certainly did not fall upon Johnson, or he would not have penned such trash as his lines on the death of his friend Levett, which Thackeray gushingly calls "sacred" (how Johnson would have detested the epithet!) and Leslie Stephen found it impossible to read without tears in his eyes. It is in very truth an admirable instance of Oscar Wilde's aphorism on the "bad poetry" due to "genuine emotion."

Take the two last stanzas of this doggerel:

"The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm, his eye was bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh."

Shade of much-abused Wordsworth!

"Then, with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the easiest way."

After which it is hardly necessary to comment that our versifier was not in the first rank as a poet.

As a dramatist, Johnson was still more unfortunate. He produced the blank-verse tragedy of "Irene," in which his friend Garrick acted. The play has been excessively censured, in my opinion; it is heavy certainly, but it is not without considerable literary merits. As a stage-play, it was un-

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successful and has never been revived, I believe. Few have read it.

By far the greater part, however, of our hero's literary output was in prose. Everybody has heard of his Dictionary, although it has long been superseded and is valueless except to collectors and amateurs of literature. The quotations make it an interesting work. It is also interesting in a less flattering way for the lexicographer. It contains the well-known definition of "pastern" as "the knee of a horse," which gave occasion to a fine, frank reply of his. Upon a lady laughingly taxing him: "How could you make such a blunder?" he boldly, simply observed: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance!" Again, we find him defining "windward" and "leeward," both in the same terms as "Towards the wind"! But the most awkward definitions for him personally, as it turned out, were those of "pension" and "pensioner." When he received later on the pension of £300 a year from the King, it is not likely that his enemies forgot to remind him that "In England it [pension] is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country!" or that a pensioner is "A slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master!" The doctor did not indeed suffer from over-nice scruples: but we forgive him much when we read that a lexicographer is "A writer of dictionaries; a harmless drudge." . . . But this also makes it clear that he had no idea of the power latent in a dictionary or encyclopædic work, when produced by men of the calibre of Diderot and D'Alembert. He was content with what had already been done: a significant trait in his character, to be remarked in all his activities. He had little or no invention.

This failing is particularly noticeable in his chief effort at imaginative work,

"Rasselas," in many respects his best achievement in the way of self-expression. Its poverty of invention and the platitudinousness of its moralisings and sentiments were, unfortunately for the author, brought into especial prominence by the almost simultaneous publication of Voltaire's "Candide." The central notion, the ridicule or exposure of the baselessness of optimism, is fundamentally the same in both. "Candide" utterly eclipses and overshadows "Rasselas": there is no more real comparison possible between them than between Napoleon and Wellington. A study, indeed, generally contrasting Voltaire and Johnson would be most interesting and suggestive. The national characteristics could hardly be more intensely marked than in those two great men. "Rasselas" has failed by sheer dead weight of dullness and commonplace thought. Here are some notions selected from a distillation of distillations of them:

"Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures"—an idea that may be queried.

"No man was ever great by imitation"—but it might be added, no man was ever great without imitation. Is it even a half-truth?

"No man will be found in whose mind airy notions do not sometimes tyrannise, and force him to hope or fear beyond the limits of sober probability,"—a good example of the Johnsonian manner of terming a spade an agricultural implement. That no man is always level-headed is a tolerably obvious statement.

It may be said, without fear of refutation, that the doctor is as a rule in no way superior as a moralist to Martin Tupper. But a dispassionate, unprejudiced perusal of Johnson's works brings to light a few gems "of purest ray serene" similar to the following: they are picked specimens: he never risks much, or at all, above their level:

"The notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture, which never can unite."
("Rambler.")

"As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the man of intelligence must direct the man of labour."
(Journey to the Western Islands.)

"Wit will never make a man rich, but there are places where riches will always make a wit."
("Idler.")

"Men are wrong for want of sense, but they are wrong by halves for want of spirit."
("Taxation no Tyranny.")

"Men easily forgive Wrongs which are not committed against themselves."
("Notes on Shakespeare.")

"Many men mistake the love for the practice of virtue, and are not so much good men, as the friends of goodness."
("Life of Savage.")

THE QUESTION OF DR. JOHNSON

"Contempt is a kind of gangrene, which if it seizes one part of a character corrupts all the rest by degrees." ("Life of Blackmore.")

"Of all kinds of credulity the most obstinate and wonderful is that of political zealots." ("Idler.").

A singular impression is conveyed by the last remark, when we bear in memory that he acted—was it only acting after all?—throughout life the part of a bigoted Tory, who asserted his conviction that the first Whig was the devil. Johnson has been much belauded for his honesty and straightforwardness; but there were great gaps in it. At one moment a blindly, stupidly rabid Tory, at another moment he lets slip—probably it was a slip of the most revealing kind—the remark that one government is as good as another. His much-vaunted love of truth also appears to have been, to his mind, compatible with unscrupulous manipulations of the reports of Parliamentary debates. He boasted he always "took care the Whig dogs should not get the best of it."

Johnson's political essays and pamphlets are indeed wretched productions. That they are vigorously, forcibly written, in spite of the deadly ponderosity of his style, goes without saying. But, perhaps as the result of his essential want of interest in politics—he never would talk of them—he had no insight whatever into what was going on in the world of political action. From the beginning he had none; he took his opinions ready-made. But, after making every allowance, his deliberately written and recorded opinions during one of the most momentous crises in the history of England, and of the world in consequence, do not tend to raise our respect for either his moral or mental powers. With every opportunity at his disposal to arrive at the true circumstances of the case, he was capable of publishing in 1774, when the American Colonies were seething, boiling over in fact, with disaffection and

rebellious emotions, the untimely, outrageous pamphlet, entitled "The Right of the British Legislature to Tax the American Colonies vindicated; and the means of asserting that right proposed."

On p. 47 of that pamphlet we read as follows: "The Colonists, who, when it serves their purpose, are perpetually considering their interests as different from those of the State, and as interests that ought to have the preference in their own estimation, have modestly urged, that a Parliamentary tax upon the Colonies was *unjust*, because forsooth it made those Colonies liable to pay such charge for others, in which they had *no concern* nor interest.* Again, should the Parliament tax the Colonies, it would be the partial advantage of Britain to their prejudice.† The same absurd proposition has been repeated by others under a variety of forms, &c." What a comment on the "absurdity" of these American "propositions" is the position of our Canadian, Australian, and African Dominions at the present day, and our recent willing compliance with the Australian demand that their Navy, when built, should be practically independent of the politics of the mother-country! What a narrow blindness to the justice of the American claims—however insolently urged they may at times have been—and what a want of insight into the actual menace and realities of the American quarrel! Besides, there is no excuse for him whatever, when it is remembered that far-seeing Chatham himself had always been the champion of American rights. He had therefore before him the arguments and example of a great statesman. We do not propose in our limited space to follow him into the blustering, bullying

* See a letter in the Public Advertiser, of February 10th, signed B. Franklin.

† See the same letter.

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bathos he descends to in his exposition of "the means of asserting that right proposed." Its forcible-feeble threats are deplorable.

If further proof of Johnson's political incompetence were needed, reference might be made to his pamphlet, "Taxation no Tyranny; an answer to the Resolutions and Address of the American Congress," dated 1775, which is damningly weak and incredibly illogical, though it preserves, with a kind of forced smile, the bluster of a domineering ruffler; which even at that late hour shows no true conception of the principles involved and the disasters courted in a quarrel with a determined and distant people trained to arms and fighting for their lives. Johnson had no gift of philosophic generalisation in politics; he had no root principle; he was simply a blind party man.

Painful in the extreme it is to note how far wrong it is possible for a man of Johnson's attainments and natural gifts to go; and politically he is seen at his very worst. It remains for us to endeavour to estimate him literarily from one other point of view, that of a critic. He would seem to have been framed by Nature to be a critic, and an excellent one. Unhappily his defect of bigotry, partisanship, ungovernable prejudice, mars his work here also. His edition of Shakespeare has been subjected to much severe censure, some of it quite unmerited, I think. The preface has some excellent and suggestive points. Johnson did not swallow Shakespeare wholesale, as has been the grovelling, indiscriminating fashion during the best part of the last century. He did not live in a generation when a conspicuous man of letters like Matthew Arnold could win applause by declaring in pompous verse that Shakespeare was above criticism. The value,

however, of Johnson's judgment of Shakespeare is much depreciated by his deliberate ignoring of nearly all Shakespeare's Elizabethan contemporaries. It appears to be scarcely doubtful that our critic had hardly read or studied any of them, with the sole exception of Ben Jonson. Was this due to laziness, against which he prayed so often and so vainly, or to wilful prejudice against authors of the of the "unclassical," romantic type? Who shall say? But what is certain is that it shows no remarkable artistic honesty.

"The Lives of the Poets" has been greatly and almost universally eulogised. Its deficiencies, are however, serious. To begin with, the title is a misnomer. The book consists mainly of essays on the poets of the didactic and satirical school, of which Pope and Dryden were the acknowledged head. In literature, as in politics, Johnson's insight was almost limited to what was near at hand. He had no "extensive view." The importance of Gray, as a pioneer of a new poetic ideal, he did not see at all. Far in fact from even endeavouring to discover his merits he never wearied of abusing and decrying him. In some of his critical remarks Johnson as usual shows keen acumen; he is so prejudiced, however, that any merit in Gray is inconceivable to him. But far more lamentable for his fame has been his would-be crushing condemnation of Milton's "Lycidas." It is nothing less than pitiable. Considerations of space forbid quotation; all critical opinions, however, are united in condemnation of Johnson's unintelligent and wrong-headed criticism.

By this necessarily brief review of Johnson's literary work, we are reduced to the conclusion that it is not as a writer of prose or verse, of criticism or tragedy, political or moral

THE QUESTION OF DR. JOHNSON

essays, biography or satire, that he has come by his colossal reputation. Was it as a talker then? Partly, no doubt; he was a born talker, and all his best ideas and feelings are to be found recorded in it; that is why he stopped writing; he had found his easiest, and therefore true, medium of expression, and talking exhausted him. Luckily for himself, and for us, Boswell conveniently arose to be his registrar during his most perfect conversational period. And "Bozzy" was an artist in dialogue, as anybody who has compared his original notes with the published version of the dialogues can judge.

But even with those artistic finishing-touches added, Johnson's talk does not strike one as first-rate in the sense that Coleridge's and Goethe's, for instance, were. There is a whole class of difference in quality. Johnson is seen to be by no means *hors concours*. He is a debater; seldom anything better. The talk generally degenerates into mere useless argument for 'victory'—which he himself admits to have in view as the end of conversation. A small, narrow view of social commerce. No suggestiveness, no fertile ideas, no deep or wide views of men and life, are to be found in his talk. It always concerns what is obviously before him; in front of his nose, as it were. The most obvious commonplaces of morality are always fresh to him; in spite of "London," the "Vanity of Human Wishes," and "Rasselas," he was quite satisfied and comfortable with the state of the world as it was. He had a pension: why bother? Life as he found it was good enough for him; or, at any rate, so good that, in spite of extraordinary talents, he never dreamt of trying to make the flint-path of life smoother for others who had not his unusual strength. It proves a want of in-

tellectual depth and much moral selfishness; perhaps, too, his gross lack of intellectual courage, noticeable in other directions, may account for his entirely contemptible acquiescence in the *status quo*.

But, in the course of conversation within his narrow range, Johnson ever showed wit and humour; knew all the artifices of the practised debater; possessed a feminine aptness for repartee, and when that failed permitted himself to bully and brow-beat and bellow down his opponent—without opposition it is difficult to imagine him talking at all—with the result of occasional unseemly quarrels. Boswell is not altogether pleasant reading, if one wishes to retain both affection and respect for the "great Cham."

To sum up, there is little or no real nourishment for the brain in Johnson's conversation. There is, however, the stimulating influence of a marked personality which has almost completely "found itself." We experience the same pleasure in contemplating him thus vividly expressed as we should in contemplating a finished type in art. This leads us to the solution of the riddle of his wonderful power and popularity among speakers of the English language. He represents a type that is not too much above the average in feeling and mental capacity; it is a very lovable type; and it embodies some of the best qualities of the British people.

So it comes about that we find at the end of our inquiry that it is the man Johnson and his feelings and the courage he proves in being himself, and acting himself, and thinking himself, whom we love and admire; not Johnson as an intellect. We intensely sympathise with him in his tenderness, his profound sentiments of friendship and love, his physical fearlessness, his deep sense of the immense avoidable

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misery in the world ; and our sympathy is mingled with the respect impressed by his uncommon abilities, his rare keenness with pen or tongue, his ever-ready, maybe too ready, pugnacity, his daring to be a man, not as others would have him, but as he intended himself to be, careless of conventional social amenities ; the writer of that scathing letter to Lord Chesterfield, and that contemptuous challenge to Macpherson of "Ossian" notoriety. His love for his friends of all degrees, for his wife and his mother, his act of atonement for disobedience to his father in early days, are fine and touching. We laugh at his absurd

national prejudices ; we feel his humanity in his exquisite dread of Death ; his oddities of thought and speech and manner affect us strangely. How intensely human he was ! And so we love him, without fear. His inconsistencies, his good resolutions (always broken), his disinclination to work (at writing at any rate), his jovial tavern-evenings, his Gargantuan appetites, his hypocrisies--everything about the man endears him to our souls, as it endeared him to such different characters as, for instance, Garrick, Burke, Boswell, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Beauclerk, the Thrales.



Owing to large demands on our space this month the article on Stamps by our Philatelic Editor has been held over to the next issue.



THE PENINSULAR PILGRIM.

HERE and there, in his painstaking and splendidly illustrated tour of Spanish Churches,* Mr. Tyler breaks into remarks that threaten to destroy our romantic respect for the land of the Cid and Quixote. He gives a quizzical glance at the "Christian Knights and Moorish maidens, the fairy moonlit courts of the Alhambra," and the like, and then cynically assures that, from the time of Juvenal onwards, the Spanish soul has been hardened by a "brutal, witty, materialistic scepticism." Another sacred belief is destroyed by his chill observation that the plan of the Escorial is not that of a gridiron. Perhaps it will give a shock to admirers of Murillo to hear that "industrial art is, beyond a doubt, a field in which Spaniards did better and more original work than in that of painting." But in saying this, Mr. Tyler is referring to the beautiful carvings of the retablos which lend a glory to so many chapels, as for example, the charming work in the

chapel of Santa Ana, Burgoes Cathedral.

Mr. Tyler deliberately sets out to give artistic honour where honour is due, and, as he conducts rounds the buildings to which he is so admirable a guide, never hesitates to say that this or that fine piece of ornament is not native. At Segoria there is, or was, a beautiful picture of "The Fountain of Life" (now in the Prado collection) usually ascribed to Van Eyck, and in any case bearing the exquisite and exact qualities of the Flemish School. At Toledo the eye is feasted with an array of sculpture which is not of Spanish origin. The carved doors and the screen are French. In the fourteenth century, says the author, "there was a perfect mania for French fashions, and the French language at the court of the Trastamaras. People referred to France as "the nation." There is nothing in Spain to lead us to suppose that there were ever any native sculptors at Toledo capable of executing such works: and when the fashion changed



RING MARTINS THRONE, AND CUSTODIA.
BARCELONA CATHEDRAL

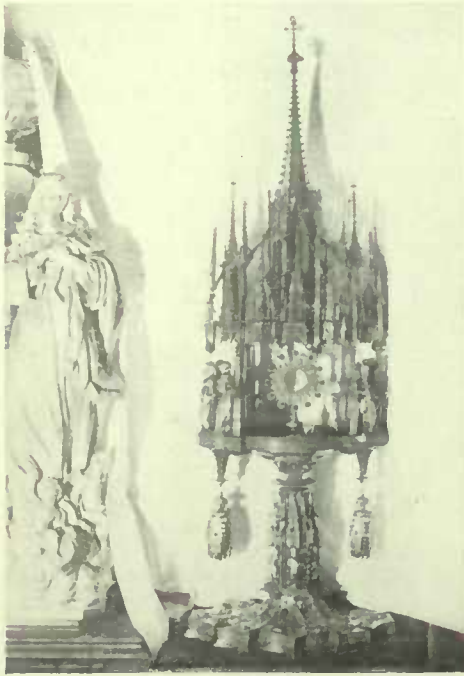
By permission of
Grant Richards.

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another crowd of foreigners came in, this time Brabanters, Burgundians and Germans."

Nevertheless, these frank notes in his artistic commentary do not imply any lack of enthusiasm in Mr. Tyler. If he banishes some illusions (he has even to remind Mr. Hancock Ellis that Spaniards are rather localists than patriots), he is genuinely in love with the cathedrals, chapels, cloisters and their furniture. One has a pleasant sense of accompanying an expert who speaks precisely of dimensions, date and plans (there are half a hundred plans in an Appendix), and yet being too interested in his chat to be overwhelmed in its technical

who will carry off a Greco painting, or anything else, and fell no pang of remorse. "In the autumn of 1907," says our author calmly, but no doubt savagely, "two of the finest Grecos in Toledo were taken out of the Chapel of San José by night and hurried off to France in a motor-car, after the interior of the chapel had been filled with scaffolding to prevent their absence being noticed." This is bad enough, but not worse than the news, which Mr. Tyler casually drops, that there is a funicular railway up Montserrat, the mountain consecrated by the noble memory of Inatius Loyola and his vigil in the church of the Virgin. But



CUSTODIA



RETABLO OF HIGH ALTAR

GERONA CATHEDRAL

detail. The photographs are selected with a judicious eye to instruction, stock pieces such as the Alhambra being scantily noticed, while prominence is given to the etablos, screens, custodias, etc; and the characteristics of Castile and Aragon are studied closely, while the Moors are only awarded passing mention.

The chapter on Barcelona naturally attracts us at the present moment of excitement in that centre of industry and revolt. One hopes that the recent disturbance has left untouched the throne of King Martin, and the intricate daintiness of the Custodia, both in the Cathedral. Even the Anarchist is not a worse enemy to the romance of Spain than the foreign art-dealer

we will hope for the best of a nation which can, even in commercial Catalonia, reserve its feeling of the dramatic thus :

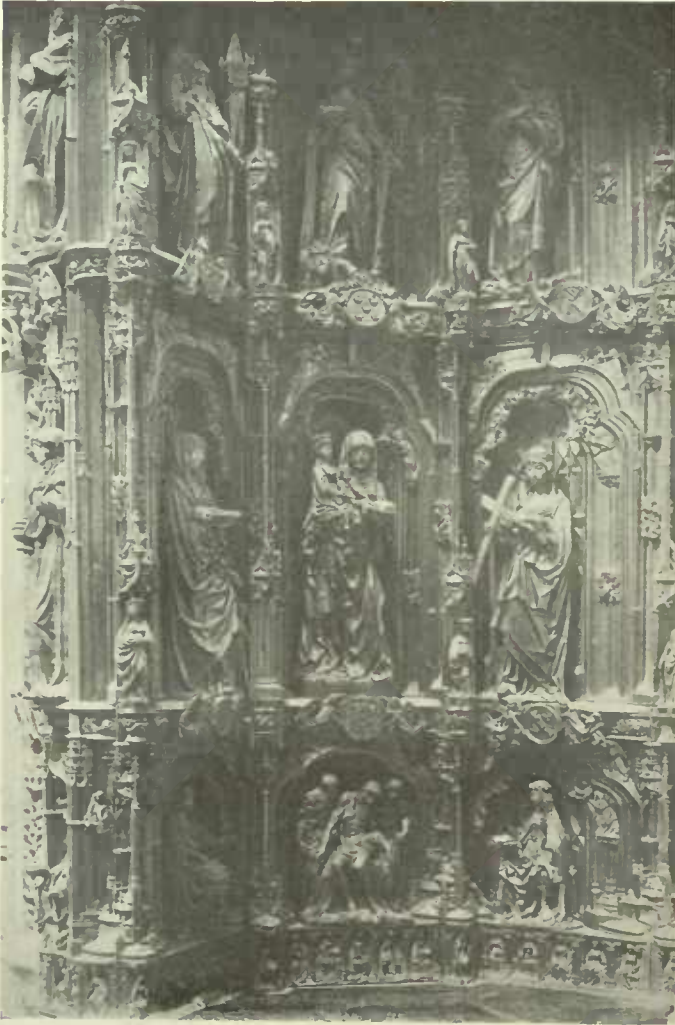
One of the most curious sights to be witnessed in all Spain is the dancing of the Sardanias, the Catalan national dance, in a public street or garden. To the sound of a wailing music—which is utterly un-Spanish and rather recalls Russian peasant dances—of wind instruments, a ring is formed, and several people clasp hands in a circle and begin to dance. Others join in until the ring is large; then other rings are formed. The dancers very often do not know one another, and belong to every class of society—soldiers, servant maids, sailors, young ladies in Paris dresses, tram conductors, men in frock coats and top hats; a most amazing collection of people dances solemnly hand in hand, while the music lasts, and then separates without a word.

REVIEWS

We cannot dance like that in London, nor does British wood get transformed into such lovely figures as Gaspar Becerra's St. Jerome at Bvrgos, on the statue of St. Francis at Toledo.

F. J. GOULD.

* "Spain, A study of her life and arts," by Royall Tyler. (Grant Richards); 620 pp. 12s. 6d. net.



RETABLO OF SANTA ANA, BURGOS CATHEDRAL

English public. It has been truly said of this distinguished Frenchman that his writings are not for babes but for men and the mothers of men. Like all students of humanity he is a lover of verity. Truth is the aim of all the arts. "I have sought truth strenuously," he tells us, "I have met her boldly; I have never turned from her even when she wore an unexpected aspect."

Anatole Thibault, *dit* Anatole France, was born in 1844, in the picturesque and inspiring surroundings of an old bookshop on the Quai Voltaire, Paris, kept by his father, Monsieur Thibault, a bibliophile and an authority on eighteenth-century history, from whom the boy caught the passion for the principles of the Revolution, while from his mother he was learning to love the ascetic ideals chronicled in the Lives of the Saints. Like his father, he became an ardent book-lover, being schooled by the lovers of old volumes, missals and manuscripts; he matriculated on the Quais with the old Jewish dealers of curios and *objets d'art*. It will be recognised by those who read him that all his work his permeated by his youthful impressions.

He is the author of about thirty volumes of fiction. His first novel was "Jocasta and the Famished Cat" (1879). But the book which brought him into prominence was "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," which appeared in 1881, and had the distinction of being crowned by the French Academy, into which its illustrious author was received in 1896. This work is full of laughter and tears,

and shows the writer to be a man with a wide understanding of human nature. There is something of the Heine in him. His pages are redundant with gay mockery, genial irony, and lambent wit. But he tells us "Irony and Pity are both of good counsel; the first with her smiles makes life agreeable, the other sanctifies it to us with her tears. The Irony I invoke is

ANATOLE FRANCE.

IT is a most remarkable thing that the works of one of the greatest students of humanity should be practically unknown in England. To our shame Anatole France is merely a name to many English readers. Outside this country he is as widely read as Tolstoi is read by the

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Mr. Grant Richards.

THE BIBLIOPHILE

no cruel deity. She mocks neither love nor beauty. She is gentle and kindly disposed. Her mirth disarms anger and it is she teaches us to laugh at rogues and fools, whom but for her we might be so weak as to hate."

Mr. John Lane has obtained the services of several competent French scholars, and he announces the following translations, some of which are already published: "The Red Lily," "Mother of Pearl," "The Garden of Epicurus," "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," "Balthazar," "The Well of St. Clare," "Thaïs," "The White Stone," "Penguin Island," "The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche," "Jocasta and the Famished Cat," "The Elm Tree on the Mall," "The Wicker-Work Woman," "At the Sign of the Queen Pedanque," "The Opinions of Jerome Coiguard," "My Friend's Book," "The Aspirations of Jean Servien," and "Joan of Arc." (2 vols.)

These volumes, Mr. John Lane properly informs us, are for the bibliophile as well as the lover of fiction.



ANATOLE FRANCE

By permission of Mr. John Lane.

* *

The Rubāiyāt of Omār Khayyām.

IT is to no subhī kázib that the famous tent-maker of Naishápúr calls us. "Awake!" he cries and to subhī sādik we open our eyes. His gospel is to eat drink and be merry for to-morrow we die; every rubāiyāt echoes with this message. In some hundred lines Omār has given us a poem which for its excellence has never yet been equalled. A distinguished man of letters once remarked that there was more in these few lines of the Persian poet than all the works of Shakespeare. We are grateful to the poet, and indeed grateful to the great man who has torn "the silken tassel" of the rose's purse, and thrown its treasure on the fields of English literature. The name of Edward Fitzgerald will always be associated with Omār; the one will recall the other. To Edward Fitzgerald the world has said and the generations coming will say it: Thanks, twice thanks and thanks again.

Our gratitude does not finish with the poet and his translator but to the artists and publishers, who have spared no pains and expense to produce the golden words in a worthy setting. Excessive care and attention has been devoted to the artistic volume of the Rubāiyāt lying

before us. Willy Pogány is the name of the gentleman who has presented the English public with this beautiful book, and he tenders his "most grateful thanks" to his "good friend Dr. Julius Germans whose advice and co-operation in his "endeavour to remain true to the spirit of Persian art have been invaluable." Thanks for this labour of love are also due to the Publishers, Messrs. George G. Harrap, and Company and to the Printers and Lithographers,

Messrs. Vincent Brooks, Day & Son, Limited.

A quotation on the first page of the book by Lowell we cannot forbear from quoting.

These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred,
Each softly lucent as a rounded moon;
The diver Omār plucked them from their bed,
Fitzgerald strung them on an English thread.

The words of the verses are beautifully illuminated throughout the book, and there are many really lovely coloured plates. A good idea can be gathered of their quality by the reproductions in this issue of *The Bibliophile*. The Editor tenders his thanks to the Publishers for the loan of the blocks.

"The Rubāiyāt of Omār Khayyām" by Edward Fitzgerald, Presented by Willy Pogány. George G. Harrap & Company. 10s. 6d. net.

* *

THE FRENCH LYRE.

LET us have an *entente cordiale* of poetry. It is a sign of coming salvation when the British people appreciate their own poetry, and a still happier sign when the gems of French song can be issued in the cheap booklets so agreeably edited by Auguste Dorchain.* Concise and bright biographies are grouped together

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in an introduction, Malherbe, Saint Amand, Corneille, Molière (our merry Saul is among the prophets!), J. B. Ronssean, M. J. Chénier, and the rest. The series opens with the stately and clamant Malhech, whose verse moved most rhythmically when it chanted Kings and Wars, and who ingeniously immortalised himself while paying a compliment to the Queen regent Marie de Médicis :—

Apollon à portes ouvertes
Laisse indifféremment cueillir
Les belles feuilles toujours vertes
Qui gardent les noms de vieillir:
Mais l'art d'en faire des couronnes
N'est pas su de toutes personnes;
Et trois ou quatre seulement,
Au nombre des quels on ine range,
Peuvent donner une louange
Qui de neure c'ternellement.

The art of making crowns was not restricted to Malherb and his "three or four." The old Hebrew Psalmist understood it in the noble marriage-song beginning "My heart overfloweth with a goodly matter." (Ps. xlv), and versified by Corneille :—

Je ne sens tout le cœur plein de grandes
idées,
Je des sens à l'envi s'en c'chapper sans
moi,
Je des sens vers le Roi d'illes mêmes
guidées;
De'llions-les toutes au Roi.

Sometimes, but not so often as our Grays and Wordsworths, the lyricist wanders along the booklets's bank,—Ducis, for instance :—

Près de toi, l'âme recueillie
Ne sait plus s'il est des pervers:
Ton flot pour la mélancholie
Se plaît à murmurer des vers.

F. J. GOULD.

* "Les chefs-d'œuvre lyriques de Malherbe et de l'école classique," (Gowans and Gray): vol. i, 103 pp; vol. ii, 105 pp: each 6d. net.

* *

THE ABBOT'S PEAS.

AN Austrian priest of the Augustine Order, namely, G. J. Mendel, who died in 1884, left to the world some very elaborate observations on the cross-breeding of pea-plants. The good Abbot's peas went to sleep for some years (if the extreme metaphor may be pardoned) and awoke, like Byron, to find themselves famous. Mendel's experiments are now quoted as highly significant facts bearing on the breeding of plants, animals and—citizens; and Mr. R. H. Lock* hopes that, in Mendelism, illumined by the researches of such men as Karl Pearson,

* *Variation, Heredity, and Evolution*, by R. H. Lock (Murray): 334 pp. 5s. net.

Galton, etc., we may get nearer a solution of the problem of Eugenics. In his concluding chapter, Mr. Lock thus triumphantly contrasts the values of eugenic selection of wives and husbands with the merely temporary value of educational discipline:

The principles of heredity teach us that education and training, however beneficial they may be to individuals, have no material effect upon the stock itself.



GREGOR MENDEL

By permission of Mr John Murray.

If they have any effect at all, this is undoubtedly unimportant in comparison with the effect which would be produced by the selection of individuals who exhibit desirable qualities. The demand for a higher birth-rate ought to apply strictly to desirables. Instead of this the cry is for education and physical training, processes which can have no permanent beneficial effect upon the race.

But what would the Abbot Mendel say to this doctrine? As a Catholic, he would certainly believe in the power of religious and moral teaching and atmosphere quite as enthusiastically as he believed in the certainty of producing flowers of a certain colour. In an interesting discussion of "Practical Applications" of Mendelism, Mr. Lock details how Professor Biffen,

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of Cambridge, succeeded in improving certain strains of English wheat, and then, in his joy at the possibility of evolving crops of corn that are good for resistance to disease, good for milling, etc., he views a promised land in which children will be bred of a "desirable" type alone. But how are we to arrive at the ideal of what is desirable? Is not education indispensable to such recognition? And is not a Spinoza who dies of consumption at the age of 45 perhaps more desirable than a burly betting-man who lives to be a patriarch of ninety? No doubt the science of Eugenics has a splendid

a valid factor in animal welfare, but one need not suppose that the shapes and colours in question have all been slowly built up by a process of natural selection. Mr. Lock indicates the absurdity of relying upon artificial selection of plants and animals from generation to generation in order to raise a good quality indefinitely. Malthus himself long ago made his readers smile when he said that, while small heads and small legs were things to be coveted in Leicestershire sheep, the breeder could not go on in sheep production until heads and legs were eliminated: and however carefully the American

trotting-horse is bred, the trotting capacity must reach a limit. The reference to Malthus is an example of Mr. Lock's systematic practice of tracing the efforts of past workers, — Kölreuter, Knight, Gärtner, Lamarck, etc. — in the biological field, and especially as regards hybridism. At the same time he tenders due acknowledgement to such younger scientists as Mr. Bateson. The author is himself an expert botanist resident in Ceylon, and his work is eminently helpful both in its information and in its harmony with the newest speculation.

* * *

THE CENTENARY OF TENNYSON.

MR. Henry Frowde has forwarded us a copy of "The Centenary

of Tennyson," 1809-1909, a lecture given to the University Extension Students in the Sheldonian Theatre, on August 6, 1909, by T. Herbert Warren, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., Vice-Chancellor of the University. The President of Magdalen College, in some thirty odd pages, has endeavoured "to render due tribute to the great name and shining memory of the poet." He has not told us anything we have not heard over and over again. He very properly quotes "The Daisy," beginning:

O Love, what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine;
In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

It is Tennyson to the back-bone. It runs



DE VRIES

By permission of Mr. John Murray.

future; but it need not spoil its youthful beauty by cocksureness and vanity. Neither Biffen's wheat nor Mendel's peas are likely to assist us much in suitably peopling Utopia. Nevertheless, Mr. Lock's work possesses many merits. It provides a clear and useful review of the most recent modifications in evolution-thought, — the mutation-theory of de Vries (the origination of a species by a discontinuous method at a single step) the germ-cell scheme of Weismann, etc. Excellent diagrams and photographs illustrate the argument. Mr. Lock warns us against over-rating the function of Mimicry — the imitation of shapes or colours by insects etc., in order to protect themselves or otherwise further their personal interests. Of course mimicry is

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through all his work: this unreal, superficial writing. There is too much orange-blossom and too few oranges in Tennyson's poems. They appeal largely to love-sick youths and school-teachers, but to men of letters, the poet who raised the purple robe to his lips and so humbly knelt on the steps of a throne, he is a sychophant. Tennyson, he tells us, "was very modest," and he loved "good criticism." He was "so often praised, too, for the *wrong* thing." Yes, if Tennyson had had proper criticism in his day he might have been a poet to be reckoned with. He once wrote to "Crusty Christopher":

I forgave you all the blame,
I could not forgive the praise.

But there are poems and poems by Tennyson, and we quite agree with FitzGerald that he "has stocked the English language with lines, which once knowing one cannot forgo." The writer in this short essay seems oblivious of the fact that Tennyson wrote "The Lotus Eaters," the best poem that he ever composed.

"The Centenary of Tennyson."
Oxford University Press. 1s. net.

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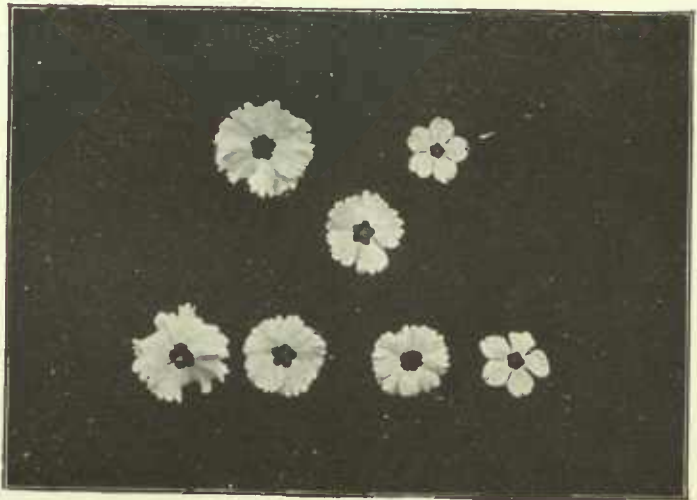
THE POET OF THE SUBTER-MAN.

THERE is only one George R. Sims, and he is the poet and writer of the people. The simplicity and powerfulness of his style has won for him a world-wide reputation. He writes with no pen of romance, but from what he has seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. In his little volume of poems before us, entitled "The Dagonet and other Poems," he has told us something more about "the filthy alley," and poor, filthy, suffering humanity. He makes us think, he makes us feel, and above all, more generously inclined towards the poor homeless ones we meet in the street. There is too much of that "passing over on to the other side" in our day, and George R. Sims brings us nearer to them. These are the titles of some of the poems: "Sal Grogan's Face," "In a Cellar in Soho," "Billy's Rose," "The Last Letter," and "Moll Jarvis o' Morley." These little verses are full of biting irony, but there is a ring of truth on every page. They should find a wide circle of readers.

"The Dagonet and other Poems." By George R. Sims.
George Routledge & Sons, Limited. 1s. 6d. net.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A MANIAC.

IN our days, among the continual stream of novels which pour monthly from the publishers, we seldom find a book which arrests our attention. There is a monotonous "sameness" about all the modern novels. Messrs. Rebman, Limited, have just published a remarkable book in many respects, and a welcome change in the six-shilling novel. It is called "The Maniac," which as its title conveys, is a realistic study of madness from the maniac's point of view. The writer's name is not attached for obvious reasons. The publishers have inserted a note, in which they say they "are perfectly satisfied that this book is a genuine record of a case of madness from the patient's point of view, and therefore have no hesitation in recommending it as a most valuable psychological study to all interested in such subjects, and especially to members of the medical profession." The



authoress tells us in her Foreword that it "is a faithful account of a genuine attack of Acute Mania." It is written by an unmarried woman, "the wrong side of thirty." She tells us she is a journalist, and working at the office in the same room and at the same table as herself is an elderly married woman, who, we are told, is "a non-professional, spiritualistic 'medium.'" This lady recounts a great many of her personal "spiritualistic" experiences, and the authoress at once snatches the opportunity for "copy." But instead of getting "copy" she gets "Acute Mania," and from the weird things she experiences, we should say, the mania was very acute. Her soul-communions with an artist at a distance prove interesting reading, and some of her pages should not be read at night by highly-nervous people. But, like the fairy-tales of our childhood, we read on the last page that in

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spite of it all she has come out "unscathed," and, we hope, to live happy ever afterwards.

"The Maniac." Messrs. Robman, Limited. 6s. net.

* *

FRANK BUCKLAND.

BIOGRAPHIES are nearly always interesting, and that of Frank Buckland is a banquet of good things, being as it is the life of the most whimsical and original of modern naturalists. From the first day he opens his eyes on the world his story begins, and before he has reached the age of twelve we have a hundred and one incidents, which would make in themselves a small volume of highly entertaining anecdote. In fact the chapters dealing with his boyhood and youth are the most entertaining parts of this biography. In writing his life, his brother-in-law, Mr. George C. Bompas, has spared no pains to give us a large number of notes and records written by Buckland himself.

Francis Trevelyan Buckland was the eldest son of the Very Rev. William Buckland, D.D., Dean of Westminster, and was born on December 17th, 1826, at Christ Church, Oxford, of which Cathedral his father was at that time Canon. At his christening in Christ Church Cathedral, on June 28, 1827, Sir Francis Chantrey and Sir John Trevelyan stood sponsors, with his aunt, Mrs. John Buckland, a sister of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Through life, we are told, he pursued visible facts, not abstract ideas. For facts, especially of natural history, he had from childhood a most tenacious memory. At four years of age he began collecting specimens of natural history, and at seven he commenced his journal.

Buckland's literary work is already too well known for recitation here. He did invaluable work on the Scotch fisheries, and also on those of England and Wales. He was the chief pillar and support of "Land and Water." He died on December 19, and his body was laid to rest in Brompton Cemetery, on Christmas Eve, 1880. The author tells us "Thus to trace the power of the Creator in His works, and to increase the use of His creatures to mankind, were to Frank Buckland the chief ends of natural history, and the chief purpose of his life." From this it can be gathered that he was unwilling to admit the truth of Darwin's teaching, and vehemently protested against his supposed relationship to his monkey pets. The point of his protest was against the notion that chance could produce the order of the universe, or a monkey develop itself into a man. But those who best want to

know Buckland must read his books. "In these the incidents of his life, his pets, his queer companions, are made familiar, and on this thread are strung a fund of curious information and droll anecdote."

"The Life of Frank Buckland," by George C. Bompas. T. Nelson & Sons. 1s. net.

* *

COLLECTIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

MR. Russell prefaces his second series of Collections and Recollections by a quotation from Mr. Gladstone, in 1887, and on this, as a text, many of the chapters of his book are based. This was first published some seven years ago, and thus additional interest is aroused in light of the measures of social progress which have been recently introduced into Parliament by the present Government, as the author has more than one essay dealing with such subjects. He devotes several essays to a sketch of the Monarchy from 1760-1901, the Peerage, and the Court, making interesting and very human comments on the Sovereigns whose reigns are comprised within those dates. In particular he pays a high tribute to the unceasing devotion to work and the political wisdom of the late Queen, and makes a forecast of the attributes of the Monarchy in the present reign. He predicts they will be: (i.) Popular, (ii.) Splendid, (iii.) Impartial (iv.) Active. Our readers can judge for themselves of the success of his anticipations. He also writes on the constitution and powers of the House of Peers, and describes the change in the number and character of those who are privileged to attend the Court.

Other essays are engaged with discussing different phases of our social life, more especially that of what are called the Upper Classes, and on this (subject) Mr. Russell makes somewhat severe strictures. He deplores the lack of religious observance, the head-long pursuit of self-gratification, and the means, often questionable, if no worse, adopted to obtain such primrose dalliance. He draws a striking contrast between the manner of life of the past and the present age, and shows how in place of the retiring habits of their grandfathers members of society nowadays cannot appear too openly before the public eye. In the concluding essays of a most acceptable volume, Mr. Russell deals with the Public School, the Universities, and the Church, and shows the vast improvement that the last 50 years has effected in all three, drawing from such improvement a brighter augury for the future. Thus, although the general impression derived from these essays is that we are living in an age of decadence, pre-

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tending not to know it, there is hope that the counteracting influences will in the end prove the stronger. We may quote a verse of a Harrow School song, which Mr. Russell gives:

"For the hero-race may come and go,
But it doesn't exactly die."

"Collections and Recollections" (second series) by G. W. E. Russell. Nelsen. 1s. net.

TO-DAY'S PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

THAT Whetham's "Recent Development of Physical Science" should have run into three editions five years ago into in the year of

its publication, was evidence both of the demand for such a book, and of the excellent way in which the book met that demand. That a fourth edition should now be demanded is further evidence of the good quality of the book, which has so successfully run the gauntlet of five years' severe testing. Very little correcting, beyond the edition of some subsequently published material, had to be made in the second and third editions. As to the present edition, the author tells us that:

"In the four years which have elapsed since the publication of the third edition . . . physicists have developed further the subject with which it deals, but no striking new branches of knowledge have appeared. Hence it is possible to re-issue the book, with some additions, but with no fundamental change of plan."

The illustrations include excellent portraits of Sir Isaac Newton (statue), Lord Kelvin, Prof. Willard Gibbs (of Yale), Prof. Van't Hoff (the Dutch chemist, now at Berlin), and Prof. J. J. Thomson, besides a large number of diagrams. The work is divided into eight chapters, treating respectively of the Philosophical Basis of Science; the Liquefaction of Gases and the Absolute Zero of Temperature; Fusion and Solidification; the Problems of Solution; the Conduction of Electricity through Gases; Radio-Activity; Atoms and Æther; and Astro-Physics. This division of the subjects shows at a glance that the book contains much matter of thrilling interest, and at the same time that the book is scarcely one for readers uninitiated into modern science. While it may be read with interest by the many who have some



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elementary knowledge of science, it will be fully understood only by those who have given considerable attention to modern physics. It is, in fact, a very valuable compendium of results for the use of experts. The author has made a reputation for himself apart from this book—a reputation that would be a guarantee if one were needed—of the book's trustworthiness.

A. R.

"The Recent Development of Physical Science." By William Cecil Dampier Whetham, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Murray. Pp xvi., 347. Illustrated. 4th Ed. 5s. net.

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DE LIBRIS.

AN interesting little volume for bibliophiles has come under our notice, entitled "De Libris: Six Essays on Books," by the Rev. F. J. Grierson. These well-written essays deal with subjects of delight to book-lovers. The publication comprises chapters "On Book-lovers," "Reading and What to Read," "The Reading of Books," "Books as Mental Food," "Discussions on Books," and "Talks on Books and Reading." The author is a well-read man, and offers some very sound advice. He is of a strictly religious mind. He writes "The Bible, Shakespeare, Milton—why are these and other productions of human genius living, and likely to live, so long as the world stands? Because the spirit their authors breathed into them is an emanation of the divine afflatus, and can never die." There are many who would not agree with what he says concerning Darwin, but of course that is a matter which can scarcely be discussed here. He concludes: "Let us then, by all means, love books; but let us not become so absorbed in them as to seclude ourselves from the society of our fellows."

"De Libris: Six Essays on Books," by the Rev. F. J. Grierson. Sealy, Briers & Walker, Dublin. 2s. net.

* *

THE DANITE LION AND DELILAH, THE FALSE.

IN simple language Mr. R. H. V. Brougham has written a poem on Samson. The style is good and the narrative cleverly told. He has not attempted to follow the history of the Nazarite giant with any accuracy of detail, and has altered the story in several important particulars to good purpose. Here and there throughout his short poem Mr. Brougham drops a little jewel. Those who once commence to read it will not put it down until the last page is reached, and those who have read it once will read it again. The scene between Samson and Delilah when the Danite lion finds his strength gone through giving his love and confidence to

a false woman, is well composed. His Delilah has, however, one good point.

Lulled by her gentle voice and soft caress,
He slept, relaxing all his glorious strength,
Nor that his watchful foes lurked near did guess.
Deeper and deeper still, in sleep profound,
He sank; and stealing from their secret lairs,
His foes drew near, and gathered trembling round,
As round a slumbering lion, timid hares.
Alone Delilah showed no ev'ry fears,
While on her knees his heavy head it lay,
She stretched her hand, and seized the cruel shears
And swiftly shore his hair and beard away.

"Samson and other Poems," by R. H. V. Brougham. John Ouseley, Ltd.

* *

DON QUIXOTE.

TO supply a long-felt want Messrs. D. C. Heath and Company have issued a valuable little volume in their Modern Language series. "Selections from Don Quixote," the Editor, Mr. J. D. M. Ford, informs us in his preface, has been prepared in response to an oft-repeated request from teachers and others, for something in the nature of an introduction to the study of the great Spanish classic. To make that introduction as easy as possible a complete vocabulary and full notes are given in this publication.

"Selections from Don Quixote," by J. P. M. Ford. D. C. Heath and Company. Price 2s. 6d. net.

* *

SWINBURNE ON SHAKESPEARE.

WHATEVER might be said of Swinburne as a poet, he certainly never was a writer of prose. It was his great desire we know, but prose-writing was one of those things which the gods did not see fit he should accomplish. Meredith ranked high as a writer of prose, and as high, if not higher, as a writer of pastoral poems. Thomas Hardy, too, was a fine novelist, but, fine novelist as he was, he ranked even higher as a poet. However, Swinburne was not able to do both.

In his short essay on Shakespeare, written in 1905, and now published for the first time, he has nothing new to tell us. His sentences are long-winded, and the style very poor at times. As a good example of this we quote the first sentence in the book:

There is one book in the world of which it might be affirmed and argued, without fear of derision from any but the supreme and crowning fools among the foolishness of mankind, that it would be better for the world to lose all others and keep this one than to lose this and keep all other treasures bequeathed by human genius to all that we can conceive of eternity—to all that we can imagine of immortality.

He closes his little book with a flow of eulogy, and nobly pays homage at the shrine of the poet of poets. Yes, but we have heard it all

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before, written in nobler language by men whose names are practically unknown. We are all indiscreet at periods in our lives, and none more so than authors and poets. We look upon this little essay as one of those indiscretions.

"Shakespeare," by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press. 2s. net.

* *

AN ENGLISH WALT WHITMAN.

A LOVER of humanity, a poet with a message, and a tolerant prophet with a keen sense of humour, is Edward Carpenter. He loves life, and is filled with the joy of living. To him men are brothers, and toil a blessing. His world is the world of the collarless shirt, hatless head and sandalled feet; man is not an independent individual, but a part of a great whole. He lies down on the sea shore where his soul becomes a part of the shore, a part of the sea. "O joy! forever, ever joy!" he cries. Carpenter and Whitman both have the same "welt-anschauung," both love long grass, and both bask their beautiful souls in the sun of eternal youth; but in Walt Whitman we see the child crawling into the world with wondrous eyes at its beauties. Carpenter has the same wondrous eyes for the beauties of the world, but the eyes are the eyes of a man, educated, with a knowledge of poetry and philosophy, "who," to borrow the words of Ernest Crosby, "knows a little about horticulture and masonry, and can comprehend the adaptation of houses and gardens to their uses."

In a little book of some fifty pages Ernest Crosby has given a comprehensive view of Edward Carpenter. He has done what we are endeavouring to do in *The Bibliophile*: he has given us a great deal of the author and little of the critic; he knows that a line quoted from the poet is worth a volume of criticism. He takes up Carpenter's "Towards Democracy," "England's Ideal," and "Civilisation, its cause and cure," reads us extracts, talks to us about them—in short shows us the man as he really is. Having said this, there remains no higher com-

pliment to be paid to the author of this valuable little book.

"Edward Carpenter: Poet and Prophet," by Ernest Crosby. A. C. Fifield. 6d. net.

* *

THE AGE OF WYCLIFFE.

WE have happily passed out of the time when the history of critical periods was written from the narrow standpoint of sect or party, in language of vituperation for opponents and of uncritical laudation of partisans, Wycliffe was for a very long time a favourite subject for

this kind of literary battledore and shuttlecock. We still occasionally meet with this style of pseudo-tustorical writing; but no self-respecting writer of any pretension to literary ability or serious criticism ventures to allow more than a scholarly predilection towards one side or the other to appear in his treatment of historical material. And to-day the term "historical material" has an appropriateness which did not belong to its use a generation ago. What the old viciously partisan historians were satisfied to call "material," either has little credit now or forms a very small part of the whole. For illustrations of our point we may refer to the valuable and intensely interesting Wycliffe literature which has, for several years, been



EDWARD CARPENTER

coming into existence. We already have a small library of substantial volumes, carefully compiled, well written, full of matter, and toned by the true historical idea. The era deserves all the patient investigation that has been devoted to it; and will still repay further investigation. It was an era of great change, politically, economically, socially, and religiously, and all these factors acted and reacted strongly upon each other. Among the more valuable books upon this era which we already have is Trevelyan's "Age of Wycliffe," a new and cheaper edition of which has given occasion to the writings of this notice. Two editions appeared in 1899, the year of its first appearance, the second of which was reprinted in 1900, another edition appeared in 1904, and was reprinted in October, 1906. We

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are sorry to find, from the preface of the present edition, that the author, "having abandoned the study of this period of history for other fields of research," has "not in this edition felt competent to do more than remove one or two positive errors of fact which were pointed out to me." We regret this, not because we hold the work to need serious revision, but because the author has thus been compelled to leave "all generalisations on controversial subjects as they were written," notwithstanding the fact that several important works on the same subject and representing somewhat different views have since been published. Mr. Trevelyan has, however, done the next best thing—he has, in his new preface, directed the attention of his readers to those new books in which his topics are subjected to a somewhat different treatment. If Dr. Gardner's recently published "Lollardy" be read side by side with Mr. Trevelyan's "Age of Wycliffe" a very fair idea of the age, and of the historical value of Wycliffe's life and teaching, may be obtained. Gardner, who knows all the facts, writes from the standpoint of a staunch upholder of a National Church; Trevelyan whose information is also adequate, writes from the standpoint of individualism in religion. The note of the latter's work is well given in his closing sentence:—

"Those who still believe that liberty of thought has proved not a curse but a blessing to England and to the peoples that have sprung from her, will regard with thankfulness and pride the work which the speculations of Wycliffe set on foot and the valour of his devoted successors accomplished."

ARTHUR RANSOM.

"England in the Age of Wycliffe." By George Macaulay Trevelyan, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. New Edition. London: Longmans, Green & Co. pp. xvi., 380. 6s. net.

A NEW ETHER THEORY.

Mr. Hovenden's "Study of the Principles of Nature" is one of several very extraordinary books, the chief aim of which appears to be to expound the author's theory of the ether. In the volume under notice we have some excellent descriptive matter and a great deal of extraordinary and unsupported hypothesis. The descriptive matter and the illustrations which are of a very high character indeed—deal chiefly with the geology of the Isle of Purbeck and its neighbourhood, which is used as the starting point for disquisitions on the different forms which matter can assume, &c. The author holds—contrary to the common belief—that the earth is a hollow sphere; and he adduces in proof of his hypothesis arguments which are generally held to prove the contrary. But his great assumption is that all curlicules are hollow spheres; that they are variable in volume,

their volume depending upon the amount of ether which they contain; and that what physicists call high and low temperature is merely the larger or smaller volume given to molecules by their absorption or loss of ether. A number of elaborate and curious experiments are described and in many cases illustrated by diagrams in which it is alleged that the movement of the ether is made actually visible. These experiments, elaborate as they are, are by no means convincing to us; and though we are far from wishing to throw contempt upon a theory merely because it is new, or because it is not accepted by authorities, or because we do not happen to find the offered proof sufficient, we think it is a pity that this theory has been offered to the lay public without further private and expert testing. We have no desire whatever to find the theory ultimately disproved; nor do we depreciate the author's aims and his general view of nature. But we anticipate harm rather than good from such a rash appeal to the unstrained non-scientific public in favour of a theory the offered proofs of which consist so largely of mere assumptions and often of mere assertions. It is quite true that there have been and are eminent scientists as bigotted—and as mistaken—as any teachers in other branches of study. But our scientists are not fools; and if the proofs offered by our author's experiments are as incontrovertible as he assures us they are, it would certainly not be difficult for him to obtain a respectable clientèle among our leading scientists. We are not convinced. It is due, however, to our author to allow him to state briefly his theory. He says:

"I believe I have experimentally shown that there is a fluid which is, under ordinary conditions, invisible to the human eye, and which permeates everything terrestrial—and most likely—celestial; that this fluid is always in differential motion; and that this motion, acting upon those very minute objects called molecules, causes them to assume the solid, liquid, gaseous, and incandescent forms . . . This fluid is ever present, but in different proportions, producing the phenomena known as heat and cold . . . 'Low temperature' means molecules almost entirely devoid of ether. . . . Here is a fluid which permeates everything,—that is, it is 'omnipresent'; it regulates the very smallest chemical alteration . . . It is therefore 'omnipotent' . . . This power, which we may call Ether, or Spirit, or God—the is of little consequence—controls everything."

The author has a clear style, and a winsome enthusiasm. But his experiments need severely testing before the alleged results are accepted.

A.R.

"A Study of the Principles of Nature" Illustrated. By Frederick Hovenden, F.L.S., F.G.S., F.R.M.S., F.R.Hist. S., Fellow of the Physical Society of London, Vice President of the London Institution. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. pp. 147. 6s. net.

REVIEWS

BERNARD SHAW AND A SUPER-TRAMP.

MR. W. H. DAVIES has written an autobiography of a Super-Tramp, and Mr. G. Bernard Shaw has seen fit, without any "personal knowledge of the incorrigible Super-Tramp," to preface his "amazing book" with an amazing preface. He says very properly that Mr. Davies "mentions nothing that might not have happened to any of us" except, we might add, that he is in receipt of an independent income of eight shillings a week. From his autobiography, we should say, that only on account of this small income can he truthfully be termed a Super-Tramp. It is true he has given us a book charming for its simplicity and naturalness of style, and when we have said this we have said all. But Bernard Shaw informs us that "in making him (Mr. Davies) a poet, Fortune gave him her supremest gift." We have not had the pleasure of reading the author's poems, but in this book before us we find no traces of a poet.

The Super-Tramp commences his autobiography as he should do—at the beginning. We learn that some thirty-five years ago a male infant is ushered into the world within the precincts of a public-house called the Church House (no doubt by way of irony) in the town of N—, in the county of M—. This baby grows to an impish boy, and, like all impish boys, his little hands find their way to the sugar-basin. After the sugar-basin period he writes about his youthful days. At this time life becomes irksome to him, being "led to chapel morning and evening on Sundays, and led back." He thinks of a way out, and hires himself out to an ironmonger, at a weekly wage of five shillings. He finds a sympathetic companion in a studious lad of the name of Dave. From an old copy of Byron both youngsters become fascinated by the personality of that poet. He next becomes apprenticed to the picture-frame trade, and, just beginning to think, takes to reading. Manhood is reached, and the Super-Tramp finds himself in America, where he falls in with a notorious beggar by the name of Brum. His experiences in America are very entertaining, being, as they are, actual experiences of the hard knocks and rough tumbles of life, or to use his own words "describing as near as memory makes it possible, things exactly as they occurred." Unfortunately he recalls to our mind Morley Roberts. The author of "Western Avernus" is the master of what we would term the American subterman. Mr. Davies returns to England not a penniless man, but to receive a useful income of eight shillings a week. He gives us his tramp-ing experiences on the English highway, and in

the last chapter, which he entitles "Success," he writes "such has been my life, rolling unseen and unnoted, like a dark planet among the bright, and at least emitting a few rays of its own to show its whereabouts."

"The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," by W. H. Davies with preface by Bernard Shaw. A. C. Fifield. 6s. net.

* *

THE KEY OF THE KEELSON.

STORIES—good stories of the sea and a sailorman's life are always welcomed by a large circle of readers. Mr. W. Brooke makes us smell the brine of the ocean, and feel the roll of the wind-jammer; for he is no land-lubber, seated in an arm-chair, assisted by a keen imagination, but simply a man, who, having fought his way before the mast with hard knocks and plenty of them, has a story to tell. He tells it, too, in a very interesting and natural manner. Naturalness and experience of one's subject are certainties of success in writing of any kind. In the author of "The Log of a Sailor" we have no Melville, the master of sea stories, or a Joseph Conrad, the Stevenson of the waves, but simply a sailorman. "Over Brave Blue Seas" is another book just published from his prolific pen.

"The Log of a Sailor," by W. Brooke. The Century Press. 6s. net.

"Over Brave Blue Seas," by W. Brooke. The Century Press. 6s. net.

* *

MOODS.

MR. CHARLES GRANVILLE'S work is of no mean order. His work is good, original and clever. He possesses a natural dignity of style, and in the little volume of poems we have before us, we read a record of the feelings of a pensive and cultivated mind. His poems are plaintive cries, and to him the thrush sings no song of joy.

To tell precisely what lay on his heart
Were outside human power;
But this I know, by some instinctive art,
He sang in his dark hour.

His poem, "The Outcast," is the bitter feeling engendered in the heart of the "vagrant, bold, and pure," rendered into verse. It is a very strong poem. Though the laws of England seem hard on the beggar, yet one, who has travelled at all in Italy, knows to what a terrible extent begging can go when the authorities put no check upon it. With his few lines on "Modern Women" we scarcely can agree; though we admire the Amazon we hardly think our modern women are apeing her.

"Moods," by Charles Granville. The Open Road Publishing Co. 4s. 6d. net.

THE BIBLIOPHILE

G. K. C. ON BERNARD SHAW.

WHAT Mr. G. K. Chesterton says in his preface of Mr. Bernard Shaw can well be applied to the former. The man of paradox writes of the famous Irishman "the very forest of the man's thoughts chokes up his thoroughfare." In the beginning was the word, we read, and we may add, nothing but the word, for Mr. Chesterton is all words. He can write upon almost anything, and fill six volumes, or twenty for that matter, on "Nothing." Give him a button-hook, a teaspoon, or a clothes-peg, and on any one of these common articles of use he will write an essay at command that will fairly bewilder you with its complexity and its paradox.

But in writing a book on Shaw he knows his man, and is therefore not only careful but extremely anxious at times to make himself perfectly clear. The result is we get a book more to the point. He humourously treats of what he terms "the three great influences upon Shaw." These three traditions he calls "The Irishman," "The Puritan" and "The Progressive," and with an anxious explanation he starts his first three chapters under these respective heads. On Shaw as an Irishman he quotes what Bernard Shaw once said of himself: "I am a typical Irishman; my family came from Yorkshire." Here we have the real Irishman for only an Irishman could make such a remark. In the second chapter we are introduced to the Puritan. G.K.C. writes "his Puritan teachers could not prevent him from taking up theatricals, but they made him take theatricals seriously. All his plays were indeed 'plays for Puritans.' All his criticisms quiver with a refined and almost tortured contempt for the indulgences of billet and burlesque, for the tights and the *double entente*. He can endure lawlessness but not levity." Shaw, he tells us, was, like other men, born. He was born in Dublin on the 26th of July, 1856, and the youngest son of a civil servant. G.K.C. deals with the Shaw abhorrence of the public-house, and as a progressive we see Shaw championing the cause of the "feminist movement," and on the side of the people who want to have phonetic spelling. Bernard Shaw has also jumped into the duck-pond of the Socialist movement, and after a deal of quacking has most "formidable domination" over the ducks, who at every turnstile, cry out against the goose that has laid the golden egg. He is on the side of the ducks, but why is he continually plucking their feathers

and pulling their legs? Why?—because Bernard Shaw is Bernard Shaw, and there is but one Bernard Shaw. Mr. Chesterton writes "all other revolutionists fell in instinctively with Home Rule for Ireland. Shaw urged, in effect, that Home Rule was as bad as Home Influences and Home Cooking, and all the other degrading domesticities that begin with the word 'Home.'" He gives his ultimate support to the South African War. "Bernard Shaw objected," says the writer, "to Pro-Boers because they were pro-patriots." Then as to religion and science Shaw hits one off against the other. G.K.C. says "Shaw gazed for a few moments at this new authority, the veiled god of Huxley and Tyndall, and then with the greatest placidity and precision kicked it in the stomach. He declared to the astounded progressives around him that physical science was a mystical fake like sacerdotalism; that scientists, like priests, spoke with authority because they could not speak with proof or reason; that the very wonders of science were mostly lies, like the wonders of religion." But as the writer properly points out behind this "paralysing impudence" there lies a sound knowledge of facts and figures. The last three chapters deal with Shaw as "The Critic," "The Dramatist" and "The Philosopher." Knowing G.K.C. and knowing Shaw a great deal of the contents of these three chapters can be pretty well guessed. Nevertheless they are a fit conclusion to a most entertaining book.

"George Bernard Shaw," by G. K. Chesterton. John Lane. 3s. net.

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GUIDE TO LIBRARIANSHIP.

A VALUABLE book for bibliographers has just been published under the title of "Guide to Librarianship," which is a series of reading lists, methods of study, and tables of factors and percentages required in connection with library economy. The book is edited by James Duff Brown, Borough Librarian, Islington, London. "The intention," says Mr. Duff Brown in his preface, "is to give students as wide a choice as possible of helpful books, because it is realized that few libraries possess all the books listed, while the students themselves can only be expected to have a very small selection."

"Guide to Librarianship," by James Duff Brown. Libraco, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

WE regret to record the death of Sir Theodore Martin, the author of the official "Life of the Prince Consort," at the ripe age of 93 years. Sir Theodore, born in 1816, was the son of James Martin, S.S.C., Edinburgh. He was educated first at Edinburgh High School and Edinburgh University, and became an excellent classical scholar under Professor Pillans. The period of his literary activity lasted between sixty and seventy years. It was in 1851 that Sir Theodore Martin married the famous Shakespearean actress, Helen Faucit.

An interesting volume, entitled "South Africa," is to be added to "The Romance of Empire" Series published by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack. The volume is by Ian D. Colvin, and will be illustrated in colour by G. S. Smithard and J. R. Skelton.

The "Autobiography of H. M. Stanley," edited by Lady Stanley, with a supplementary narrative, is to be published in England and America during the autumn.

The Scientific world has suffered a severe loss by the death of Mr. W. F. Stanley, in his eighty-second year. He was best known as an inventor. His "Surveying" and "Drawing Instruments" are recognised as text-books; but his treatise on "Fluids" and his hypothesis on "The Nebula Theory" are not as well known as they ought to be. He took an interest in social problems, and published a book on the subject under the title of "Utopia."

Recent Government Publications, which may be of interest to bibliographers, are: Official History of the Russo-Japanese War, Part III., Siege of Port Arthur (4 6); Scotch Education, List of Board and Voluntary Schools, etc. (6d.); Local Government Board Annual Report, Part I., Administration of the Poor Law, Unemployed Workmen Act, and Old-Age Pensions (1/4); and Annual Report of the Registrar-General for Ireland, Population, Marriages, Births, Deaths, Emigration, etc. (2/8).

The Fine Art Trade Journal for August contains an interesting illustrated article, entitled, "For the Home and Colonial Trade," besides one on "Fine Art Exports to the Colonies," from the pen of an exporter.

B. H. Blackwell has recently published "The Interpretation of Vergil," with special reference to Macrobius, The Charles Oldham Essay, 1909, by Stanley Tate Collins, price 1s. 6d. net. The essay gives an outline of the history of Vergilian interpretation down to the 14th century. "Surprisingly little literature exists," says the writer in his preface, "bearing directly on the subject, Comparetti's great work on Vergil dealing rather with the legends above mentioned, though he is of use as providing a popular account of Vergilian criticism; and even in Germany scholars seem to have found the 'sources' of Macrobius a more interesting theme than his value." This short essay will be welcomed by a large circle of our readers.

The series of "Makers of National History," published, under the personal supervision of the Rev. W. H. Hutton, by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., has just received an addition in the shape of a volume by Canon Beeching, entitled *Francis Atterbury* (price 3s. 6d. net.) In the muniments of Westminster Abbey, to which Dr. Beeching has easy access, there were abundant materials ready to the hand of a writer who would use them. This Dr. Beeching has done, and, through the kindness of his Majesty the King, he has also been able to reproduce in *facsimile* a letter said to have been written by Atterbury to the Pretender.

In the "Romance of History" Series Messrs. Jack also announce a new volume, viz.: "The Romance of Mexico," by Mrs. Coxhead, illustrated with a series of twelve drawings in colour by T. H. Robinson.

Messrs. Jack make an announcement of four new books for children which break new ground in catering for young people. Miss Alice B. Jackson has retold in simple language the immortal stories of "Little Nell," "David Copperfield," "Ivanhoe," and "The Talisman." These will form a beginning of a Children's Scott and a Children's Dickens. The volumes will be larger in size than the "Told to the Children" Series, and will be issued at a low price.

Mr. Augustine Birrell is writing a biography of the late Marquis of Ripon.

THE BIBLIOPHILE

Samuel Smiles's "Self-Help" celebrates the jubilee of its publication this month. Dr. Smiles had already won considerable reputation by his "Life of George Stephenson," published in 1858, and the success of "Self-Help" was immediate. It has been translated into many languages, including Japanese.

Bibliographies will shortly be published of Robert Burns, Allan Ramsay, and Robert Fergusson. The bibliography of Burns has been engaging the attention of Mr. J. C. Ewing, of Glasgow, who, in a preliminary paper, privately issued, removes some misconceptions concerning the dates of issue of the individual poems and the "get-up" of the Kilmarnock edition. The bibliography of "honest Allan," who has not yet been honoured in this respect, is nearing completion; while that of Robert Fergusson is having the attention of a member of the Edinburgh Bibliographical Society. R. L. S., the last of the "three Robins," wrote from Vailima, it may be recalled, to Craibe Angus to "remember our poor Edinburgh Robin, and if you collect the strays, command me to write the preface."

"Woodhays" is the title of a novel by Mr. E. F. Pierce, the author of "The Traveller's Joy," which Mr. Arrow-Smith will publish in the autumn.

"Bushman Folk-lore," by Miss L. C. Lloyd, edited by the well-known historian, Dr. Theal, is announced by Messrs. Sonnenschein. Dr. Theal's "History and Ethnography of South Africa, 1505-1795," will also be completed by the publication of Vols. II. and III. by the same firm.

Mr. George Manville Fenn, the last of the great "boys' novelists," has passed away. Born at Westminster in 1831, Mr. Fenn began his literary work with the writing of short articles and stories for *Chambers's Journal*, *All the Year Round*, and other publications. Later he became editor of *Cassell's Magazine*, and the proprietor and editor of *Once a Week*. He was, besides the writer of healthy, clean, and stirring adventures for boys, the author of many popular novels, "Parson o' Dumford" being one of the most notable. He was the legitimate successor of Henty and Ballantyne. His last book, "Trapped by Malays," was published at Christmas, 1907. Mr. Fenn was also a dramatic critic in his time, and until failing health forbade late hours, was a regular first-nighter.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers have recently published "The Return of the Petticoat," by Warwick Deeping, author of "Bertrand of Brittany," etc., etc. Crown 8vo. Price 6s. It

is a full length story of an unconventional Australian girl, set in the Southern English Counties, and shows Mr. Deeping's powers in their full development.

Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., have recently published a collection of Shelley's correspondence, under the editorship of Mr. Roger Ingpen, whose aim it has been to gather together in convenient form all the available letters of the poet. This edition contains about 480 letters—more than two thirds in excess of any edition hitherto published, nearly forty of them being now published for the first time, and upwards of fifty others contain additional matter not hitherto printed. The letters are contained in two handy volumes, are arranged in chronological order and are annotated; and the volumes also contain over forty illustrations, comprising portraits, views and facimiles.

Messrs. Dent & Co., have recently published nine new volumes, thus completing four hundred books in their Library, and among the nine latest recruits may be mentioned the "Last Chronicles of Barset," the "Count of Monte Christo," the "Bayard of India," the "Life of William Carey," Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," and Macaulay's Speeches.

Great interest is taken by bibliographers in booksellers' catalogues, and one which draws our particular notice is that of R. McCaskie's. It contains an exceedingly interesting list of old books, prints, autographs, drawings, etc., etc. This catalogue appeared in last month's issue of *The Bibliophile*. Readers please note: R. McCaskie, 27, Marylebone Lane, W.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is now a well-known figure, and it is hard to believe that only nine years ago he was unknown to the public. It was in 1900 that he published his first book, "The Wild Knight and Other Poems." This little volume, with its strange blend of humility and defiance, struck a new note in poetry, and in it may be traced the first indications of Mr. Chesterton's creed of romantic and mirthful Christianity. It has been long out of print, but Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. are now preparing to issue a new edition, which will be revised by the author and contain many entirely new poems.

The first volume of the Menpes Crown Series of colour-books just announced by Messrs. Black is on China, written by a well-known author. This book does not pretend to describe in any detail the physical features of China, but is rather a series of sketches of the social life and customs of the different classes of that Empire.

LITERARY GOSSIP

In the present number of *Harper's Magazine* appears the first part of a "Novelette" by Rudyard Kipling. The story will be concluded in the October issue.

Readers of Pearson's Magazine enjoy an exclusive privilege this month—that of reading Lieutenant Shackleton's own story of his historic Antarctic expedition which planted the British flag within ninety-seven miles of the South Pole. The nation's deep pride and interest in this magnificent exploit has just been aptly exemplified by the Government grant of £20,000 towards the expenses of the expedition, and Lieutenant Shackleton's narrative the official record of the expedition's adventures and achievements will be widely welcomed. Lieutenant Shackleton's story is told in a simple, unaffected style, which all the better emphasises the tremendous nature of the task he had set himself. Difficulties loomed in front of him from the day on which he determined to organise his expedition: the financial problem of raising the necessary £40,000 was only an incident in a long series of seemingly insurmountable obstacles. His own story tells best how they were overcome, the first instalment describing how the preparations were finally completed, and the *Nimrod*, Lieutenant Shackleton's ship, at last landed men and stores on the none too hospitable shores of the Antarctic Continent, to make themselves as comfortable as might be in their winter quarters while making their preparations for the great assault on the South Pole. Lieutenant Shackleton's narrative is greatly enhanced in interest and value by the unique series of photographs taken on the expedition, as well as by some excellent pictures, prepared under Lieutenant Shackleton's direction, illustrating some of the most striking incidents and adventures.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are publishing a thin paper edition of Henry Seton Merriman's novels, in 14 volumes, with an Introduction in the First Volume by E. F. S. and S. G. T. 2s. net in cloth; 3s. net in leather. The first 2 volumes were published on August 25th, and a volume will be issued each week subsequently until the completion of the edition on Nov. 17th, 1909.

The same firm are also publishing a re-issue of *The Dictionary of National Biography*, edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee, at one-third of the original price, and to occupy about one-third of the shelf space required by the original work. The work is in 22 volumes. Cloth, gilt top, 15s. net each; or in half-morocco, marbled edges, 21s. net each.

In the September number of *Harper's Magazine* is the first part of an entertaining story

entitled "The House Surgeon," by Rudyard Kipling. This month's issue comprises a large number of stories and many dramatic illustrations.

In view of the recent Johnson Bicentenary celebrations at Lichfield, Mr. John Lane is about to publish an important book, entitled "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale," by A. M. Broadley, with an introductory essay by Thos. Seccombe. The book will contain letters, hitherto unpublished, from Oliver Goldsmith, James Boswell, Fanny Burney, Dr. Charles Burney, Mrs. John Philip Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Piozzi. The volume will also include Mrs. Thrale's unpublished journal of her Welsh tour with Dr. Johnson in 1774.

"Aerial Navigation of To-day" is the title of an illustrated book by Mr. Charles C. Turner, recently published by Messrs. Seeley. The author is an experienced aeronaut.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's forthcoming work deals with the Congo. Mr. E. D. Morel has just completed a fresh book on the subject, and is placing his intimate knowledge at the author's service.

Mr. A. J. Barnouw, of the Hague, has recently translated Chaucer's "Prioresse's Tale" into Dutch, and has prefixed to his work a short notice of the few Dutch authors who have taken note of Chaucer.

A new tablet has recently been placed on the monument over Rose Aylmer's grave in Calcutta, in addition to the old one. It adds nothing but a few sorrowful lines from Landor with his name appended. His affectionate regard for this "second Rose," who so often inspired his verse, is not altogether unknown. The following are the lines:

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine,
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

In a letter, written a short time before his decease, Mr. Swinburne said, referring to the old epitaph: "It is too bad that the inscription on Rose Aylmer's grave should be taken from Young's 'Night Thoughts'—Landor's especial abhorrence."

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have just published another novel from the pen of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, entitled "Open Country," besides the last novel of Rosa N. Carey, under the name of "The Key to the Unknown." On the 22nd the same firm publish "Stradella," the last of the two novels which Marion Crawford left completed at his death.

THE BIBLIOPHILE

A novel which represents the victory of fortitude over pain and loss has just been published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd. To those who are weary of the novel dealing with the tiresome sex-problem, *The Glory of the Conquered*, under which title Miss Glaspell's story proclaims itself, may perhaps be a welcome relief. The price of the book is 6s.

"The Motor Routes of England," Southern Section (South of the Thames) published by Messrs. A. & C. Black, is the first volume of a new series, now in active preparation, which will cover the whole of the British Islands and many parts of the Continent. Specially prepared maps of each portion of the route accompany the text; in these can be seen at a glance everything that the motorist is likely to want to know. There will be illustrations in colour of the principal beauty spots along the routes.

Mr. J. T. Bealby, the author of "Fruit Ranching in British Columbia," which is published by Messrs. A. & C. Black, was, before he went to Canada to recruit his health by an open-air life, a well-known literary man in London, and was associated with the compiling of most of the great encyclopædias which have been published during the last quarter of a century.

Under the title of "Masterpieces of Handicraft," Messrs. Jack announce a new series of quarto volumes on the Artistic Handicrafts beginning with six volumes on China and Porcelain, edited by Mr. Egan Mew, well known as an expert on the subject. These volumes will be issued in the autumn, and will deal with Dresden, Old Bow, Royal Sevres, Chelsea, Chinese, and Japanese. Each volume will contain eight coloured and eight black plates. Other volumes will deal with coloured prints, jewellery, embroidery, lace, &c.

Mr. Daniel has ready a new and longer novel by Mr. Charles Granville, author of "The Indissoluble Knot," "Moods," &c. The new work, "The Gift of St. Anthony," contains startling situations which will specially interest the friends of the unemployed and the suffragettes. The chief character, a Russian exile, finds points in the attitude of the British Government towards the unemployed and the advocates of woman's suffrage, as bad as anything in Russia. The same publisher is also bringing out a new volume of poems by Mr. Granville, entitled "Monnica's Love and Other Poems."

An important volume is announced by Messrs. Jack, of London and Edinburgh, entitled "Beautiful Children, Immortalised by the Masters." It will contain fifty reproductions in colour of masterpieces of child-painting. The author is Mr. C. Haldane Macfall.

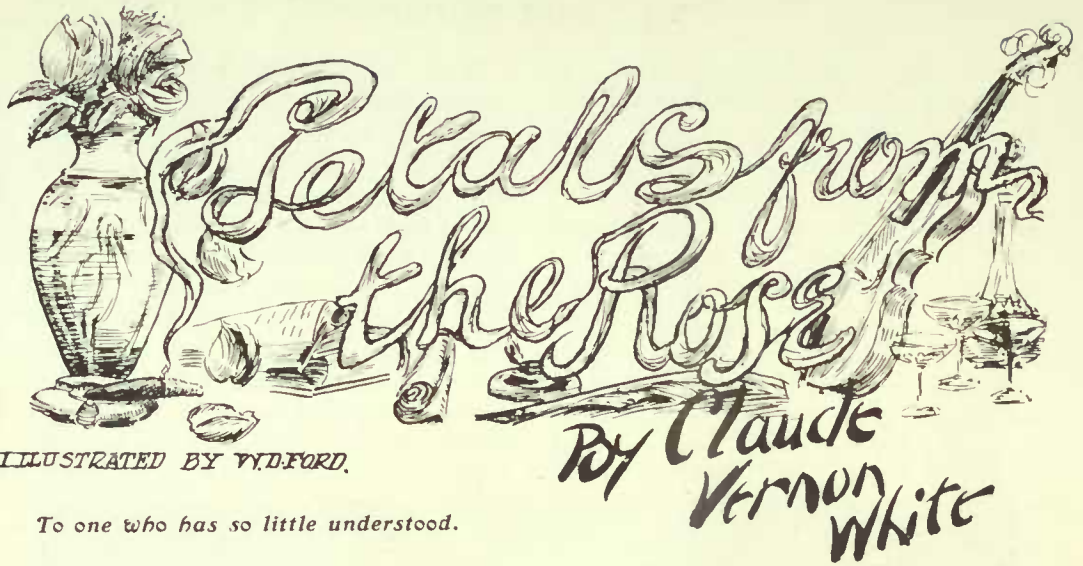
Mr. Arthur Ransome's "History of Story-Telling," previously announced, is now in the press and will be issued shortly. It will contain 27 portraits by Miss M. Gavin. By the same author is also announced "The Book of Friendship; Essays, Poems, Maxims, and Prose Passages," being an anthology on the subject of Friendship from the great writers of the world. The volume will be issued in various presentation bindings.

Mr. Arthur Ransome (with an "e" in his name) is not to be confounded with the Mr. Arthur Ransom (without an "e") some of whose reviews have appeared in the *Bibliophile*, and who is on the staff of the *Westminster Review*, in which latter publication he is now giving his "Autobiographical Notes," over the signature of "An Old Rationalist."

In the autumn Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish a translation of Professor Rudolph Eucken's "Lebensanschauungen der grossen Denker." W. S. Hough and W. R. Boyce-Gibson are the translators. The English title will be "The Problem of Human Life as viewed by the Great Thinkers from Plato to the Present Time." This book, which has passed through seven editions in German, is in three parts, dealing with Hellenism, Christianity, and the Modern World, with a concluding chapter on the present situation.

Libraco Limited have issued a pamphlet-book on "Book Selection," by James Douglas Stewart, Editor of "The English Catalogue," and Olive E. Clarke, Islington Public Libraries (6d. net). The publication comprises a series of notes dealing with the selection of current books, intended principally to assist in the selection of the initial stock of a library. From the same firm there comes another valuable book in the form of "The Sheaf Catalogue," a practical handbook on the compilation of manuscript catalogues for public and private libraries, by James Douglas Stewart. The author says in his preface this handbook is intended to form a practical guide to the compilation of a sheaf catalogue. The methods described are all the results of experiment and experience. The book, which has numerous illustrations, facsimiles and forms, is priced at 2s. 6d. net.

An interesting book which bibliophiles will look forward to this autumn will be the volume "George Meredith: Some Early Appreciations," selected by Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman. The notices from, among others, George Eliot, A. C. Swinburne, R. H. Hutton, W. E. Henley, Mark Pattison, and Richard Garnett, begin with the "Poems" of 1857, and deal with Meredith's works in chronological order up to and including his "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth," 1883.



To one who has so little understood.

PITCH-BLACK night. Wandering, always wandering. Why this restlessness—why this yearning? O for the touch of an understanding hand! Sophocles take me to your arms again, and breathe into my soul—poor withering thing that it is—your love of life. I stand against the iron-railings of a private residence, with a crushed lily in my hand, and someone is playing Mendelssohn's "Song without words." A song without words! Oh for bodies without souls! Would that man had no soul that he might heedlessly roam the earth unconscious of the irony of existence. O Phæbus Apollo do ye not hear me crying in the night? O ye Gods do ye really love to sear and rend the hearts of men? O Heine cease laughing! Hugo has wept, and Leopardi has had his great desire—the desire to sleep forever in the dark Arcadia of Oblivion. Oh, that I could pass beneath its portals. I crave for no Nirvana, but to lie down like a tired child, who has fallen asleep over its toys.

Poor broken lily! why should I take thee from the fields? The fields—Oh Meredith talk to me again—speak to me of lying down in long grass mid the endless hum of insects. Teach

me the ecstasy of life and I—ah the Gods are laughing again. Would that I could find the being who created souls in some men!

Another night is upon me, and in the dim twilight I find myself gazing over the parapet of Waterloo Bridge. The eternal stream flows on with a melancholy noise as it pours through the arches. It echoes up to me on the bridge—it is a great sob of bitterness. The sky darkens, and the river moves on—on like the mighty thousands who cross her every day—on like the poor tired souls with aching feet and broken hearts—on mid the laughter and tears soon to be buried in obscure graveyards. In the gloom of the coming night and the eternal gloom of my weary soul I see silhouetted against the sky the apex of Cleopatra's Needle. A slight wind blows against my face, and the noise of the traffic becomes louder and louder. Dust flies up from somewhere, and all at once I seem to be in the Egyptian Desert—alone. The dust is sand, and the wind smells of the Nile. My soul is wandering in a miserable waste—in a land of unmarked sorrows, where men die and pass out to the unknown without a friendly hand to shake, without a

THE BIBLIOPHILE

kind word, without the long caress of a lovable woman, where men die not on feather-beds, a land which looks each traveller in the face unsympathetically, laughs him to scorn as his agonies increase, and the wind moans when it has lost its victim—a wilderness as cruel as—— London.

The Sphinx—yes, the Sphinx is looking at me—looking into the holy of holies of my poor withered soul. I endeavour to look down into the river, to close my eyes, to look anywhere but

At the conclusion of these terrible words everything goes dark except the Needle and the river. The ancient pile is red—a monument of blood, and the river is silver in the blackness of the night. I see it all at a glance. Blood—the blood it is from the hearts of broken men, and the silver river is the blade—the knife! No sooner have these thoughts run through my head, which now seems as if it will break in two, the huge monument approaches—it is by me—I look up at it too amazed



The music of Schubert and the scent of roses!

into the eyes of that terrible Sphinx. But no, I cannot. I raise my eyes defiantly at last with all the courage I possess, and look it boldly in the face. Its rigid features change. I feel myself trembling, and perspiration running down my cheeks in large beads. God! it is smiling at me—laughing at my tortured soul. In a voice which comes from the recesses of some eastern sepulchre it speaks—

Fool, cast away thy stone idol. Knowest thou not there is no real love in all the world. There is only one to pity thee, poor weak fool, and he is the Devil, and the Devil is dead.

to move or even cry. Suddenly it begins to totter. Zeus! it is falling—and falling on me! Here it comes. There is a terrible crash, and a simultaneous laugh—oh such an awful laugh!—from the Sphinx, and I remember no more

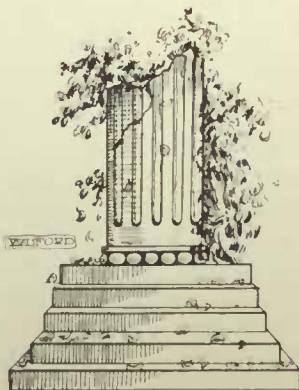
I awake to find Muia cooling my brow with eau-de-Cologne. "Master would like his roses near him?" I nod. Sweet little Muia. How well she understands me. We call her Muia—the Greek for a fly. She is so brave, and flies are brave. O Lucian speak again of flies! Bartalo sits silent in

PETALS FROM THE ROSE

the corner as usual. He also knows me a little—he says nothing. Vörtigen's violin is still hanging on the wall. Vörtigen has not been round lately. Unhappy Vörtigen why don't you come and play to me now? Do you think, dear Vörtigen, that I do not understand when you speak to me through those worn strings? Ah, Vörtigen, forgive my smiling, you do not understand.

Little Muia has placed her small foot on a chair, and heavens she is humming a tune from Lohengrin while she cuts little flakes from a troublesome corn on her tiny toe. The door suddenly opens. I know who it is by the manner of entrance. De Fremlyn is the only man I allow the liberty of a rude ingress. His face is beaming with ecstasy. He says not a word to any of us. It is De Fremlyn, and De Fremlyn is De Fremlyn. He goes straight over to the corner, and roughly flings open the piano-lid. He sweeps the cloth from the keys with one slight touch of his tapering fingers, and his hands move furiously up and down the board as under the influence of a God. It is a weird wailing moan—nay, a human cry—the sorrows of the world focussed in one voice, going up to the heavens amid a terrible storm of thunder and destruction. His fingers travel faster and faster. I can withstand it no longer. I sign to Muia, and he stops. "Play that lovely Impromptu."

He hesitates, and then, with a gesture of despair, his fingers again touch the keys. "Stop," I whisper. "Let me have those few notes again. . . Ah, that's the one. . . . That note, De Fremlyn, is a poem." He continues, and Schubert is talking to me again in his beautiful language. My head is feeling tired, and Muia raises the roses for me to smell. O ye Gods, the music of Schubert and the scent of roses! Life with all its bitterness is indeed sweet just for this one moment. The thick ringlets fall in clusters like black grapes over Muia's face as she places the vase back again upon the table. As I listen to the music my eyes fall on the pure white bloom nearest to me. My eyes become heavy, and petals begin to fall as if the rose, with all its beauty, is unable to sustain perfection. But even roses have thorns, and hearts have sorrows. Sorrows—yes—but I am getting very tired. The music seems to be coming from a long way off. It becomes softer and softer, like pearls falling through a crystal cone. "It is getting very dark, De Fremlyn dark Erebus but even roses thorns to sleep . . . to pass under the portals of Oblivion for a few moments those white roses! falling petals O Beauty! . . . O Oblivion! O the Nothing of it All!





By J. HERBERT SLATER.

A GREAT mass of books came into the sale rooms—chiefly Sotheby's—during July: books of all kinds and every degree of rarity from the Mozarabic Missal and Breviary printed at the private press specially set up by Cardinal Ximenes who issued 35 copies only in 1500-1512, to ephemeral productions of modern presses. The Missal and Breviary above named realised as much as £1250 and rank with the most important liturgical books which have been offered for sale for many years. Such works as these are of course beyond the means of most collectors and are mentioned here by way of contrast only and also because they cannot well be ignored in a general survey of current book sales. More popular in the sense that they are more readily available are such books as "The Ancestor," of which a great deal has been heard lately, Vols 1 to 8, Impl. 8vo, 1902-5, 26s cloth; The "Winchester Edition" of Jane Austen's Novels, 10 volumes, 1898, 35s., cloth, the "Library Edition" of Captain Brinkley's "Japan and China," 12 volumes, 1903-4, £6, cloth and the Dickens's "Temple Edition" of Works, 35 vols, 1899-1903, 30s. O'Neill's "The Night of the Gods," 2 vols., 1893-97, Roy. 8vo is heard of sometimes but not commonly met with and a copy of that sold at Sotheby's on July 19th for 29s. as well as a series of the books by Mr. Harvie-Brown and these always command their price. These included "The Capercaillie of Scotland" 1879, 22s.; "A Vertebrate Fauna of Argyll and the Inner Hebrides" 1892, 13s.; "A Vertebrate Fauna of the Moray Basin," 2 vols., 1895-6, 26s. and "A Fauna of the North West Highlands and Skye," 1904, 21s.

It very often happens that immediately after the death of some celebrated author, the value of original and scarce editions of his works will rise in value very appreciably, but contrary to the general rule works of this kind by Swinburne would not seem to have moved at all.

"Chastelard" 1865, realized £2 2s.; the three series of "Poems and Ballads" 1866-89, £8 10s. "Songs before Sunrise" 1871, 20s.; The Hep-talogia" 1880, 31s.; "A Century of Roundels" 1883, 7s., and "Grace Darling" 1893, £3. All these were in their original covers as issued and clean. Why "Grace Darling" still remains at the sum quoted or near it, the figure at which it has stood for a long time, is difficult to say, for only 30 copies of this poem were issued for private circulation.

A large number of books on Freemasonry belonging to the late Mr. T. B. Whytehead of Acomb, Yorkshire, were sold on the 21st of July, among them the well known "History" by Gould, 3 Vols., 4to., 15s., half morocco; the "Ars Quatuor Coronatorum," Vols. 1 to 20, 1886-1907, 4to, £14 14s., half morocco; Marvin's "Medals of the Masonic Fraternity," privately printed at Boston, U.S.A., in 1880, 25s.; Crowe's "Masonic Clothing and Regalia," 1897, 16s.; and Robinson's "History of Freemasonry in Canada," 2 vols, 1899, 9s. Many of these Masonic books were, however, sold in parcels, and some of them though classed as masonic works were not so in reality, as for example King's "Gnostics and their Remains," 1887, 11s.; Taylor's "Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries," 1891, 12s.; and Madame Blavatsky's "Isis Unveiled," 2 vols., 1877, 29s. Dickens's original Editions are not now holding their ground unless they are in their original covers. To rebind books of this class is to spoil them, as the following prices all for copies of original editions bound in half calf, will demonstrate, for they are reasonable and representative—"Sketches by Boz," the first 8vo edition, 1839, 20s.; "The Pickwick Papers," 1837, 13s.; "Nicholas Nickleby," 1839, a fine tall copy, 8s.; "Oliver Twist," first demy 8vo edn., 1846, 30s.; "David Copperfield," 1850, 17s., and "Dombey and Son," 1848, 15s. Had these books not been rebound

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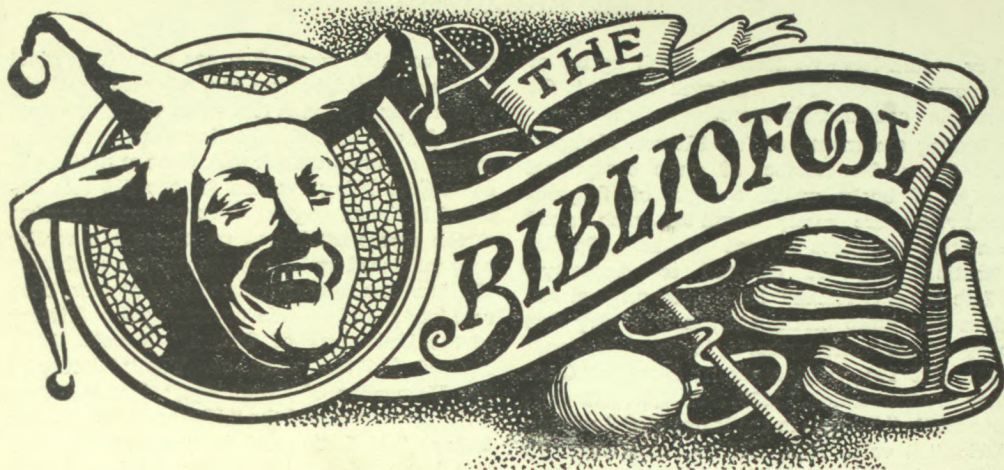
they would have realised as much again, or in some cases—"The Pickwick Papers" for example—considerably more.

During the month of July Messrs. Hodgson and Co. sold a number of quite exceptional copies of books which though of frequent occurrence are rarely found in such good condition as these proved to be. Special attention may be directed to Apperley's "Life of a Sportsman," 1842, in its original red cloth and quite clean, 21s.; and a very fine copy of the same author's "Life of Mytton," 1851, £10 10s., original cloth; Blome's "Gentleman's Recreation," 1686, folio, £12, old calf; Burchell's "Travels in the Interior of Southern Africa," 2 vols., 1822, £13 5s., contemporary half russia; Combe's "Life of Napoleon," 1815, £13, original boards, uncut; the same author's "Tour of Doctor Syntax in search of the Picturesque," 1812, 8vo., £19, original boards; Lloyd's "Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer," 1796, folio, £30, wrappers, and a good sound copy of the "Biblia Sacra Polyglotta," prepared at the expense of Cardinal Ximenes, 5 vols. folio, 1514-17, £79, calf. This is known as the "Complutensian" Polyglot, so called from its having been printed at Complutum, the Roman name of the city of Alcala in the province of Madrid, where the Cardinal founded a University in 1508. The "Badminton Library," once so highly esteemed, seems to have fallen on evil days, indeed its gradual decline has been apparent for some time. On July 21st thirteen volumes on small paper sold at Sotheby's for 17s., half bound, top edges gilt, and that is by no means an unusual price as many of the volumes have been reprinted and are now common enough. At this sale 15 volumes of "The General Stud Book," 1858-85, realised £3 12s., half calf; Michaux's "North American Sylva," 3 volumes, 1817, £3 12s., original cloth; James Howell's "The Second Part of Massaniello," 1652, 8vo, with a fine impression of the frontispiece by Cross, 19s., original sheep; Boyd Dawkins's "Early Man in Britain," 1880, 8vo., a presentation copy from the author, 36s., cloth, and Goldsmith's "Beauties of English Poesy," the first edition of 1767, as little as 3s. This book was described as being in the original calf, but it was issued in boards, the word "original," as used, being merely synonymous with "contemporary." In this connection it is worthy of note that all the original editions of Goldsmith's works are scarce, and correspond-

ingly valuable when they are in their original covers as issued, but are as a rule comparatively common and of much less value when rebound.

On July 22nd, and following days, a sale of a miscellaneous character took place at Sotheby's, some £918 being realised for the 638 lots detailed in the catalogue. A considerable number of the works attributed to, though in reality only published by R. Ackermann (the celebrated William Combe wrote some of them) have been sold lately, and on this occasion the "History of the University of Oxford," 2 vols., 1814, realised £14 15s., mor. ex. The "History of the University of Cambridge," 2 vols., 1815, £17, mor. extra, and the "History of the Public Schools," 1816, 4to., £40, half russia (cracked)—this last a high price, rarely obtained in the Auction Rooms. Apperley's "Life of a Sportsman," 1842, sold for £15, Daniell's "Voyage Round Great Britain," 7 vols., 1842-6, £21, and Pyne's "Royal Residences," 3 vols., 1819, 4to, £13 10s., russia. These were the best prices realised at this sale, which otherwise had little to recommend it.

The last sale of the season, of any real importance, was held at Sotheby's, on July 27th. This was noticeable for a collection of works relating to Mary Queen of Scots, some of which realised small sums of 10s. and 12s. each, and none over £9, the amount obtained for Baif's "Chant de Joie du jour des espousailles," a poem, distributed on the occasion of the wedding of Marie with the Dauphin of France, in 1558. The first edition of Herbert's "The Temple," 1633, made £33 10s., the second edition 1633, £5, the third, 1634, £2 5s., and the fourth, 1635, 17s. All these were bound in morocco with gilt edges. The £3 5s. paid for the 5th edition of 1638, and £2 for the 6th of 1641, are accounted for by the binding in each instance, which was of a superior character. It is also necessary to mention that a very scarce work, Hubbard's "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England," 1st edition, 1677, and "The Happiness of a People in the Wisdom of their Rulers," 1676, both bound together, realised £150, and a copy of the first London Edition of the first named work wanting the scarce map, £10 15s. The only complete copy sold for many years of Audubon's "Bird's of America," 4 vols., 1827-38, folio, realised £380. It was the property of Mr. G. R. Lane-Fox, M.P., and was bound in half-morocco, g.e.



THE LION? IN THE ASS'S SKIN.

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When first I held a poet's pen,
I dressed like an Italian bandit,
Which vastly pleased the Upper Ten
Because they didn't understand it.

They viewed my garb with smiling face,
Approved my mane's poetic thickness,
And took as pledge of inward grace
My outward lack of span-and-spickness.

As Lion hailed, I made my lair
Within Belgravia's hallowed portals,
Till on a day I took the air
In clothes like any common mortal's.

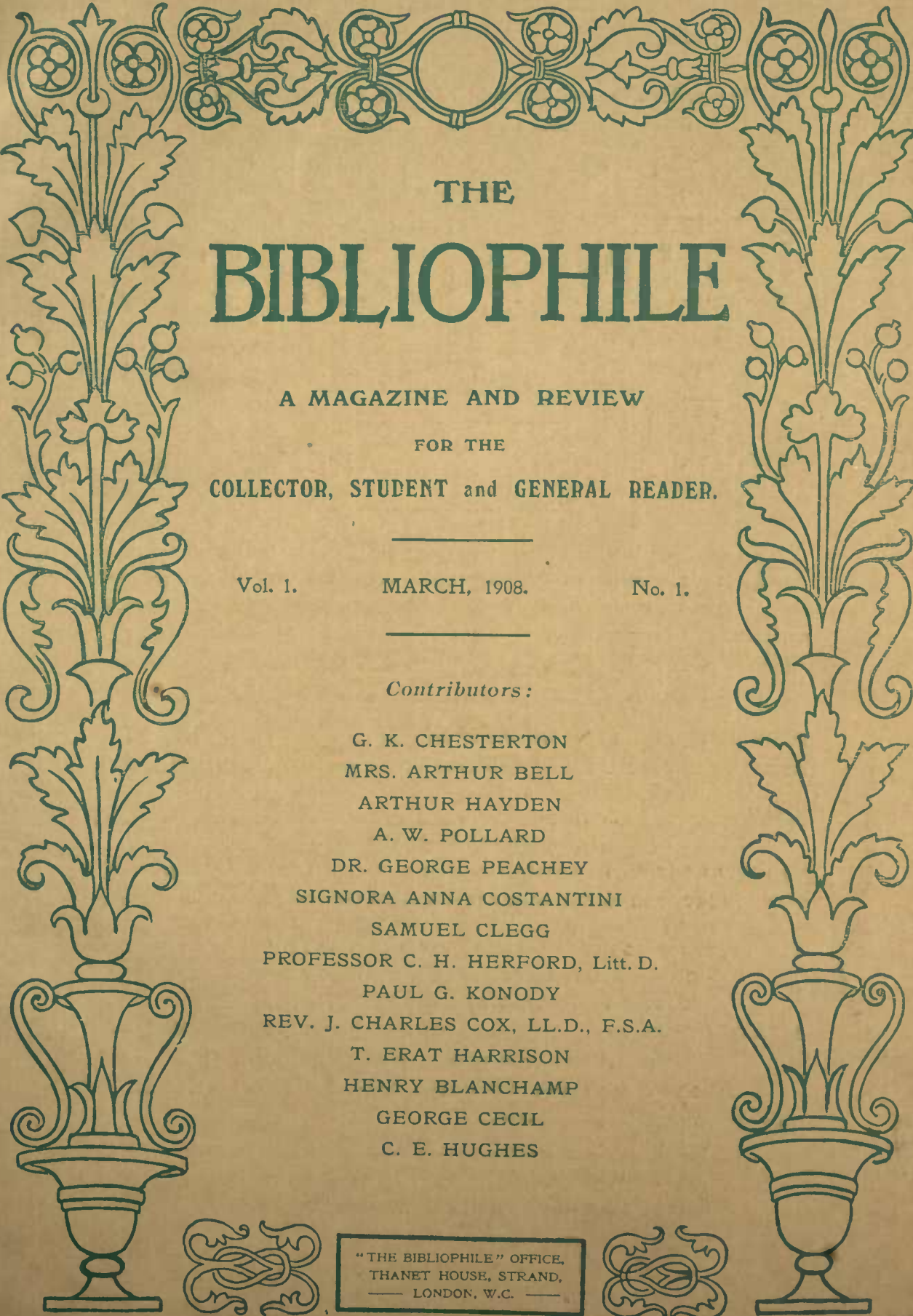
That day my doom was sealed. No more
Could Dukes and I hob-nob together.
They did not care for bards who wore
Frock coats and boots of patent leather.

'Twas then I saw behind their smile :
Their compliments—I learned what *they* meant ;
They called me Lion only while
I chose to wear an ass's raiment.

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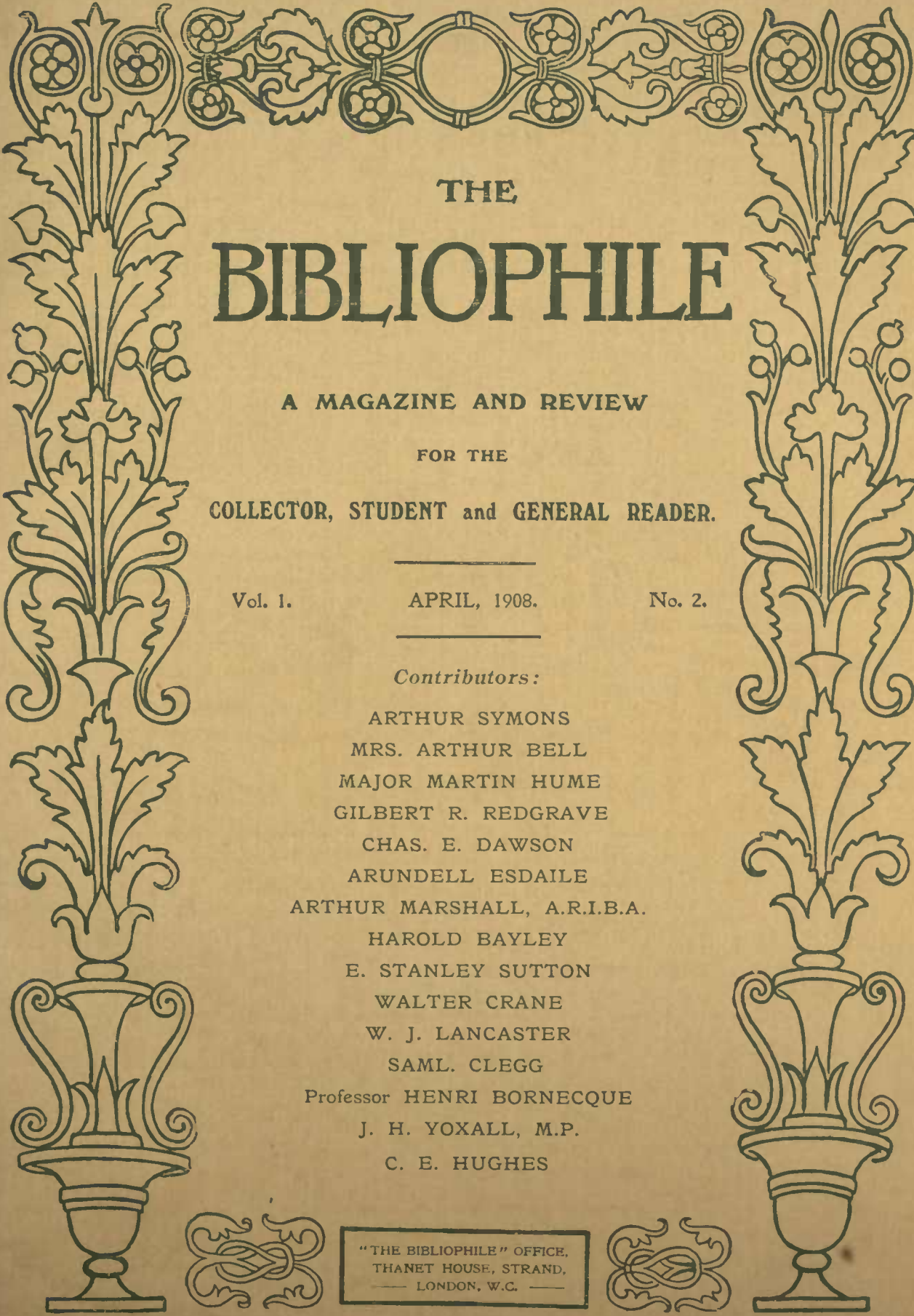
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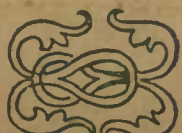
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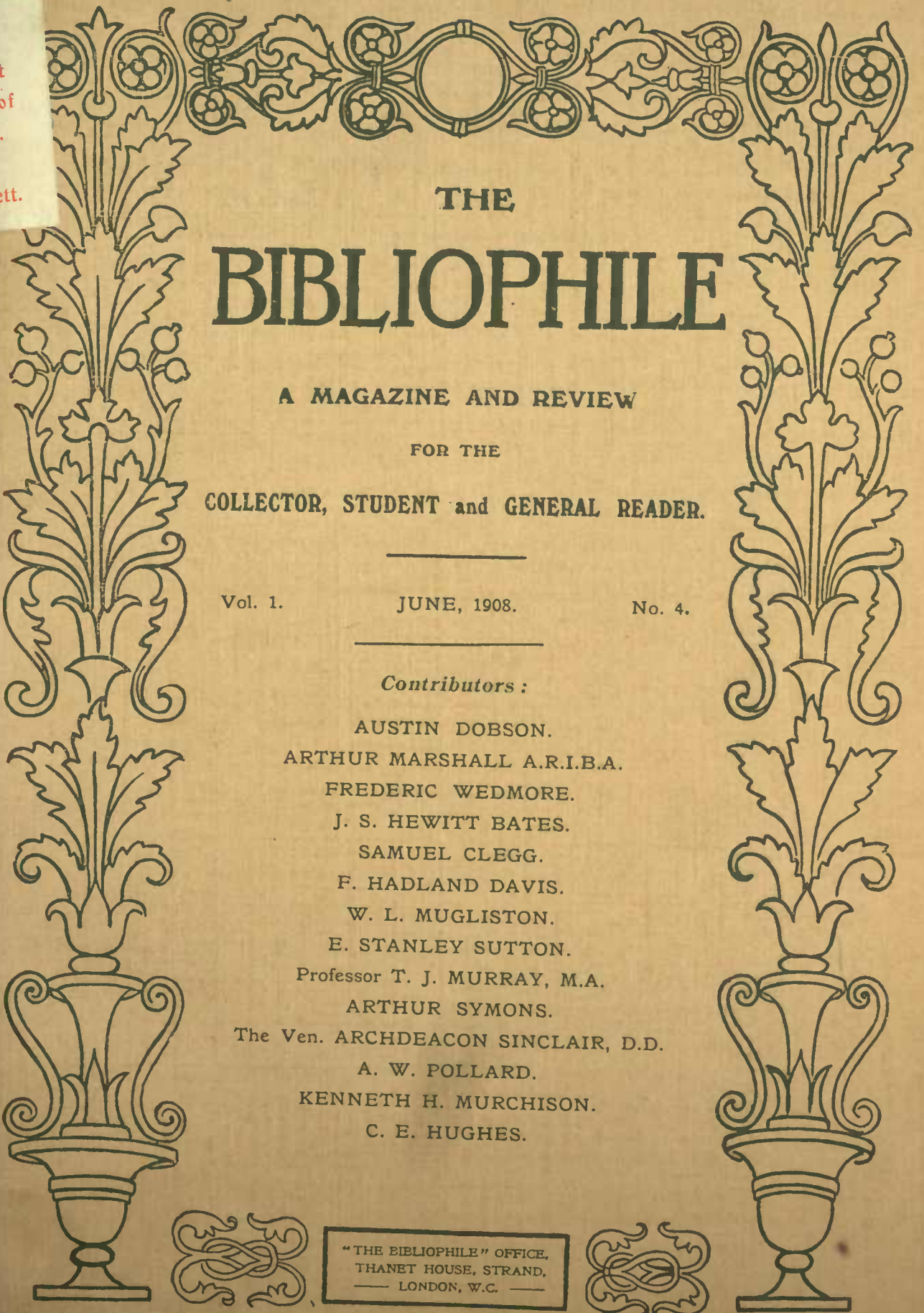
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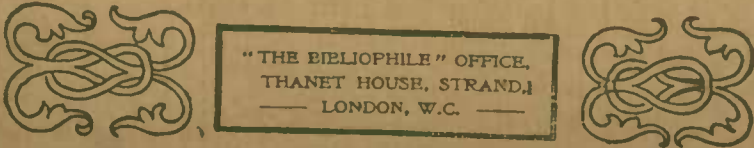
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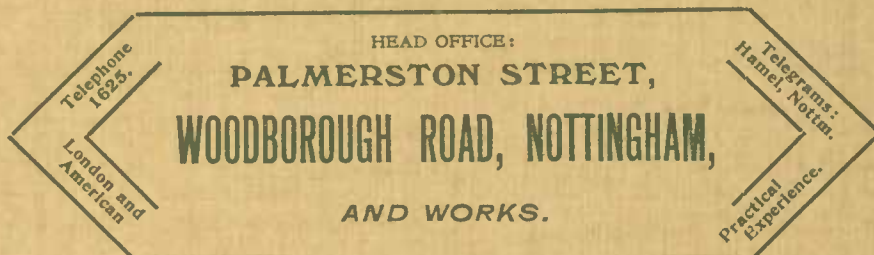
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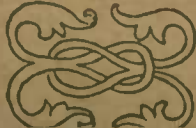
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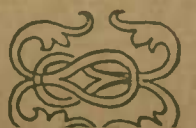
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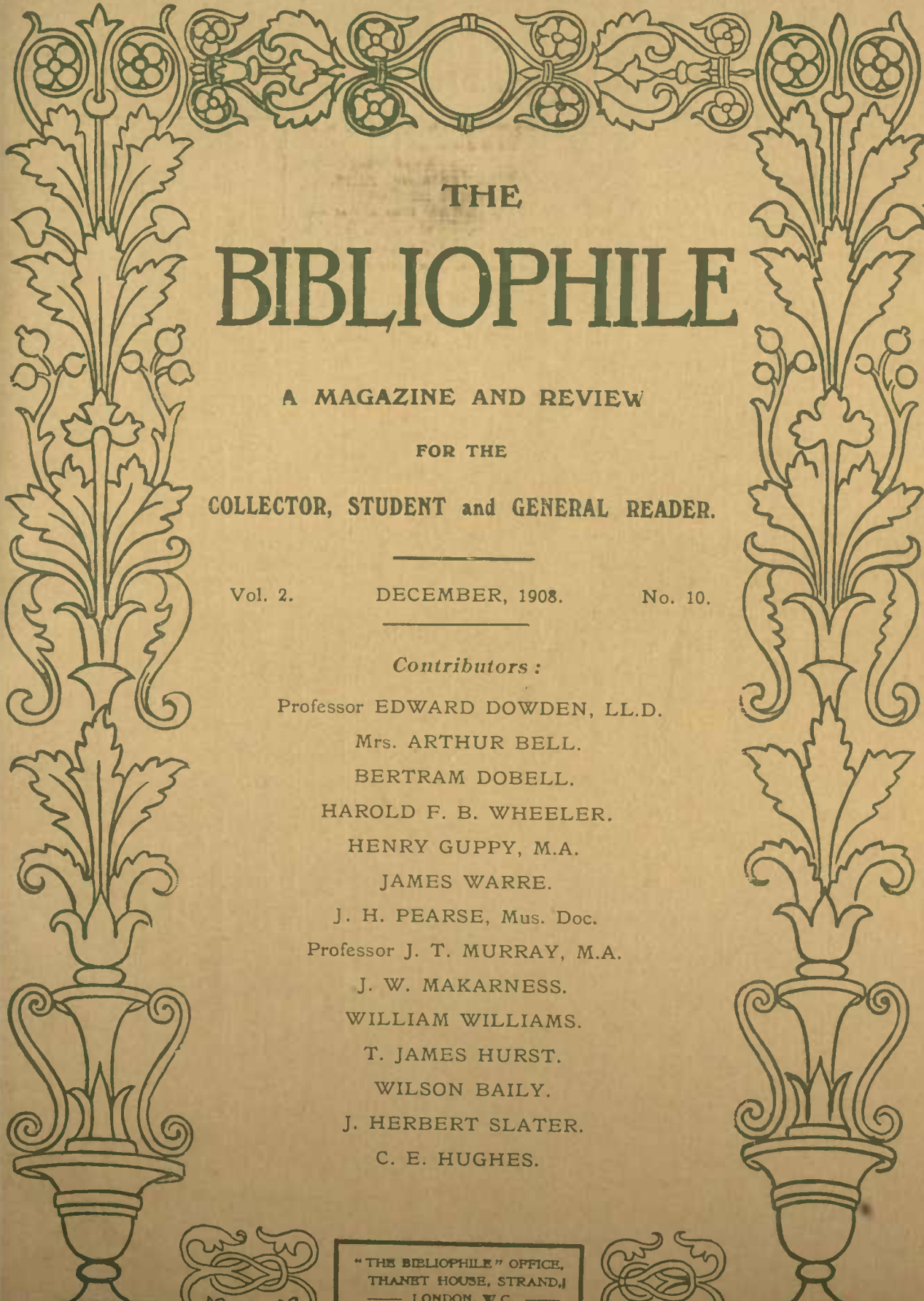
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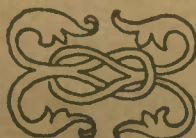
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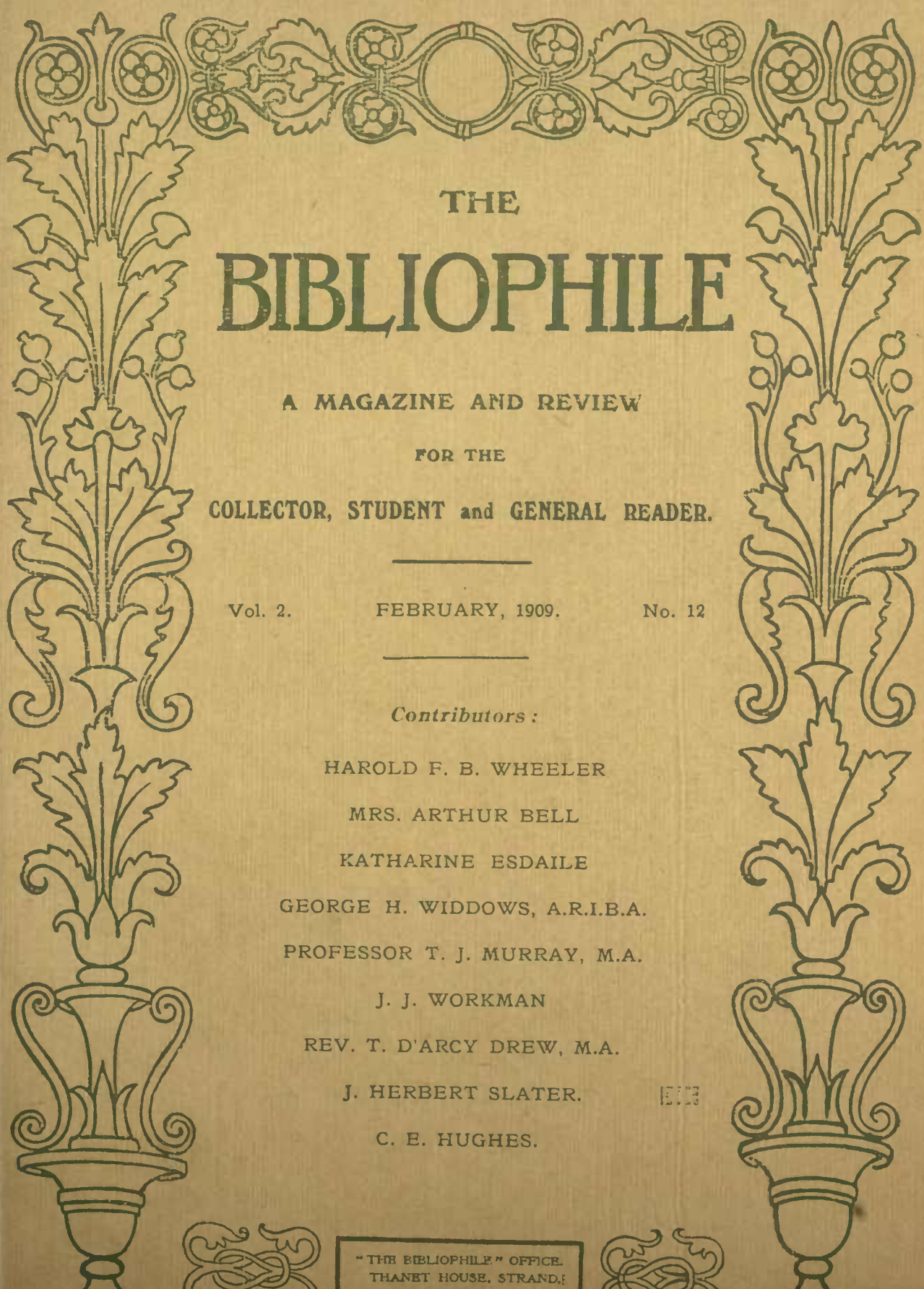
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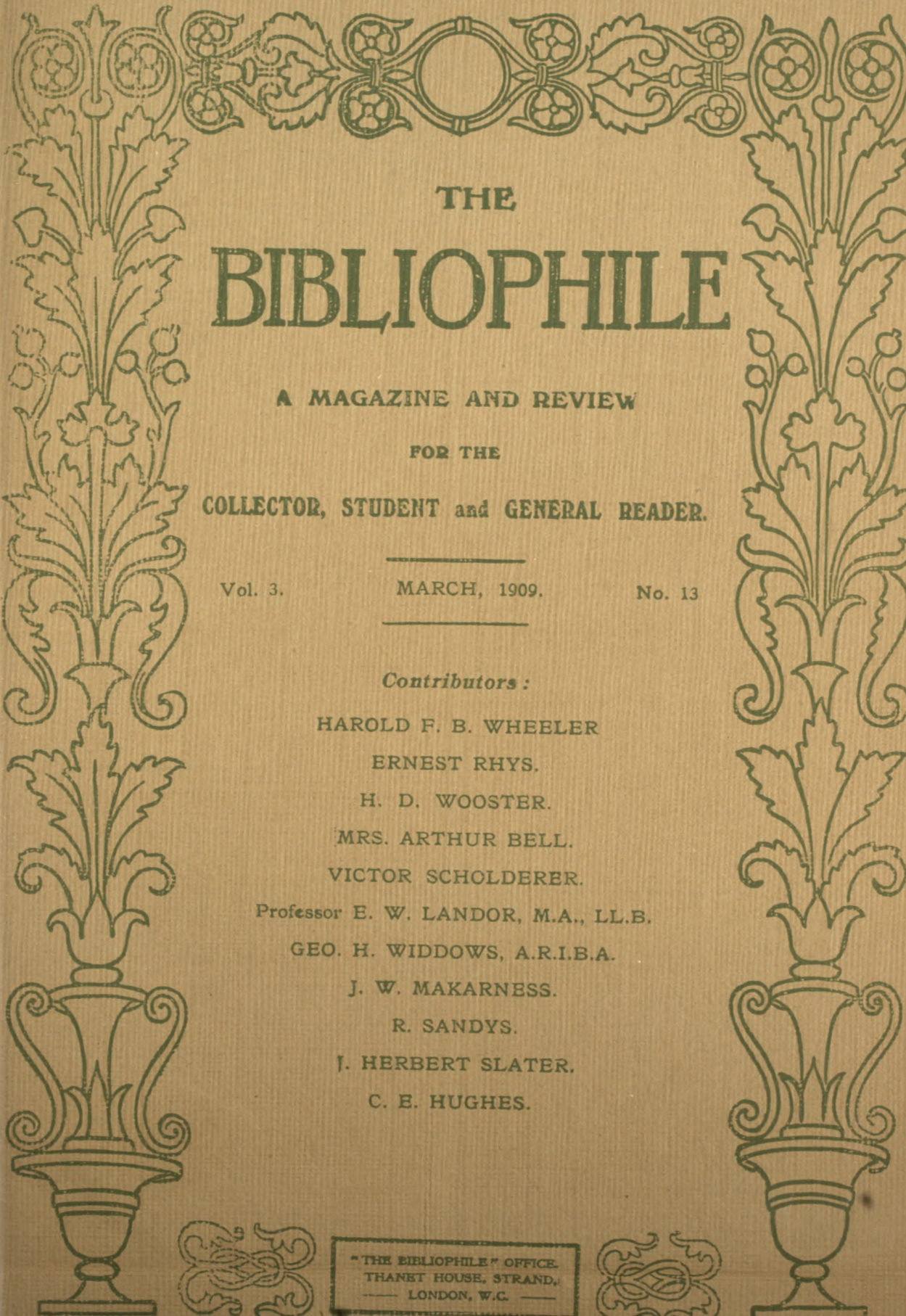
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MARCH, 1909.

No. 13

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VICTOR SCHOLDERER.

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Publishers' Announcement.

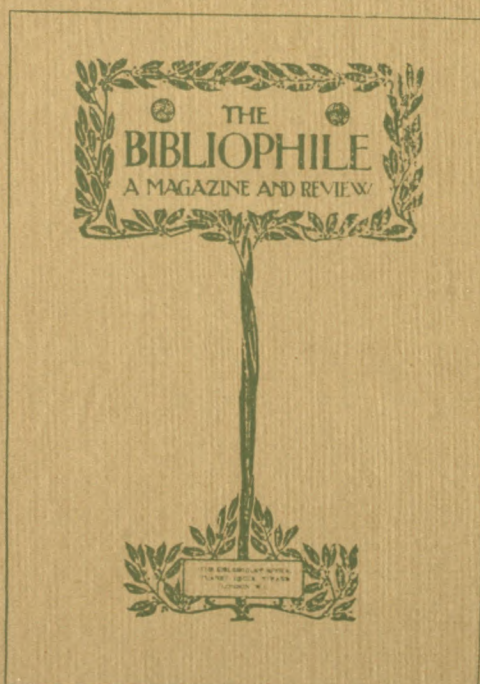
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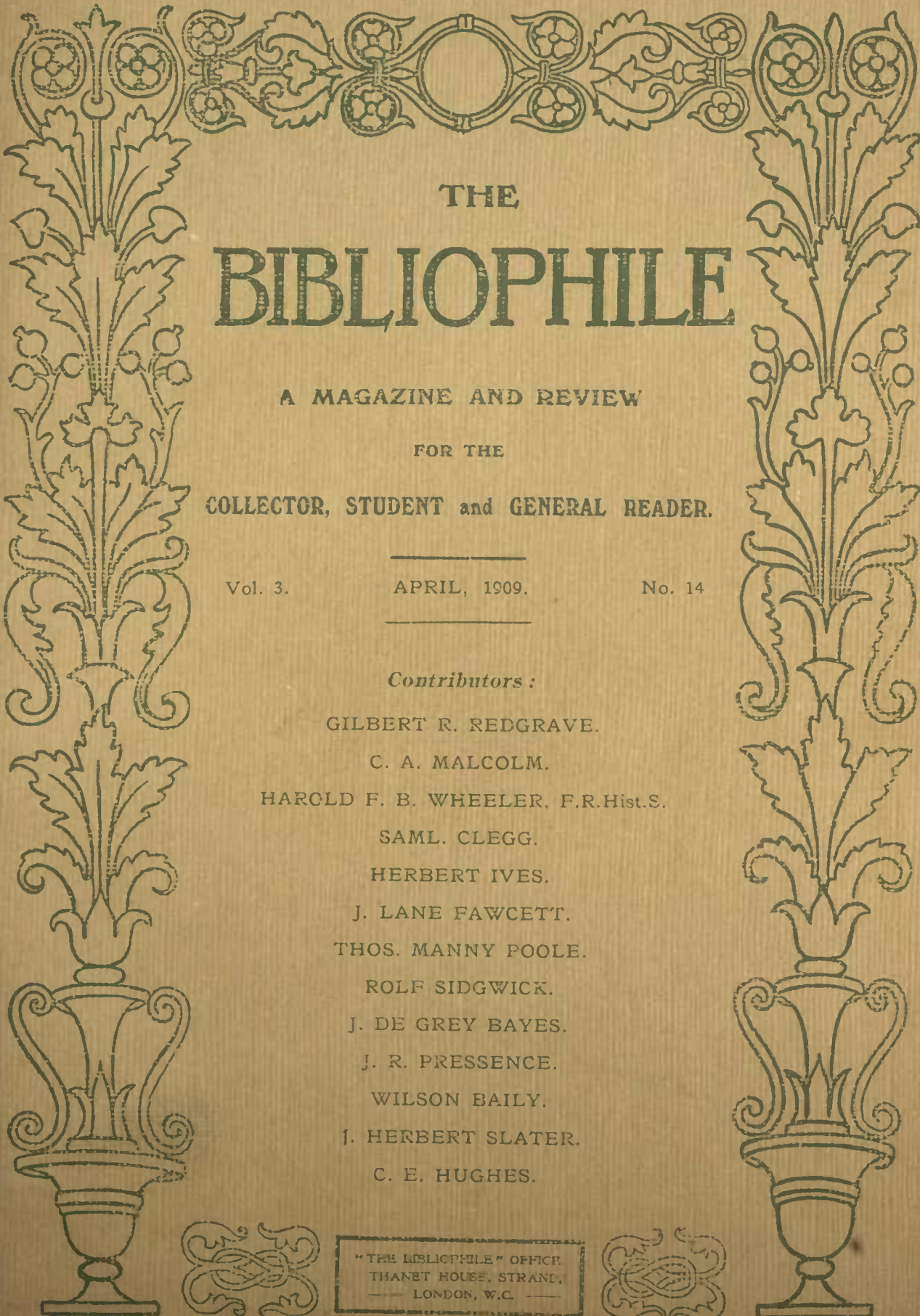
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APRIL, 1909.

No. 14

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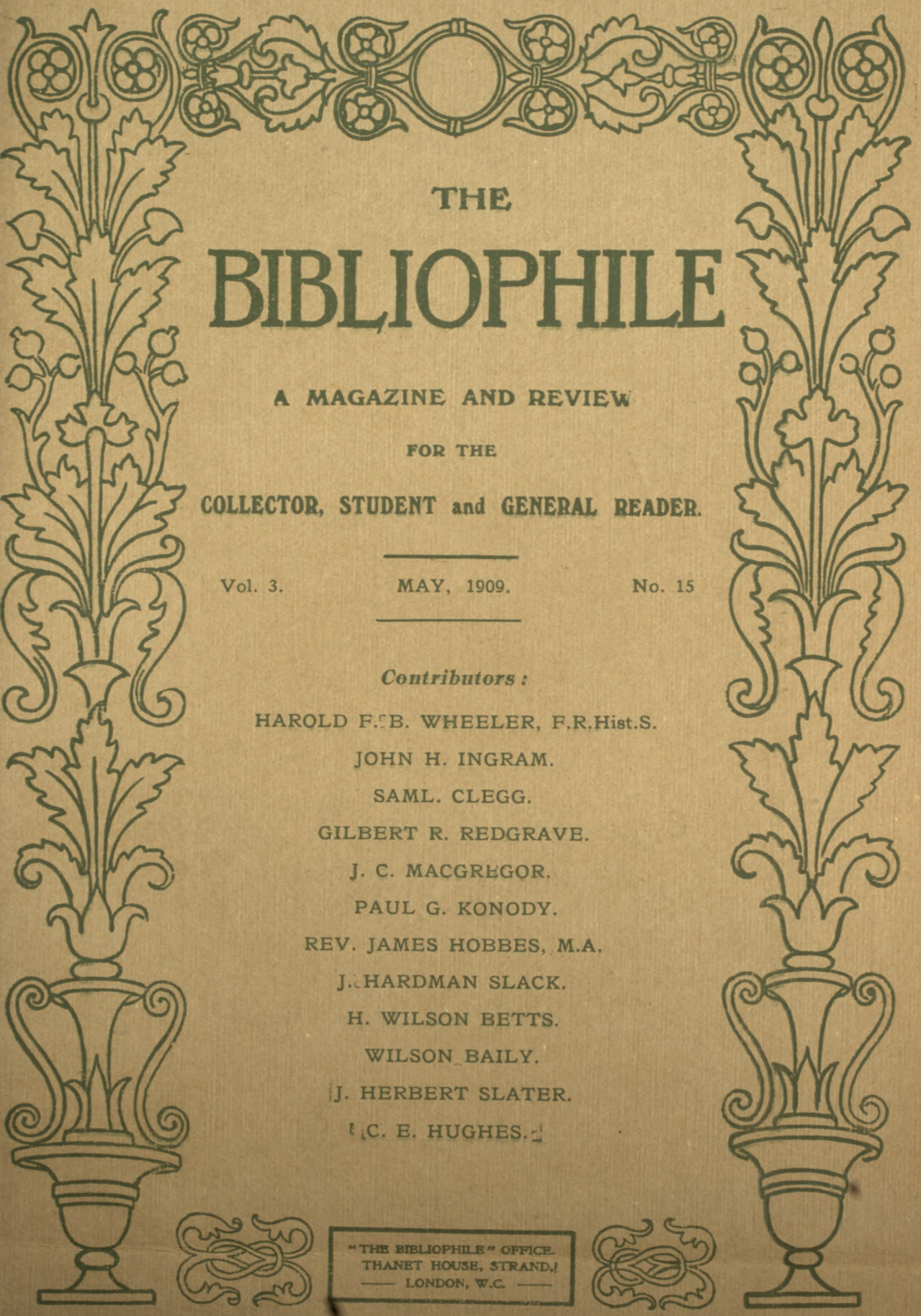
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This Number contains a Special Advertisement Supplement of the
Medici Society.

'The Connoisseur'

June Number.

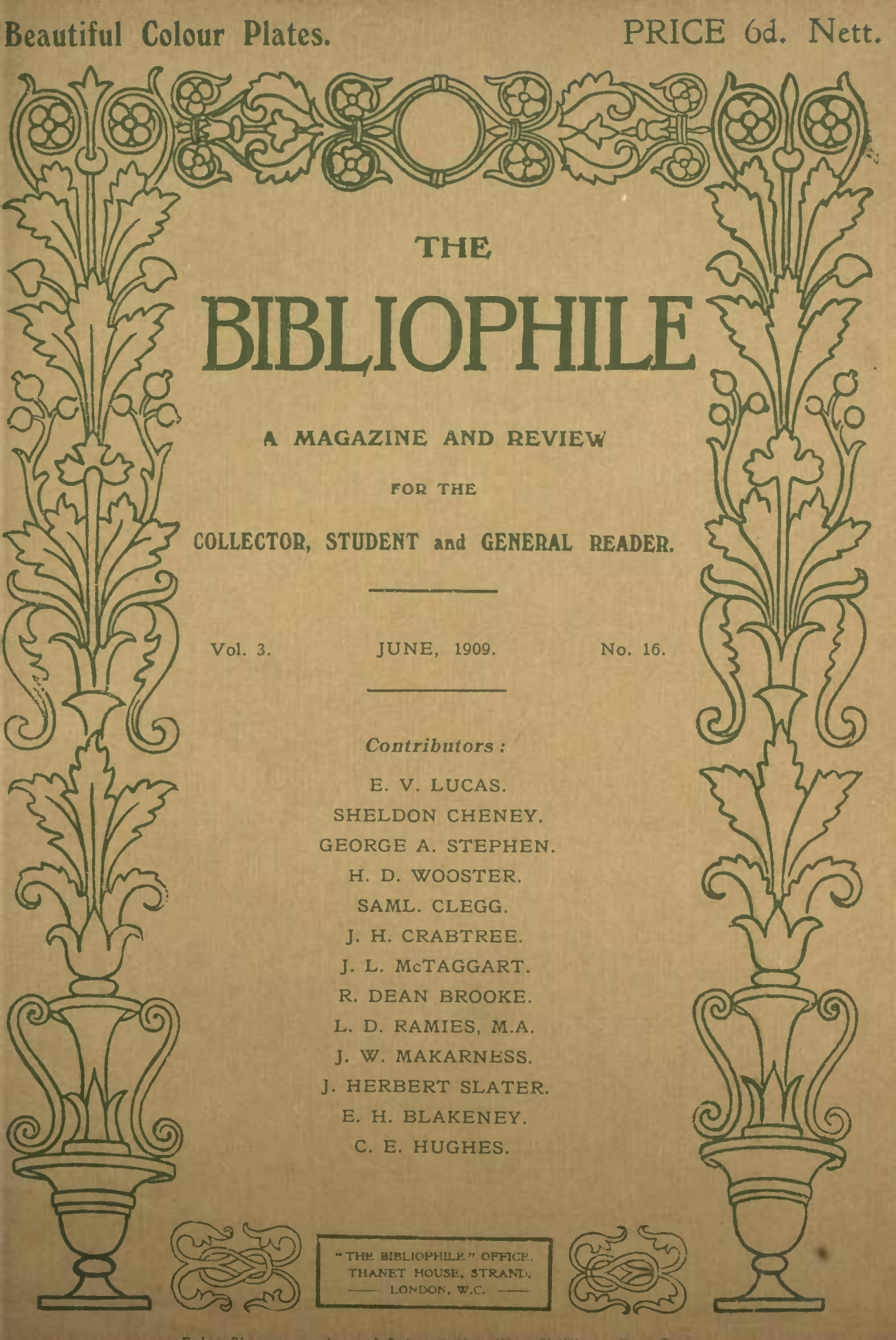
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JUNE, 1909.

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Vol. 3.

JULY, 1909.

No. 17.

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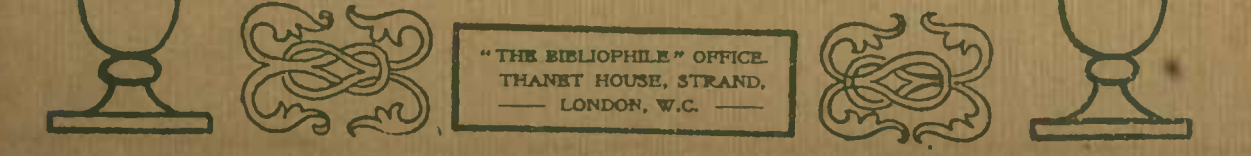
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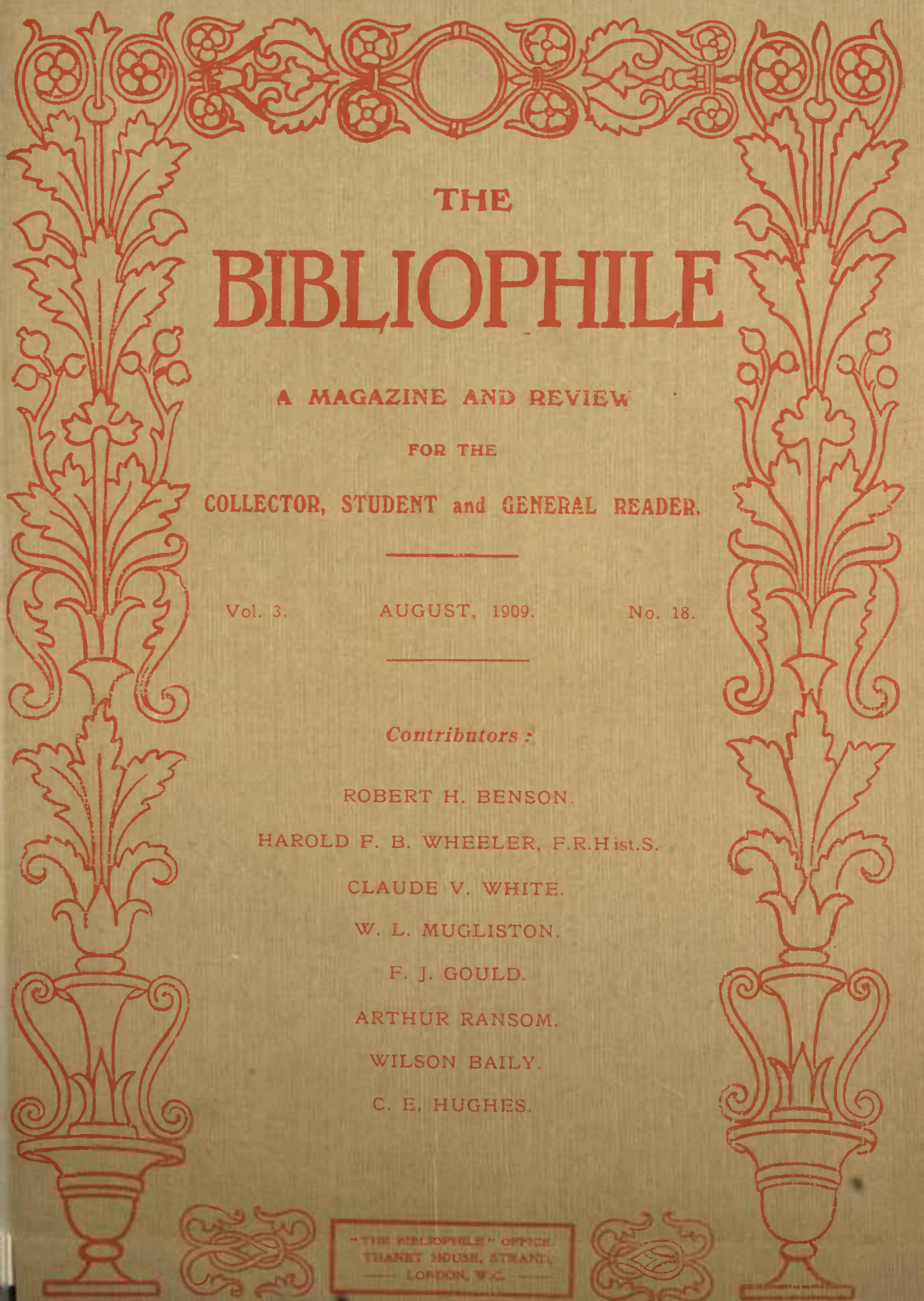
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 (4) BOOK ADVERTISEMENT of Erhardus Ratdolt, at Venice.
 (5) Facsimile of "HOLLIS" BINDING of Molesworth's Account of Denmark, etc.
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 PRINTS AND HOW TO COLLECT THEM. By Arthur Hayden. (With two illustrations)
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 HISTORY IN BOOK-PLATES. By Dr. George C. Peachey (With three illustrations)
 BOOKS ABROAD-ITALY. By the Signora Anna Costantini. (With portrait of Signora Grazia Deledda)
 THOMAS HOLLIS. By Samuel Clegg. (With five illustrations)
 REVIEWS by Professor C. H. Herford, Litt. D.; Paul G. Konody; Rev. J. Charles Cox, LL.D., F.S.A.; T. Erat Harrison; Henry Blanchamp; George Cecil; The Bibliophile.
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 THE BIBLIOFOOL. Castles in Spain. C. E. HUGHES

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 (2) "THE MADONNA OF THE TOWER," from the Original in the National Gallery. Colourprint from "Raphael," by Paul G. Konody. By permission of Messrs. T. C. & J. C. Jack.
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 (4) DINING ROOM AND LIBRARY. Original water-colour drawing by Arthur Marshall, A.R.I.B.A.
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 BOOKS ABROAD. Tendencies in Modern Spanish Literature. By Major Martin Hume.
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 THE DESIGN OF OUR COVER. By Gilbert R. Redgrave.
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 THE BIBLIOFOOL. "The Brainy Young Man." C. E. Hughes.

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- Plate (1) DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN, from the Mezzotint by Finlayson.
 (2) ILLUMINATIONS FROM AN EARLY 16th CENTURY SERVICE BOOK.
 (3) PAGE FROM THE SAME BOOK.
 (4) "FIRST CAME OUT A STATELY COCK," from "Easter Eggs." By permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons.
 (5) "STAY HERE AND YOU SHALL BE KING," from "The Olive FairyBook." By permission of Messrs. Longmans & Co.
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THE "BIBLIOPHILE."

"The Morning Post," March 7th, 1908.

There have been several attempts made to establish a magazine to appeal to the book lover, but few have survived very long. The chief reason for the failure of such periodicals was the dulness of unadorned facts. They lacked the quickening touch of imagination, the grace of style of a Charles Lamb, Dr. John Brown, or an Andrew Lang, and the meandering garrulity of a Dibdin. Consequently they did not win the favour of the general reader. The ranks of the connoisseurs and collectors are rapidly growing, and the public are taking a keener delight in books and things artistic, so that there can be little doubt that a magazine with invention and spirit in its direction should secure a large clientele. Such a production has just appeared, entitled the "Bibliophile," which is intended to serve as a review for the collector, student, and general reader. The first number gives promise of a long and successful career. The cover, a chaste design in brown and green, is attractive, the contents are varied, fresh in thought, and incisive in statement. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has the first place with a courageous revelation of the true Henley. He has derobed the poet of the theatrical garments in which he too often clothed his genius, and shows him as a poet—not as he fancied himself to be, a boisterous and topical ballad-monger, a sort of political ruffian, but as a singer of quiet songs of grey streets and silver sunsets, of the voiceless and neglected corners of a great city; the little grass-grown squares, the little streets that lead nowhere, and of eerie realisations of certain aimless emotions of an empty afternoon. This sympathetic effort "to extricate the real Henley from under the heavy accretions of the fictitious or dramatic Henley" would alone render the first number valuable. But Mrs. Arthur Bell deals with illustrated books, Mr. Arthur Hayden talks about Prints, and other interesting articles are "Early Book Advertisements," by Mr. A. W. Pollard; "The History of Book Plates," by Dr. George C. Peachey; and "Thomas Hollis," by Mr. Samuel Clegg. There are likewise notes for bibliophiles, and for those concerned with the doings of the sale-rooms, and the admirably printed illustrations include four colour plates. The "Bibliophile" is published at Thanet House, Strand. The price is sixpence.

"THE BIBLIOPHILE."

"Westminster Gazette," March 10th, 1908.

A new sixpenny monthly with this title has made its appearance. It is well got up, and is meant to appeal to the "collector, student, and general reader." Some very well-known names appear among the contributors. The number leads off with an article on W. E. Henley, by Mr. Chesterton. Henley, we are told, was a man who "really suffered from the histrionic habit which has gradually grown on men of letters." Critics of the future, Mr. Chesterton says, will have to take a great deal of trouble to extricate the real Henley from under the heavy accretions of the fictitious or dramatic Henley. "But they will take the trouble, for they will be digging up gold." The first of a series of papers on "Finely Illustrated Books" is contributed by Mrs. Arthur Bell. Mr. Arthur Hayden writes

on "Prints and How to Collect Them," and Mr. A. W. Pollard on "Early Book Advertisements." Book-plates and "Books Abroad" are among other topics dealt with, and there are a number of reviews, notes for bibliophiles, &c. The magazine, which is beautifully illustrated, four of the plates being in colour, is published at Thanet House, Strand.

"THE BIBLIOPHILE."

"The Scotsman," March 2nd, 1908.

A promising start has been made with a new magazine and review, which makes a special appeal to the collector of books and student of literature, besides providing matter pleasing to the taste of the general reader. The title is "The Bibliophile," and it comes forth (from Thanet House, Strand) with a strong list of contributors, and with a variety and high quality, both on its literary and on its artistic side, which are the more remarkable considering that the price is sixpence. The illustrations, it is plain, are to be made a prominent feature of the magazine; they abound, for example, in three excellent articles, each of which is to be continued in future numbers namely, a review of recent "Finely Illustrated Books," by Mrs. Arthur Bell; directions for the collection of "Prints," by Mr. Arthur Hayden; and "History in Book Plates," by Dr. G. C. Peachey. Other papers, all of them made more acceptable by the aid of pictorial art, are Mr. G. K. Chesterton's appreciation of the late Mr. W. E. Henley; Mr. A. W. Pollard's account of "Early Book Illustrations;" and Mr. S. Clegg's notice of Thomas Hollis, the bibliophilist. A good deal of space is reserved for Reviews and for Saleroom Notes; and Postage Stamps are evidently to have a corner for themselves. The number is embellished by four colour plates.

"THE BIBLIOPHILE."

"The Freeman," March 7th, 1908.

This handsome quarto monthly magazine is devoted to the interests of all "Collectors, Students, and General Readers." It is well named "The Bibliophile," and No. 1 of Vol. 1, March, 1908, starts exceedingly well. It spells success, for the contents are not only varied, interesting, and of a most informative character, but the numerous advertisements from high-class Publishers, may be accepted as a sure sign that the Trade believes in the future of this monthly illustrated magazine of literary criticism and bibliography for readers of culture and taste. There are fourteen signed articles, several being lavishly illustrated (four colour plates), but, being so numerous and important, space cannot be spared to enumerate their distinctive features. "Our Philatelic Editor" makes an excellent beginning, and the "Notes for Bibliophiles" and "In the Sale Rooms" will be eagerly and appreciatively read by many. Assuredly those for whom the "Bibliophile" particularly caters will at once subscribe, either through their own Booksellers, or direct to the Office, Thanet House, 231, Strand, W.C. The subscription is 6d. net, or 9s. per annum, post free. Single copies post free for 9d. It is likely Part I. will soon be at a premium. A wee facsimile of the magazine can be had on application. The magazine is a conspicuous success, and a great credit to Editor, Contributors and the Printers.

The Bibliophile

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THE CONTENTS OF VOLUME I. OF "THE BIBLIOPHILE."

PLEASE NOTE THE PRICE OF THE
FIRST NUMBER IS NOW 2/- NETT.

Price 2/- nett. March, 1908. No. I.

- Plate (1) **W. E. Henley.** Bust by Rodin in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.
- (2) **Summer.** Stipple Print from "Francesco Bartolozzi, R.A." by J. T. Herbert Bailey. By permission of Otto Limited.
- (3) **The Madonna and Child with the Book.** Botticelli—from "Artists of the Italian Renaissance," by G. L. Seeley. By permission of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.
- (4) **Book Advertisement** of Erhardus Ratldolt, at Venice.
- (5) Facsimile of "**Hollis**" Binding of Molesworth's Account of Denmark, etc.
- W. E. Henley.** By G. K. Chesterton (With half-tone reproduction of W. E. Henley's Book-plate.)
- My Books.** Eugene Field.
- Finely Illustrated Books.** By Mrs. Arthur Bell. (With six illustrations.)
- Prints and How to Collect Them.** By Arthur Hayden. (With two illustrations.)
- Early Book Advertisements.** By A. W. Pollard. (With two illustrations.)
- History in Book-Plates.** By Dr. George C. Peachey. (With three illustrations.)
- Books Abroad—Italy.** By the Signora Anna Costantini. (With portrait of Signora Grazia Deledda.)
- Thomas Hollis.** By Samuel Clegg. With five illustrations.)
- Reviews.** By Professor C. H. Herford, Litt.D.; Paul G. Konody; Rev. J. Charles Cox, LL.D., F.S.A.; T. Erat Harrison; Henry Blanchamp; George Cecil; The Bibliophile.
- Stamps.** By the Philatelic Editor. (With four illus.)
- Notes for Bibliophiles.** In the Sale Rooms.
- The Bibliofool.** Castles in Spain. C. E. Hughes.

Price 6d. nett. April, 1908. No. II.

- Plate (1) **The beautiful Miss Croker,** from "Sir Thomas Lawrence." By permission of Messrs. George Newnes.
- (2) "**The Madonna of the Tower,**" from the Original in the National Gallery. Colour-print from "Raphael," by Paul G. Konody. By permission of Messrs. T. C. & J. C. Jack.
- (3) "**A Noble Lady of Venice,**" Colour-print from "Leighton," by A. Lys Baldry. By permission of Messrs. T. C. & J. C. Jack.
- (4) **Dining Room and Library.** Original Water-colour Drawing by A. Marshall, A.R.I.B.A.
- Four Humourists in Metre.** By Arthur Symonds.
- Finely Illustrated Books.** By Mrs. Arthur Bell. (With six illustrations.)
- Books Abroad.** Tendencies in Modern Spanish Literature. By Major Martin Hume.
- Twelve Maxims for Book Collectors.**
- The Design of our Cover.** By Gilbert R. Redgrave.
- A Fifteenth Century Pilgrimage.** By Arundell Estaille. (With three illustrations.)
- The Home of the Bibliophile.** By Arthur Marshall, A.R.I.B.A. (With eight illustrations.)
- The Romance of Papermarks.** By Harold Bayley. (With numerous illustrations.)
- History in Antique Shops.** By E. Stanley Sutton. (With two illustrations.)
- Reviews.** By Walter Crane; W. J. Lancaster; Samuel Clegg; Professor Henri Bornecque; J. H. Yoxall, M.P.; The Bibliophile.
- Stamps.** By the Philatelic Editor. (With eight illus.)
- Notes for Bibliophiles.** In the Sale Rooms
- The Bibliofool.** "The Brainy Young Man," C. E. Hughes.

Price 6d. nett. May, 1908. No. III.

- Plate (1) **Drummond of Hawthornden,** from the Mezzotint by Finlayson
- (2) **Illuminations from an early Sixteenth Century Service Book.**
- (3) **Page from the same book.**
- (4) "**First came out a Stately Cock,**" from "Easter Eggs." By permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons.
- (5) "**Stay here and you shall be King,**" from "The Olive Fairy Book." By permission of Messrs. Longmans & Co.
- On the Decline of the Book** (and especially of the Historical Book). By Hilaire Belloc, M.P.
- An Early Sixteenth Century Service Book.** By Samuel Clegg. (With four illustrations.)
- Prints, and how to collect them.** By Arthur Hayden. (With four illustrations.)
- A Satiric Eikon Basilike.** By Dora Greenwell McChesney. (With reproduction of frontispiece.)
- More about Lady Mary.** By Arthur Repes. (With portrait of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.)
- Books abroad—Germany.** By Hulda Friedrichs.
- The Child's Book of To-day.** Mrs. Arthur Bell. (With numerous illustrations.)
- History in book-plates.** By Dr. George C. Peachey. (With three illustrations.)
- History in Antique Shops.** By E. Stanley Sutton. (With two illustrations.)
- A Connoisseur's Testament.**
- Reviews.** By Professor Oliver Elton, M.A.; Lady Helen Forbes; Rev. T. D'Arcy Drew, M.A.; J. Monier Isak, Litt.D.; Horace Wyndham; The Bibliophile.
- Stamps.** New Issues. By the Philatelic Editor. (With seven illustrations.)
- Notes for Bibliophiles.**
- In the Sale Rooms.**
- The Bibliofool.** "The Shakespeare Monument." C. E. Hughes.

Price 6d. nett. June, 1908. No. IV.

- Plate (1) **A Venetian Pearl.** By Arthur Marshall, A.R.I.B.A.
- (2) **A Roger Payne Binding.** By permission of Messrs. Ellis, New Bond Street.
- (3) **Rendham.** from "Some Literary Associations of East Anglia." By permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.
- (4) **Looking down Chee Valley, High Tor in the distance,** from "Peak Country." By permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.
- Bramston's "Man of Taste."** By Austin Dobson.
- To His Majesty.** Leonard Litchfield.
- Book Illustrations by Photography.** By Arthur Marshall, A.R.I.B.A., F.R.P.S. (with five illustrations.)
- Lepere.** By Frederick Wedmore. (With four illustrations.)
- A Book-plate for John H. Vincent Lane, Esq.** By Messrs. John & Edward Bumpus.
- Bookbinding for the Booklover.** By J. S. Hewitt Bates. (With five illustrations.)
- England in Picture Books.** By Samuel Clegg.
- Books Abroad—Persia.** By F. Hadland Davis.
- Pilgrimages for the Bibliophile.** By W. L. Mugliston. (With seven illustrations.)
- History in Antique Shops.** By E. Stanley Sutton. (With three illustrations.)
- Reviews.** By Professor J. A. Murray, M.A.; Arthur Symonds; The Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair, D.D.; A. W. Pollard; Kenneth H. Murchison; The Bibliophile.
- Stamps.** New Issues. By the Philatelic Editor. (With ten illustrations.)
- Notes for Bibliophiles.** In the Sale Rooms
- "Song"** Mrs. J. S. Bailly.
- The Bibliofool.** "On the Cards." C. E. Hughes.

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Price 6d. nett. July, 1908. No. V.

Plate (1) **First Page of Serial Issue of Robinson Crusoe** in "Heathcote's Intelligence," October 7th, 1719.
 (2) **Playing at Bubbles and Resolutions in case of an Invasion**, from "Napoleon and the Invasion of England." By permission of Mr. John Lane.
 (3) **Louis Quinze Interior at Palace of Versailles**.
 (4) **York**, from "The Enchanting North," by J. S. Fletcher.
The Illustrations of Arthur Hughes. By Laurence Housman. (With eight illustrations.)
On the Danger of Hasty Conclusions in Bibliography. By W. A. Copinger, LL.D. (With two illustrations.)
Robinson Crusoe. By F. T. Bullen, F.R.G.S. (With two illustrations.)
Booksellers' Catalogues.
Napoleon Caricatures. By Harold F. B. Wheeler.
My Books. Nathan N. Levy.
Autograph Poem of Chas. Lamb.
History in Antique Shops. By E. Stanley Sutton. (With one illustration.)
The North Country in Picture Books. By W. L. Mugliston. (With four illustrations.)
Reviews. By Kenneth H. Murchison; J. H. Yoxall, M.P.; Rev. T. D'Arcy Drew, M.A.; J. Monier Beal, Litt.D.; Henry Blanchamp; W. H. Walkden; The Bibliophile.
Stamps. New Issues. By the Philatelic Editor. (With 24 illustrations.)
Notes for Bibliophiles.
In the Sale Rooms. By J. Herbert Slater.
The Bibliofool. "To Holiday Makers." C. E. Hughes.

Price 6d. nett. August, 1908, No. VI.

Plate (1) **"Petunia."** Woodcut in Colours (on Japan Vellum). By Edna Boies Hopkins.
 (2) **The Dent's D'oche, Savoy Alps**, from "Montreux." By permission of Messrs. A. & C. Black.
School Prizes. By Alfred W. Pollard.
Old Books are Best. Beverley Chew.
The Colour Prints of Edna Boies Hopkins. By Samuel Clegg. (With three illustrations.)
A Note on Sir Thomas Browne. By H. D. Wooster.
Evening. Clinton Scollard.
Booksellers' Catalogues.
The True Art of Restoration of Books and Bindings. By C. I. Hutchings. (With six illustrations.)
Napoleon Caricatures. By Harold F. B. Wheeler. (With five illustrations.)
"The Continent" in Picture Books. By J. W. Makar-ness. (With six illustrations.)
The Cornish Riviera. By W. L. Mugliston. (With nine illustrations.)
Reviews. Mrs. Arthur Bell; L. G. Chiozza Money, M.P.; H. H. Swinerton, D.Sc.; Kenneth H. Murchison; Rev. T. D'Arcy Drew, M.A.
Stamps. New Issues. By the Philatelic Editor. (With eight illustrations.)
Notes for Bibliophiles.
In the Sale Rooms. By J. Herbert Slater.
Kotzel Book-plate.
The Bibliofool. "Plaint of a Yoker." C. E. Hughes.

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BLOOMSBURY is propitious ground for Booksellers. Evidently the shades of Sloane, Harley, Cotton, Grenville, and the many other literary benefactors of the British Museum, take a benignant interest in the district, which within a short radius of the picturesque steeple of St. George's Church, is full of the shops of Booksellers.

If these mighty collectors of old were again in the flesh, they would be irresistibly attracted by the premises of Mr. C. J. Sawyer, who, although he only commenced so recently as October, 1905, at No. 29, New Oxford Street, has developed a business the rapid growth of which is unprecedented in the History of Modern Bookselling.

The Bookseller, like the artist, is born, not made, and unless he has the instinct to seize upon the wares which will please his public, his efforts will be in vain, and no amount of business ability will supply the deficiency. Gifted with this faculty Mr. Sawyer's success was immediate, and his constant drawback has been the want of space to display the stock which his acumen and enterprise collect around him. The shop soon overflowed, and invaded the upper part of the building, and the adjoining premises. The "one" boy multiplied and efficient assistance obtained, he proved conclusively the large number of patrons a live bookseller still can have—if he will only look well after their little peculiarities, nor forget their trivial "wants" in the rush for bigger sales.

In the short annals of this sturdy infantile business, St. Patrick's Day, 1906, is "rubricated" and "heightened in gold," commemorating a disaster turned by courage and resource into a glorious victory; what was apparently a great misfortune resulted in a world-wide advertisement. On that day some predatory collector purloined an unique copy of the "Secret History of the Court of England," by Lady Anne Hamilton, a chroniqué scandaleuse of the Court of George III. and IV., which created some sensation on its appearance in 1832, was suppressed "by authority," and so was the more readily believed by those who love to know the high and mighty are no better in thought, action, and morals than mortals less worldly favoured with riches and place. The announcement of the loss created such a sensation that Mr. Sawyer was inundated with condolences and enquiries from the four quarters of the Globe. Upwards of 8,000 letters were received in the course of March, April and May, and on the most modest basis possible it has been computed that the papers that "boomed" the loss

in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, had a circulation of fifty millions.

A special staff of two were kept busy answering every person who condoled, complained, offered the well known reprint or, as in three cases, genuine ordinary copies of the original book. Every request or offer of a book or collection was carefully followed up, business by correspondence increasing by leaps and bounds. The shop trade increased as customers found again and again they could get their requirements at the most reasonable prices possible, or if they were desirous of selling, feeling confident upon prompt and equitable treatment.

In 1907 a company was formed and more room obtained for the rapidly increasing stock, but again the cry is still more room, more room, and extensive additional premises have had to be taken two doors from the parent shop. Catholic in his tastes, Mr. Sawyer's energies are not confined alone to the pursuit and sale of the best editions for the reader, finely bound sets for the library, and literary varieties for the collector, for hand-in-hand with these is the great speciality in second-hand literature of the Medical and allied sciences, which bids fair to become the largest business of its kind in England. The greatest of the world's Masters of Medicine in England, the Continent, and America are familiar with the "little" Medical Shop. Many hundreds of rare volumes on Medicine and Chirurgery now in the John Hopkin's University at Baltimore, U.S.A., have passed through that little shop.

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THE AUTHOR'S COPY.

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